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"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



In This Issue: H. de Vere Stacpoole — Frederick Philip Grove — W. G. Hardy — A. G. Dexter

MacLean's Magazine, September 1, 1929

Why ATTILIO *of* Rome

Beauty Specialist to the Italian Aristocracy

advises all his patrician clients to use Palmolive Soap twice daily

"The finest cleansing agents for the skin are, by general consent, olive and palm oils. For that reason, I always ask my clients to improve complexions by cleansing the skin twice a day with Palmolive Soap, which embodies these two soothing oils in their purest form."

Attilio Colla

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA 68 ROMA



The typically Roman marble facade of Attilio's salon on the Piazza di Spagna . . . where the patrician ladies of Italian artistic and social life consult the most distinguished of all Roman beauty specialists

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic Spanish Steps, the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla, better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

For years Attilio worked and studied the art of beauty culture in Paris. He then went to Budapest . . . then to Vienna, to London, once more to Vienna . . . always adding to the invaluable store of information which today sets him apart in his chosen field.

In his shop at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin.

Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin.

Attilio's distinguished colleagues, in every great capital of Europe, in every smart resort . . . repeat this same advice. Lina Cavalieri, Payot, Massé, Vincent of *Paris*; Pessl, of *Vienna* and *Budapest*, adviser to crowned heads of Europe . . . these and dozens of other experts tell their discriminating clients this easily-performed, twice-a-day treatment: massage a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Allow it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, after two minutes, first with warm water, now with cold. Then—and only then—are you ready for make-up!

If you do not already keep your skin fresh and lovely by the use of this simple home treatment, take the advice of the world's greatest beauty authorities . . . begin to use Palmolive today!



The lovely Ada Fontanesi of Attilio's staff . . . is a perfect type of Italian beauty. She carries out in her salon with the shrewd and practical skill of her distinguished employer, Attilio, who always recommends Palmolive Soap.



A priceless formula embodying the precious oils of palm and olive, famous since the days of Cleopatra for prolonging health and beauty

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Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. Eastern time, 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



The Six Speed Special is gaining popularity everywhere through its ability to *demonstrate* its own great performance ability

All Roads and All Loads are Alike to the SIX-SPEED SPECIAL

You have never seen anything like this performance unless you've seen the International Six-Speed Special at work.

It is the truck that will pull your heavy loads through the toughest going and then get away like a scared rabbit when you hit good footing. With 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse, there is always the right gear ratio for every road and every load.

It is the truck that will pull a capacity load up a 38 per cent grade—and stand the gaff!

It is the truck that is built especially for town and country hauling; built to conquer snow, sand, gumbo, ruts, mud, hills, or what have you!

It is the truck that was announced early last year. It filled the bill so well that the factories were at once swamped with orders. Trainloads went out in all directions.

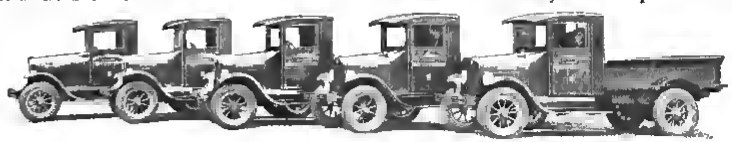
It is the truck that is all truck all through, designed to meet the needs of both commercial and farm hauling, and marketed at a price that is surprisingly low.

International Harvester branches and dealers over the Dominion are prepared to show and demonstrate the Six-Speed Special equipped for all kinds of hauling.

Go to nearest showroom—get acquainted with the biggest heavy-duty speed truck value.

The International line also includes Speed Trucks and Heavy-Duty Trucks up to 5-ton capacity.

These five International Six Speed Specials, operated by the City of Winnipeg, Waterworks Department, offer an exceptional combination of speed and heavy-duty power



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
HAMILTON of Canada, Ltd. CANADA

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Children who break records get this care at home



The children who gain success in school or on the playground, are not handicapped by the wrong breakfast. To give youngsters the quick energy they need, mothers are making a habit of this simple little care—a bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

Health authorities say winners are helped by right breakfast

The children who come out on top—whether at studies or games! They're the ones who make their parents' hearts swell with pride.

Are you helping your children do their best? Authorities now say that much depends on a simple little home care mothers give.

Youngsters who start their day with the wrong breakfast are at a disadvantage. Minds and bodies cannot be alert to do their budding. How different it is when mothers serve the morning meal which health authorities agree is right for growing children!

This cereal more quickly digested than any other

Quick energy to draw on—that is a growing child's need. One particular food gives him this energy abundantly—Cream of Wheat.

This food is amazingly quick to digest as well as being so full of energy. That is why it has long been considered ideal. An eminent authority on nutrition says of it: 'Cream of Wheat is exceptionally rich in energy, and delivers this energy in the least possible time and with the least possible tax on the digestion. . . . The energy from Cream of Wheat is put into use in the system in a shorter time than any other cereal in common use.'

Make a habit of this easy little precaution. Give your children good bowls full of Cream of Wheat with its quick energy, each morning, and see them make strides they've never equalled before. Grocers have it. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

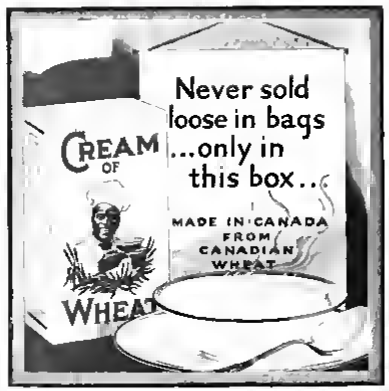
the digestibility of both the carbohydrates and the proteins.

The energy from Cream of Wheat is put into use in the system in a shorter time than any other cereal in common use.

will at once recognize the



A distinguished authority on nutrition points out the breakfast that helps children most in their school work. "Cream of Wheat," he writes, "is exceptionally rich in energy and delivers it with the least possible tax on the digestion. . . . The energy from Cream of Wheat is put into use in the system in a shorter time than any other cereal in common use." (From A Brief Summary of the Principles of Nutrition.)



Careful mothers no longer risk buying cereals loose in bags from bins exposed to dirt and insects. Cream of Wheat, the famous energy food for children, comes triple-wrapped and triple-sealed. Never sold loose in bags—only in the box shown above. Grocers have Cream of Wheat.

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MACLEAN'S

VOLUME XLII NUMBER SEVENTEEN

Editor H. NAPIER MOORE Associate Editor W. A. IRWIN

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'What be that?' roared old man Noice, grasping Nate by the shoulder and shaking her. 'Cow's bellyache—to—cast! An' with this—this son of Belial!'

A Son of Eli

Commencing a novel of Rebellious Youth in Quest of Lost Content

BOOK ONE. His Father's Land

"It is well with the boy when he lives on his father's land and well with him again when he is far enough from it to look back on it and see it as a whole."
Gilbert Chesterton, The Everlasting Man

By W. G. HARDY

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

UP THE road from Eldad church toward Honey's farm a dilapidated mare came slowly, pulling a dilapidated buggy behind her. In the rig sat Richard Noice, leaning forward in his seat, his snow white beard stirred gently by a vagrant breeze, his fierce eyes under the heavy tufts of his eyebrows fixed malignantly on the buildings in front of him. For the hundredth time the success of the interloper struck at him. Even the convenience of Honey's location—midway between church and school—seemed an offense. His lips moved.

'The wicked prosper,' he mumbled. He stared hard at the place as if his eyes could send lightning to pass through those walls and hurt.

The Philistine! he cursed and then a movement on the road in front took his attention. Another rig was coming over the crest of the little rise before him. The old man looked at it.

Limps in the off hind foot," he muttered. "Bob McAdoo's nag!" He pressed his lips together and flicked his mare with the gad he called her whip, making no move of greeting as the two buggies approached each other and slowed up to pass. But the man in the other rig, old felt hat pushed back on his bald head and a look of guileless and vacant simplicity on his face, pulled up his mare and called to him. Reluctantly Noice stopped.

'Mornin', Richard,' said Bob.

'Mornin',' replied Noice sourly. 'One of the unregenerate,' he thought to himself. 'Bura is hell-fire, he will.'

'Yer out early,'' Bob went on conversationally. 'Takin' the meat round, I s'pose.''

Noice assented.

'Hawd the critter kill?' Bob asked.

Eighteen pounds short,' Noice told him.

Bob nodded, fixing the old man with his bland and cheerful gaze and went on talking casually about the crops and the weather until he noticed Noice gather up his reins as if to be off. He tightened up his own lines.

'I hear,' he drawled casually as he prepared to start

"os how Paul Henry s back hum from coll gr agun"

Noice frowned, drawing the great tufts of his eyebrows together

"Wunnrful!" went on McAdoo 'Wounerful how Jim Honey hev got along Twrnty five year bark on old Reefe Yarex never lowed as how he'd pay for the place An' look at him now New harn nrw house" he waved his orm towrd them an Paul ter nollege, too Eddicatin! 'Tis a wunnerful thing!

The fre in the old mao flured up

"Wunnrful!" he snorted the sharp-tempered lines of his face deepening. "No call ter say that What goo'll it do Paul Honey?'

'I dunno,' said Bob, shaking his head, "but he's awful smart, Paul is '

Noice snarted rgain, checked himself on instant then leaned aut toward McAdoo, shaking his gad.

'Too smart! Don t the Scripture say, 'A wayfaring man though o fool' Them boys!—Bookin' and playin' ball and goin ter school Teachin' them ter doubt the good Book. Hr anght ter hev kep them t'hum Jim Honey had He'd better look out ter all he's Sunday School soperinteodent. Them sons of his! Limbs o' Satna!"

He tightened his reins ngain and chirruped to his mare.

"Reckon,' said Bob "Satan won't git murch call on thrre boys this summer Not with the new barn Honey a gat"

"What farm?" asked Noice, loosening his lines.

Bob plurked a piece of utring from the seet beside him and took a nhew at it He spat it out. Little Hugh's form,' he said, a nd watched the old man s face

Noice stayed still a moment You would have thaught him carved la stonr eavr lor the flattering of his beard. The roler dramed slowly out of his luce, then in a snrge it flowed back into it and he burst into speech

"Tsnnt true," he rogred. 'I tsnrot true! Temptin' me! Troptin' me tor wrath, Bob McAdoo! That's what you be!"

"Why," said Bob rnjoying himself, "was you int rested?'

Iot rested—me!" stormed the old mao "You know I be I d no good as bought that place Hr give me first call. Little Hugh did Give me first nall Ait Jim Honey knowed it The thief the sn rkin' thief"

Hrv ter get up in Chr night,' Bob said "ter gt ohead ol Jim Honey Smart hr is'

"Smart!" the old man raved "Smart' Thr hypocrite! Thr Jebusite!"

Abrnptly it seemed te comr ta him that the othnr was laughing at him He stepped glared at Bob, thre with an inarticulate cry turned to his mare brought rhr gad sad denly and viulently down an hrr startled back and went rattling up the road

Bob leaned out al his rig to watch A wide smile came slowly on his face a look of complete delight.

Righteous indignation," he said re flertively as he leaned bark and gathered up his lines. "'Tis a wunnerful thing"

THE first game of tennis was over It had been good fun. Paul Henry felt. He was glad he had brought the two rackets home from the city His brother and he would have some great old games this summer even if they did have to play on the bumpy lawn between the house and the road with a string stretched between two stakes for a net. Nice he reflected sitting down on the steps of the south verandah for a few moments.—Bruce had gone into the house to do his homework—nice that his dad was so open-minded about such things Paul could imagine what most farmers about Eldad would have said:

'Newfangled foolery, if you want ter work up a sweat—' Old Noice for instance

His racket reared harshly on the cement floor as he pushed it away It was so quirt herr after the city he told himself, a quirtness you could feel, as palpable as the flavor of a pourh my or the scent of honeysuckle He dropped his chin into his t upped hands and began to watch the dusk steal like a veiled woman across the nountry. Nr var, it seemed to him he'd rit so intensely the beauty of this spot the charm of this hnrse of his. Perhaps, he thought it was because he'd been away at rollege, because things old by use struck an him now with all the force of absence. Like an old song, known years before and heard again

Where he asked himself, gazing aut over the familiar scene, nould you find anything more beautiful? To his left on the eastern horizon rose the cathedral arches of the elms to Russell s Woods, the sky a glory of manve and pink above them Fnnr day tomarrow," that meant, hr remembered while in the west—he turned his head to look—there through the tall trees that fringed the rand ovrr the rounded knoll of MacNab's Hill, glowed the colors left by the last trailing fingers of the sun The hil seized his attention Sturdy and immobile it stood like hr druided, a watcher avrr his home like a guardian spirit, while dark alang its northern flank ran the serried ranks of the maples in Campbell s Woods Fresh thr were, he knew, in their spring fleery as yet unsoiled.

Grtting familiul," he sealded himself and turned to the prospect in front of him It was familiar, too but that new feeling lar beauty cast a glamor over it, over the two-acre field before him, over thr law flat rearhes of the front field beyond it with Grirrson s creek flowing into its flank from rhe road, and over the schoolhouse field How close and intimate those familiar names seemed to him, he reflected, names that were mere names to other people, but were something tangible and real to him.

The schoolhouse too—what would that word, for instance convey to Alrr Shore or any othrr of the fellows hr had met in his first year at college? College itself, he thought as he stared at the little red-bricked building on the corner, felt so inevitably unreal, fantastic like the shadow of a ghost To think that just two days ago he had been in Taranto busy in his littered room packing up, shout ng to Alrn down the hall —tanight here, with the frogs croaking in the meadow to anoentuate the quietness. Na wonder that in that schoolhouze as he looked at it he nould ser himarli, o little freckle-faced youngster, the floor nold on his bare toes as hr paddled over to the water pail to drink from the granite cup, ar, in winter crowding at recess around the iron stove for warmth, munching an apple as he watched the fire glow redly through the cracks.

And in that yard, that patch of ground between the cedars and the school, a weather-beaten old log fence around it he had played so hard, forgetting in the happy way of boyhood everything else, played at prisoner s base and bally-over, at two old cat and four old cat, using those re-blark-ened upets as whinh each summrr old mao MacNab hoiled the water for the annual niean np of the school as pitcher's nad rather a box He had fought there as well, with Pat McBride for hitting him at shany, with big Bill MacNab for teasing bum about Nettie Noice

Nrttir Noice—the name made his rivenes take a new turn. Hr looked beyond the schoolhouse, beyond Tanner's Woods with its skirmishing cedars standing forth en bravrly, its swamp elms so quiet and strang in their reposeful stateliness, to the long high ridge of Noice's Hill On its nrest stood the queer tower of timber sat up the summer before—German aoles the farmer folk had suggested in adrress nan-nlavr at threshings—and halfway down the slope, nestling in a dark tangle of orchard and lanr trees, woo the law roof of Noice a house. His eyes lonused on it.

That was Nettir a home. He wandered idly about the sart af his she lived Not murh lan—with old man Noice for a father

Hew Agg to piece before the Lord ' That was Noice You could understand Elijah s rage at the priests of Baal when you listened to him Righteous indignation! That, Paul told himself bitterly, was what Noice called his fit of devastating anger Haw he interleered with other folks! Like, Paul remembered, that Sunday evening years ago when he had been driving the cattle along the road to the stumpy field A storm had just passed over—ragged turrets of thunder still hanging in the east with the lightnleg round them—and little Paul had stopped to dam up the rivulets running in the huggy tracks on the road Old Noice had nanght him

What right Paul muttered to himself, had they to say you should t play an Sundays? Evrn had to have the wood for Sundays lo on Saturday night. He wouldn't stand for it—not naw And yet just last summer—he flushed as he recalled it—the old fellow had prayed for him and Bruce in lollawship meeting, prayed publicly when he sat there crimson—just because they played ball and boxed How he would like to give old man Noice a jolt he thought, staring hard at the little house set there in miniature an top hill as it he could send his anger like lightning to pass through its walls and hurt. But little Hugh a place—he relaxed, grinning to himself—that would get old Noice's goat when he heard about it.

Old Noice," Bruce had said as he drevn Paul home from the station, tha two of them chatting and letting old Dall choose her own pare, "think's he'll get Little Hugh a farm marked But dad grabbed it off for Fred and Jean Quicker's neat."

"Doesn t hr know?" Paul had asked.

"He will soon," Bruce had aoswered 'Dad told Bob McAdoo today "

Yes, old Noice would ravr would add it op as one more to the scora he had against Paul's father But, Paul decided, dad wouldn t mind He'd go his awo quiet way just as he did when Nuice had flared up at him for being made Snnday School superintendent.

You couldn't faze dad, he thought quite admiringly

The dusk was stealing the outlines of things away now and Paul shifted his seat a little His thoughts for no reason at all went back to Nettie She was unlurky all right—with old Noice for a farher And Nettie was pratty But no nhance—not a ghmt of a chance No fun for her or her sister Pearl. Nothing but work and the Bible He had seen the two of them again and again, out in the fields in harvest and helping dig up the roots in fall It was only talks on the bark rancessions who made their women work as Nurr did No wonder Paul told himself that that other sister Lurmy had run away with Johnny Grant. Paul recalled the hot summrr day four years ago when thry had eloped Up the road in a cloud of dust old Noice had sares tearing after them —too late, lar nnrr

But the old man had never spoken to Lucmy again Nor gone to her funeral when she died last summer How pathetic, Paul rrmrmbered, Johnny Grant had looked with his hands dangling helplessly in front of him Hr d worshipprd Lurmy.

That, he decided would be what would happen to Nettie Rna of with someone try to get escape somehow It didn t seem fair, he reflected, that some folks had no chance and othrre had rvrrything tumblr into their laps Sit nndrr a tree and wait for thr r pened applr to fall Some of these girls at college lar instance or those lassleat-eyed youngsters who drove thrir nars about the streets as nonlikrnly, or evea those daughters of his landlady on St Joseph Street He couldn t imagine Nettie being like thrm though se—as flip talking about kissing and not afraid to show thrir legs. He blushed thinking about it.

Girls, Paul mused, settling his rhin deeper into his hands were funny anyway Especially nity girls. He never knew what to do with them

"What's the matter with you? ' Alrr Shore had said to him one day, catching up to him just as Paul sighted a girl he knew coming toward them What you want to cross the street for?"

' Nothing parturular," Paul had mumbled coming back to the sidewalk

"I'll bet," said Alrr, touching his cap nonchalantly to the girl, while Paul blushed and fumbled, ' I'll bet you're scared of them"

I'm not scared ' Paul had defended himself, "but I never know what to da with thrm."

"A brassy cheek," Alec had said confidently "nerve that s all you need Girls—nothing l many about them" He looked at Paul ouriously Havrn t you got a girl?"

Oh yes" Paul had asserted but he had rrfused to confide further He could not he had felt then tell Alec about Eileen Ainsley Hr wasn t for that matter sure that she was his girl. All last year in Glennville Collegiate hr had worshipprd her He could see a picture al her now in fourth form slim and straight like a sapling with lips like cherries and blue eyes that looked straight through you Everything hr had done that year had been done with the thought in the back of his head that she might see it or hear of It Yrt he had scarcely spoken to her Nat until that last Sunday in Glennville when, desperately and yrt without premeditation he had stepped up to hrr as she came out of church

Paul wriggled on the steps uncomfortably with a sympathetic feeling for that youngster whose feet had seemed gigantic whose whole body had felt like that of a lumbering dinosaur as he walked down the street beside Eileen Ainsley She must have thaught him queer, yrt, he reflected gratefully she hedn't shown it She had made things easy for him.

Hr was better now, hr told himself trying to assure himself more experienced—a college lrllow. Look at the way hr had come from college to thr Christmas prom at thr rollegiate and takrn Eileen home stars in the frosty skies and stars in her eyes—he thaught sentamentally Hr would, he told himself, go down to Glennville soon see her again.

IT WAS getting quite dark now Hr had been sitting there a long time and there was his father coming slawly up the lane The age in his steps struck Paul as orver brlarr. Hr ought to be good to him, he felt ought to show his appreciation. Hr got up and went to the gate leading into the lanr to meet him

"Hello, dad," hr said, Everything dokee?"

"Yes, nun"

"Had some good tennis," he went on ' I wish old man Noice could have seen it "

"Mr Noice ' his father said

"Well, Mr Norre thrn, ' Paul assented, and noteat an his thoughts of a moment before "I ah sold have helped you tanight dad You shouldn t be working so hard "

Oh! his father laughed a l ttlr "Don t you warry about me, son. I'm all right and you can dig in when you get toughened up a bit mure Wr ll have to work hard now wr have that new hundred on our hands.

Side by side they walked up thr gravrlled path ro the daor al thr house Desrr for companionship was on Paul—for nloser contert with this kindly silent man who was his father He was a man who did things he kor w Think of him landing in Canada a raw immigrant from England without a rent in his pocket and now prosperous, respected a superintendrnt, circuit steward, and called upon to lead almost every enterprise in the nompanuity More than that too Sorry trarr of orcent gone, and able to discuss anything You could talk your hapes and ideas to dad He listened You didn t outrege him with the new notions that kept springing up in yse But what he really thaught him self thire was the rub Paul searched for something of interest to his farhrr and paused on the threshold

Thr new hnnilred s good land, isn t it? he asked

' Best there is," his father said Fred and Jean aught to make good there But well have to work it o year or two Ill they settle down "

"You re great" Paul blnted a little diffidently, "at helping folks out '

Well, it s for your sister Jean saying that she's marrying Fred Besides ' his father paused

Besides what? ' Paul asked

"Well his father went on a little hesitantly nrather af you boys is taking to the farm and Fredie door will sure roming at t '

' Fram Englund,' Paul completed the sentence to himself as they stepped inside Just like dad—I suppose that s why hello, sis he broke off his thoughts to speak to Jean dropping down an rhr sofa beside her

Shr put nodr hrr hank and they talked for a few moments in a desultary fashion news of the neighbor hood Paul telling an anecdote from nollege Brunn looking up from his books to join in rhr laughter

Oh yes mild Jean How'd you like ta go over to Bob McAdoo s some time next week?

' Our annual spring vest eh? Paul laughed

"Well Jean nountered, "You always say he'u lots of fun"

"So he is." Paul told her, "I ar ver heard o frllow tell a story like Bob rau But, just naw—that larm " He and his sister were silent thinking about it

Dad must have moved quick Paul told himself agun, watching his father hunt for his glasses, watching



Jean s voice, quirt and cool, broke in "I d like to hear what Mr Noice is saying" "Better tell her, Bob" Mrs McAdoo put in "Well Bob cleared his throat, he says your Dad ought to be churched '

Anglo-Canadian Trade

A MEMBER of the executive staff of the London *Times Trade and Engineering Supplement*, Charles H Luke has been touring Canada on a special business mission Briefly his object his been to ascertain what British manufacturers must do in order to get more business from this Dominion

Mr Luke frankly confesses that there is a very considerable ignorance in the British Isles regarding the industrial developments that are taking place in Canada and the part being played in these developments by United States organizations In order to bring about a more complete knowledge and secure a still more friendly co-operation between the business men of two component parts of the Empire, he suggests that more British industrialists should visit Canada and carefully study the question of possible greater British participation in the development of this country and that more Canadian business men should visit Great Britain and demonstrate the fact that Canada is more than a gigantic wheat field

He is going back to tell the British manufacturer that if he wants to do more business here he must

(1) Intensify competition with the United States and Germany investigate the Canadian market thoroughly through responsible men and advertise in Canada in the Canadian manner

(2) Work with other manufacturers, both British and Canadian, to mutual advantage.

(3) Get more goods of British manufacture used as parts in Canadian products

(4) Later establish here assembling plants and factories as the development of the Dominion warrants

Mr Luke farther suggests that an Anglo Canadian Society might be a good idea

The four points enumerated above are good, and it is to be hoped that the British manufacturer will lend an attentive ear But we doubt whether any society would do much in the way of actual achievement Such organizations seldom do They involve too many pink teas and platitudinous outpourings

The main thing needed is a realization on the part of the British manufacturer that Canada is fully grown in business and manufacture that we know exactly what we want and that we want it our way "Established 1701" means nothing if the product is not adaptable to the year 1930 here. The British manufacturer must realize as Mr. Luke does that Uncle Sam is the world's most aggressive salesman and that in order to compete with him he must throw overboard all preconceived notions of Canada and meet him with his own weapons—accurate market information, intensive advertising and service as the customer wants it.

Exchange of views and information between Canadian and British business men at a common table should certainly be brought about. But there is another factor that should not be overlooked The business, trade and technical papers of both countries have it in their power to accomplish great things in this direction Too long have they travelled astern of that press in the United States Particularly in England have they been merely accurate records of past happenings They need to assume leadership in the trades they represent Why not start the ball rolling by enlarging Mr Luke's own example into an exchange tour of responsible editors of business and technical papers in both lands? They would learn—and be in a position to teach—quite a lot.—H.N.M

his mother find them for him and then set about her interrupted task of getting things ready for the morrow, her shoes clinking briskly on the maple floor. Suddenly it came to Paul that she was always like this, tending to a hundred tasks. Like his father, work was never really done for her. Did folks always get like that when they were old? he wondered, and did the use of living with them make their children never see it? What strangers his parents were to him anyway! He never got inside their minds. They had their thoughts—as alien as an outsider's. They had their memories of deeds done in hot youth, of friends and enemies. On impulse he stepped up and took the pail out of his mother's hands.

JEAN and Paul stepped out of the kitchen door on their way to McAdoo's. It had rained all day, a gentle seeping rain that had soaked into the ground. The roof and sides of the big new barn Paul noted, still shone wetly as the sun came out for an instant before its setting to cast a watery and repentant rays upon it. They passed into the yard, puked their way across the soft and springy ground which surrounded the old log hen-house—at one time the only barn the farm possessed—and climbed over the fence into the little meadow that at this point bordered the little creek. Everything seemed so fresh so odorous after the rain, so full of pushing glamorous growth. The little brook gurgled along in full current. The mounds of the Indian fort in the centre of the meadow—Paul had long since found out that they were remnants of an old potash plant—stood out abruptly, their outlines firm and clearly cut. From McAdoo's Woods in front of them came the questing call of a robin.

"Do you remember, Jean," Paul asked his sister, as he helped her over the low fence, "how we always came over here on quarterly meeting Sunday and wallowed in the dandelions?"

"They're all mowed now," his sister said regretfully, looking over the little triangle of open ground between them and the woods.

"They'll be out tomorrow," Paul answered. "A mat of yellow." He laughed. "Dear old Midas," he said. "he would have enjoyed them."

"Look at the balsams," Jean said, gazing up at the dead tops of two great trees that sentinelled the opening in the woods toward which they were moving. "That's a crow's nest, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Paul, staring up at the bundle of sticks. "I must come over with the gun some day. Dad says" he went on as they reached the opening "that this path used to be the old road in pioneer days. Those balsams were the markers."

"It would be interesting, wouldn't it?" Jean suggested instinctively lowering her voice to see what these trees have seen. Jumping looming along on the ends of two poles, for instance, as Indians. Didn't we use to think those big stones up in Campbell's Woods were Indian graves!"

Paul assented. "There'd be young redskins, too," he added, in those knee-high, leather boots that dad talks about. "Or," he laughed in a subdued tone, "old MacAdoo's dad trudging along with his bag of salt."

Jean smiled. "He got the whole two hundred acres for it, didn't he?"

Paul nodded.

They were well into the woods now. A woodpecker knocking on a trunk a hundred yards away was startlingly loud, a squirrel running out from under their feet to scamper up a tree and scold at them seemed to shatter the silence. Darker too than outside. In the back ground the tree trunks seemed to merge into a shadowy wall, and the tall trees nearer at hand ranged themselves into mysterious alleys leading into the distance. No wonder they felt that they had stepped out of the realm of ordinary things into a place removed.

"Oh! See those violets!" Jean whispered, and was down like a flash in a mass of fern to pick them an delicate blue petals with a yellow heart.

"They smell so lovely and woodsy," she went on, still in a whisper, "after the rain."

"It's a great," Paul assented, "after putting potatoes all day."

He thought fleetingly of that job as he knelt there picking violets. Oh how he had knelt cramped hour after hour in the half darkness of the root house while the rain pattered down outside, of the rasp grimy sound his knife had made slicing the potatoes, of the squish when his gripping fingers pushed out a rotten tuber. How mossy one's hands felt—dirt and potato juice caking on them—how mashed and unmanly-like they were when you tried to blow your nose. Yet it had been nice too he thought, as they left the bed of flowers and started along the path once more, to talk so intimately to dad, to tell him all your ideas, your achievements, while he listened and assented. Pleasant to hear all about the new hundred, as well as about the thanks Fred and Jean would have. Nice to tell him a little about Eileen absent wanting to wheel down to Glenville soon. So understanding dad was, he told himself, as they reached the edge of the wood and moved out into McAdoo's yard. Only about the war. Dad could not understand it and how people in the city felt about it. In the country of course—Eben Bob MacAdoo—you couldn't expect him to understand. But dad

MRS. McADOO was at the door.

"Come right in," she said, all hustling hospitality. "Bob," she called, as they entered, "here's Jean and Paul."

Well, well," Bob declared, getting up to shake hands with them. "I thought you'd forgotten the old man."

"We'll never do that," Jean assured him.

They were soon comfortably installed, Jean and Paul on the sofa, Mrs. McAdoo on the edge of a chair and Bob in his favorite rocker with his shoeless feet upon the stove. They talked a little on casual matters, the rain — "Things'll jump now," Bob said—the crops, the anniversary practices. There was a lull in the conversation and Bob cleared his throat.

"Yer dad says," he remarked in offhand fashion, "as how he've bought Little Hugh's place."

"Yes" said Paul, "only it's Fred Dickens has bought it."

Same thing," continued Bob, winking prodigiously at Paul. "Young folks will be young folks. And when," with a sly glance at Jean, "do young Fred figger on settin' up house?"

"We're working the place," answered Paul, "for a year or two."

"Oh!" Bob said reflectively. He edged over a little to spit into the wood box. "Got a wunnerful bargain, yer dad did," he hinted.

"Not bad."

"Tellus said he were turrible smart," Bob attested. He chuckled. "Got ahead of old Nunn that time," he went on appreciatively. "I mind the old cuss last Friday. You should hev heered him."

Why," Jean asked suddenly, "what did he say?"

Minds him turrible mad," Bob continued. He chuckled. "One of them fits of his. Righteous indignation."

"I guess," Paul said, "he sort of figured on that place for himself."

"Figgered! Thought he had it hog tied. He was jes' wantin'. Waitin' for Little Hugh ter mira down a hundred."

It's good land," Paul agreed.

"Wouldn't want no buttin'," Bob answered him. "An' right next his Wherry place. You should hev heered Bill MacNab yesterday, tellin' about old Nunn. He says he's sure riled. What he ain't sayin' about yer dad an' Fred!"

"Robert!" Mrs. McAdoo protested. "You shouldn't be tellin' such things."

"There, there, ma," Bob said hastily. "Miss Jeannie knows I don't mean nuthin'."

"Just what is he saying, Mr. McAdoo?" Jean asked. Bob stirred uncomfortably and spat again into the woodbox. "Oh! It's nuthin', Miss Jeannie," he countered.

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"How in tarnation you ever got up in the night," Bob said, "ter get ahead of Jim Hosey. Smart he is" "Smart! The hypocrite! The Jebusite!"



A Hungarian belle. Czechoslovakian dancer.



Jugoslavian pipe makes melody with his dudelsak

Assimilation

"We should let the immigrant grow as what he is, not as what we think he ought to be"

By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

Frederick Philip Grove, by "Settlers of the Marsh," "A Search for America," and "Our Daily Bread," has achieved international literary recognition. Today, after a lecture-tour of sixty speeches in which he delivered 132 addresses in twelve months, he is known to thousands of Canadians as a man who is not afraid to speak his mind when in actual contact with many who may disagree with him.

His views on the assimilation of the foreign born immigrant, expressed in this article, are different, but they are those of the foreign-born immigrant himself.

WE ARE worried today over ethnic problems. By certain persons—or shall I call them interests?—a formidable-looking indictment has been drawn up against the immigrant. A great deal is being said about preferred and non-preferred nationalities. I wonder with how much justification.

According to the reasons stated for the attitude adopted these opponents of unrestricted immigration fall into two classes. One bases its objections on purely economic grounds; the other on grounds political, social and spiritual.

Let me deal with the former first. Many of our mid-European agricultural immigrants stubbornly decline to adopt what those involved in the argument choose to call Canadian ways of dealing with the land. When you enquire more closely into the matter you find that these Canadian ways are not Canadian at all but originated in the United States of America. The mid-Europeans refuse to farm on as large a scale as the average Canadian; they refuse to use machines to the same extent; they refuse to avail themselves to the same extent of the system of credit. We can readily admit that this indictment is true.

The most powerful counter argument consists in the fact that these Poles, Hungarians and Ukrainians can move into a district abandoned or on the point of being abandoned by Anglo-Saxons and succeed where the latter have made a failure. This last nobody who knows conditions will dispute. It may well be that the reason peasants are so much in their rising bottom rungholds, as in their thrift and their ability to get along contentedly with a lower standard of living. Whatever the reason is the fact remains that they contribute to the national wealth and that they are building empire.

Soil Miners and Soil Protectors

IT HAS been said that while on the American continent less wheat is produced per acre of land than in Europe more is produced per man employed in the industry. I will frankly admit that this is the American trend; nor will I deny that it runs counter to the whole European peasant tradition. To the European peasant, and more especially the mid European peasant, the land is a sacred thing; more important than the individual an



whom its ownership has for the moment devolved. The question arises. Which of the two stands is from a national point of view the more desirable one? For him who views things from year to year or from day to day in other words, for the hand-to-mouth view—the most important thing undoubtedly remains that every man employed in agriculture should produce every bushel of grain which he can possibly produce, even though he may thus occupy more land than he can do justice to. The moment we view the matter from the point of view of a settled country, the result of such a policy is plainly disastrous. It is beginning to be apparent in such a relatively new province as Manitoba. Already we have abandoned farms there. Already a few years ago, I counted within a radius of six miles around a once prosperous town, no less than fifty three quarter sections no longer with weeds that it had become impossible to farm them. Already too there are districts which are being invaded by a thriftless and, by the way, purely Anglo-Saxon tenantry. And that in a province which is in its infancy.

While there is plenty of free land available as there was up to a few years ago, the disastrous effect of such a policy does not show on the national balance sheet. An empire like the Canadian West, a province like Manitoba, may plainly be prosperous as a whole because it produces the grain, while every single individual composing the agricultural population may very conceivably be insolvent. I do not say that such is the case, but there are districts where we are marching straight toward such a condition of affairs.

There is a further danger. The West is essentially an agricultural country. Agricultural countries depend for their welfare less on prosperity than on stability. I know a Canadian farmer who has moved from one place to another four times in a single lifetime. I know scores who have changed farms once or twice. Migration seems to them children the natural thing. Thus apparent prosperity resolves itself in the last analysis into a voluntarily assumed slavery to implement and loan

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"Let the Slav go . . . as of his nature." A Lett can build with national instruments as it appeared at a Winnipeg festival.



Naturally the girl's cabin was overhead first. No use for her to squall and protect ill withered apple-cheeks was all right ahead

The Man With a Memory

A story of intrigue in that part of South America where politics wax hot as the climate

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN

I MET him on a Spanish-American boat. He seemed to be a man of no particular nationality, helped out with a slight American accent, and his name was Shayler. He was a person I could have flown from at night, only you can't fly far on a seven hundred ton intermediate, and besides there was nothing else to perch with in the way of conversational humanity but fat Argentine women and their families, and Jews from Port Alegre.

So as a matter of fact we chummed up in a way, and the dull dead eye of Mr. Shayler became distinctly less depressing after a few days of proximity, for he had travelled much, and he could talk and tell queer stories—but none queerer than the story he told me about himself, speaking in a flat level voice rarely rising to the point of emotion.

"I have got an almost perfect memory," said Mr. Shayler, "nothing is absolutely perfect in this world but, anyhow, I'll put my memory down on the table and you can put anything else you like beside it, from the Venus of Milo to Einstein's theory, and I bet my old memory won't take the prize for flaws."

"I'm not boasting of it. To tell the truth a great memory isn't worth much to a man as a commercial asset. That seems funny, but it's true. It's useful and at times it is very useful, but those times are not often. However they occur, and I'll give you a story to show how I used it once, and say, I'll give you a proof. Write down any number of figures you like on a piece of paper, let me glance at them, and then, having told you my story, I will repeat those figures for you forward or backward, having kept them in my head the whole time."

I got a sheet of the ship's notepaper, and wrote down—

14638204197389

Shayler read the numbers, gave me back the sheet of paper, which I put in my pocket and started on his story.

"North of Chile there's a South American state we'll call Salamander—not to be personal, it's as hot as Hades anyhow, and fit only for salamanders to live in, and the politics match the climate and the people match the politics. El Passo is the name of the capital. It has on the coast and has a good harbor for shipping, an old mud fort from the time of the conquistadors, and a cathedral like a Christmas cake fixed up with bells that chime the quarters. There's a square called La Plaza by the Cathedral, a big place set with flame-trees, and I was sitting there in front of a café one night with one of the chief traders, Ramon Olivia, when Ramon tips the ash of his cigar into his coffee saucer, and says "Well, what about it?"

"I must tell you he'd been at me for two days to get me to help in the revolution that was brewing. There's nearly always a revolution rather in the wet or on top in these South American republics. The one at Salamander was on top, and Ramon, with his sleeves rolled up, was only waiting to pull the handle of the beer-engine he wanted me to help in serving.

"In other words he wanted me to take a confidential document down to Valdivia in Chile to Andersen Garbett, a Yank who had come into the affair on the dollar side, and who had a shipful of armaments only waiting to discharge at the right moment and at the right spot on the coast as Olivia said. Olivia had gone through the whole business with me, knowing I was safe, and he had made it clear to me where I stood financially.

"Forty thousand dollars in cash and a big trading concession if the affair came off—that is to say, when Gomez the present president, was put on the shelf and Olivia in his place.

"Yes Olivia wanted to be president and he had a strong backing, but there was also, he said, another chap named Alvarez who wanted to be president, and who also had a strong backing. A serious situation, for look you, Gomez, the real president, was nowhere just then. He was in power it is true, but only kept there because Olivia wasn't strong enough to swallow him on account of Alvarez, and vice versa.

"But that cargo of machine guns, rifles, bombs and lord knows what, would give Olivia the teeth and jaws he wanted. It would be a full hand against a busted flush as regards Alvarez.

"Well," said Olivia, dropping his cigar ash into his coffee saucer, "how about it?"

"I said to Olivia: 'Look here. I'm in on the thing right enough, but let's simplify matters. You can't send your document of direct ons by wire or by post, that's clear. You want me to take the thing. The mail boat *La Paz* starts for Valdivia day after tomorrow. Now suppose by any chance I'm arrested going on board her with that thing in my pocket—you never know what spies may have found out—why run the risk? Why not let me memorize that document and carry it in my head instead of my pocket. I've got a memory that can't be beaten.'

"He laughed. Pointed out that no man could carry such a thing in his head. There was the latitude and longitude of the bay where the arms were to be landed, a map with the soundings, and all sorts of other directions. He couldn't be convinced, he said. 'All right. I'll do it, so long as my name is not in the document. My introduction to Andersen Garbett must be in a separate letter with nothing more than just a few lines stating that I am to be trusted as a business man.'

"He agreed to this, and the matter was settled. Then he called for drinks and we lit up.

"It was pleasant sitting there before that café and feeling that if things went right I would have a big slice out of the state of Salamander, there's copper mines and quicksilver mines and timber, and there's sapphires and saltpetre, and with Olivia for president I could put my hand about where I chose. And there was Olivia sitting beside me smoking his cigar, just a businessman trading in tobacco, coffee and sugar, yet maybe as good as a king in a month or so.

"People were passing along. La Plaza is the favorite promenade for the townsfolk of an evening. A big moon had climbed up from beyond the cathedral and began to light the electrics; the band was playing—yes, it was pleasant that evening, and all the more so for the feeling that if a cog slipped or a nut worked loose in the business was in danger, too, not from loud and open assassination, but from some "accident!" You know that on board ship at night all deck lights are out except the binnacle, side, and lee-mast lights. I determined to avoid the dark at night for fear of falling overboard while looking over the rail at the star-shine on the water, or slipping and breaking my skull.

"Food I considered safe, as the dishes were communal and the bread basket open to choice, but I would not take a cup of coffee in my cabin, or a drink in the bar unless I saw it poured from the bottle.

"All these thoughts and decisions passed through my mind as I sat at luncheon. Then I went to my stateroom and having made sure that the document was safe, I sat down for a smoke.

SHE had only glanced in my direction once at luncheon but that glance was enough.

It wasn't casual, it was purposeful. It's extraordinary how it is that a turn of the head or glance of the eye may tell one. I reckon there's a whole language in movement, and the guy that works it art and publishes a dictionary on it will make his fortune.

That movement of the head and glance told me that she knew I was there, and that she did not want to attract my attention—oh it told me a lot!

I must have been allotted out to her by someone either on the ship or the quay for she had not seen me that night when I was outside the café. Anyhow and however it was she knew me.

Sitting there smoking in my stateroom I felt as a ship might feel in a house where there was a bomb-shell, but he didn't know where—a bomb-shell with a time fuse.

Sure I was that I would be attacked, either on the ship or when I had landed at Valdivia, attacked for the sake of this document. It might be that, failing everything else, I would be arrested at Valdivia on some false charge before I could reach Garbett.

I'm a quick thinker and quick to act. I rang the stateroom bell, and when the steward came I ordered him to fetch me a jug of hot water and a glass. He brought them, and I locked my door, got the envelope from my suitcase and steamed it open. There was no seal, only the gummed flap to deal with, and I had determined to memorize the document and destroy it.

Well, there was the thing, three pages of folded typescript, and a map.

I read the thing through. It was a terrible document to be found with. Of course, there was not a word to incriminate Olivia. But there, running devil-may-care letter after letter, was enough to incriminate Alvarez, a name which mixed up in a payment. Of course Garbett would know the trick. It was likely that all communications between Olivia and Garbett contained the same song, so that if it were intercepted Alvarez would be the man that would get it in the neck. Pretty clever, wasn't it?

I must tell you that in the document although there were directions to say where the arms were to be landed on the map there was not a single written word. It was a coastline map, showing several bays and the soundings and reef passages. Garbett would know an details, the boy intended. The thing was useless to anyone else and non-incriminating. I determined to keep the map which was on thin paper and which I would put in my pocket-book.

Then I sat down and read the document through carefully memorizing it. Having done that I did not destroy it as I had at first intended. I put it back in the envelope, gummed the flap, and put the thing on the lid of my suitcase, rang the bell for the steward to take away the jug and glass. I'd flung the contents of the glass out of the porthole so he might think I'd drunk it, and while he was doing this I caught up the envelope as though I'd forgotten I'd left it out, put it in the suitcase and shut the lid.

Now" I said to myself, "I'll chat bedroom steward in the swim bit. If have something to go on."

I wanted that thing stolen.

The idea of Ferrara's daughter taking it to Ferrara and Ferrara blackmailing Alvarez with it seemed a good joke, but it was not the joke I was after so much as safety. Once the thing was stolen from me I was safe, and still I was carrying it in my head.

I reopened the suitcase and put it at the bottom under the clothes then leaving the case unlocked I came on deck.

I had done all I could do and a man can't do more than that, and I stayed on deck till afternoon to give them a chance. There was a sign of their get. She was evidently stalking to her prey. Then I played cards in the smoke-room after dinner till twelve o'clock, went down to bed, and left for the thing—still there.

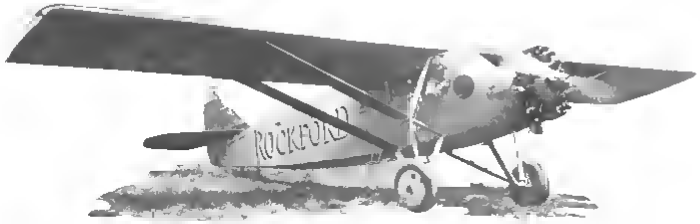
SAME thing next day. Then I began to doubt whether she had any holding to the ship in the way of accomplices. If so they were pretty blind in their intelligence. They must have known the thing was for me for I was going about except at dinner and lunch without a coat in a tussore silk shirt and white flannels most of the time owing to the hot weather. And knowing that, and knowing how I kept the deck why didn't they go through my baggage if they were on the warpath?

Day after day same thing. The girl came on deck in the morning sat in a chair on the promenade deck reading a book, and I fetched a book out of the ship's library and took a seat not far from her. Then I thought I'd pretend to go to sleep and I did—but I went to sleep in earnest and didn't wake up till lunch time. She was gone and the deck clear of passengers and I must have been asleep

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The old chap had his numbers off to feel the roof of the evening, and the girl had a fan which she opened and shut as she went

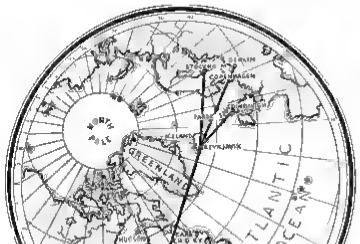


The Gunter Rockford in which Hassell and Cramer flew from Rockford Illinois, to Greenland.

To Europe via Cochrane

Destiny has marked the Cochrane-Reykjavik route as one of the great air lanes of the future

By EARL HANSON



"If we study a globe of the world, we find that the great circle route between Chicago and Europe need not involve a single hop greater than 400 miles."

THE fever for suicidal transatlantic flights seems luckily to be subsiding. Public opinion as well as governmental pressure on both sides of the ocean are putting a stop to these courageous attempts in the interests of science—and, perhaps, in the interests of the pilots and the newspapers as well.

If we take stock of the results of these flights we find them meagre enough as compared with the enormous expenditures of effort in money and lives. Some pilots, some planes and a few aircraft engines have won fame and publicity. That indefinable thing called "science" has discovered that a dirigible can make the flight between Europe and America with a certain amount of payload, and an airplane can make it with no payload at all—given a skilful pilot and perhaps a bit of luck. Any good aeronautical engineer could have pointed out these things without leaving his office.

But perhaps the science of psychology can also learn a lesson from these spectacular attempts. Why was it that nearly all the pilots chose a route that was by far the most dangerous—over the fog-blanketed Newfoundland waters? Was it conventional inability to see beyond the fact that steamers are continually taking that route? If so, it is a paradoxical display of conservatism that leads a man to choose the most dangerous methods.

In the past we have had a habit of linking airplane routes with those of our steamships and railroads. This is silly—until such a time as the cruising radius and speed of commercial aircraft are double or treble what they are today. Canadian flyers, with the remarkable work they are doing in the wilds of the north, are demonstrating that the airplane today is essentially a trail-blazer that its greatest usefulness lies outside the territories served by the railroad, the motor truck, and the steamboat.

In competition with these the plane has only one advantage to offer—an increase in speed that is not yet great enough to escape being at least partially balanced by a non-escapable increase in cost. In competition with dog-teams, canoes, knapsack and horse-back transportation the airplane offers a far greater increase in speed and more often than not, also a decrease in costs.

This has been pointed out before. Only a year or so ago, Stefansson said in *MacLean's* that Canadians will not be truly air-minded until they think of aircraft as tools with a sphere of their own, outside the lanes being travelled by steamers and railroads.

The Greenland-Iceland Route

WITH a decrease in the number of attempted transatlantic flights comes a saner view of the possibilities of air service between Europe and America. A few months ago the Armstrong Seadrome Company announced its intention of placing a number of huge floating platforms in the Atlantic to serve as bases for flyers.

The Armstrong Seadrome is an invention remarkable for the boldness of its conception as well as for its apparent technical excellence. It will probably solve some of the problems of trans-oceanic flight, but in the opinion of the present writer it is entirely out of place on the transatlantic route.

For the solutions it offers are purely technical, not at all economic. It gives the pilot a great amount of security but it gives him nothing to the line of payload, no commercial cargo, no passengers, no mail.

In competition Nature has placed in the Atlantic a number of platforms that are not only far safer and much easier to find than anything man can build, but have advantages of their own to offer in the line of payload as well.

When Hassell and Cramer last year set out to fly from Rockford, Illinois, to Sweden, by way of Cochrane, Greenland, and Iceland their plans were greeted with a scepticism that was based mainly on ignorance. We knew that they could probably make the flight as far as Cape Chidley (or Canadian pilots have flown over the same or similar territory time and again. We were afraid of the rest of the route simply because we knew almost nothing of either Greenland or Iceland, or the intervening waters. I wonder how many people realized as Hassell did, that the flight from Cochrane, over Cape Chidley, to the Greenland coast, was by far the most dangerous of the entire venture.

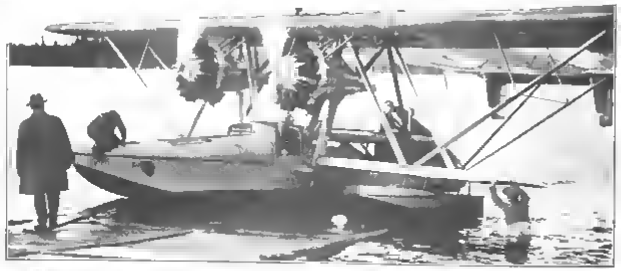
At the present time Hassell is preparing for a second attempt, even surer and more carefully planned than the first. After leaving Cochrane he will make at least one refuelling stop at Cape Chidley before hopping off for Greenland.

This year has already seen still another trial flight, that of the *Chicago Tribune* plane, the *Untin Bawler*, which foundered off the coast of Cape Chidley while at anchor. Sceptics have not been slow about coming forward with their "I told you so's," but the failure of the *Untin Bawler* had no bearing on the feasibility of the Cochrane-Greenland-Iceland route as a fully developed commercial air route. It simply demonstrated a self-evident fact—the necessity of adequately protected and developed landing bases.

And now comes the startling but well authenticated rumor that a Chicago company is planning weekly airplane service to Europe by way of Greenland and Iceland.

The rumor is more startling in America than in Europe, because here the idea is newer. When the

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The "Untin' Bawler" which foundered while at anchor off Cape Chidley on an attempted flight from Chicago to Europe via Iceland. This photograph was taken at Remy Lake in Northern Ontario where the plane was refueled.

Your Young Men Shall See Visions

And down in the Maritime Provinces they are making dreams come true

By P D L

EVERY day at the Yarmouth docks you can see them going to Boston, the ambitious young Nova Scotians to pull the same trick that the Cyrus Eatons and Delancey Harrises have pulled in Yankeeland. Few of them are going to do what the two boys from Pugwash and Annapolis Royal did, but the hopes are high and they go because—as they tell it asked there is no opportunity in Nova Scotia for an ambitious young man. It may be that there are greater opportunities in the United States, but I wish to show in the following sketches that there are also opportunities in the Maritimes if the ambitious young men will go hunting them.

Stairs You Can't Sit On

IF ANY morning—it would have to be early—you happened to be in the vicinity of Water Street, Halifax, you might see a spare young figure every action betraying energy to burn, streaking toward the oldest business establishment in the street. It encountering some local crony, he slapped him on the back, asked him how the devil he was, linked arms with him and, dragging him along thus conversed with him in tones easily heard two blocks away, it would without a doubt be C. W. Stairs, president of William Stairs, Son and Morrow, Limited. Watching and listening you might—if you were a superficial observer—be inclined to murmur: "Wind." In so doing you would be making a mistake several other superficial observers have made, you would be judging Cyril Stairs by the idea-off of his surplus energy, and not by the smooth working, high-powered dynamo that actuates that very shrewd young man.

For over a century, since the days when the best rum sold for five shillings a gallon, there has been a Stairs doing business in the hardware line on Water Street. Four generations of canny Scotch tenders stretch back to the days of wooden ships and iron men, and each of those four generations has stood for an ideal in business the thing men call integrity. For the Stairs family has had one other pursuit than the making of money, namely, the development of character, and you can better sum them up in that one word—character with all its implications, than in any other word.

You build character with discipline. When at the age of sixteen years Cyril was put into the business he was given no white-collar job, nor any princely salary. He was given a suit of overalls, the only key to the shop, and told to open it for the other employees at seven o'clock every morning. For remuneration he was given the princely sum of $4 a week. Four years later he was only getting $4.00 a year—and was still in overalls.

Did he muse as the situation as some might have: "Well, after all they've got to take me into the business some day, so I'll just mark time at this apprenticeship." The dynamo in Cyril prevented any such easy philosophy. His restless eager mind reached out for the possibilities that lay at hand; he began to see new and better ways of arranging the internal economy of the business; department after department snapped out of the old rut—and the older employees, thinking back two generations, began to say: "A chip of the old block!"

With the certainty of fate the opportunity came. Illness and death played havoc with the management of the business and, though not the only Stairs available, he found himself at the age of twenty-one in virtual control of the active management, spark from the financial end. Quite a leap for a conservative business family to take, but a well justified one as events proved.

The dynamo now found itself hitched to a real load, and there followed those booming late-war years in which William Stairs, Son and Morrow, Limited more than doubled its business and greatly enlarged its plant. True enough, those were years in which anyone could do business prosperously, but don't imagine for a moment that Cyril sat still and let the plums drop. On the contrary, he shook the tree for all it was worth.

Here's an instance. When the disaster of 1917 hit Halifax, Colonel Bob Low was put in charge of reconstruction. Within a few days of taking on the job the Colonel found himself in need of certain material. The hour at which he found himself in this predicament was 6 a.m., and the matter was highly urgent. Where could he do business at that hour? He walked into Water Street and found one establishment open, and one lone employee in that establishment—Cyril Stairs. If you happen to be a bit of a live wire yourself you will realize the impression this must have made on Colonel Bob Low, and just where he was likely to turn when he wanted to do business next time. Don't let me mislead you now: Cyril Stairs was not going to work every day in those stirring times at 6 a.m. That particular morning he had got up to see one of his family off on the train, and faced with the alternative of returning for another hour between the blankets or going down and opening the business, he chose the latter. But isn't his choice of alternatives a straw in the wind?



A trio of young Nova Scotians who have gained the oldest positions of Canada—the Governorship—in a young man's country. At left: Cyril W. Stairs, youthful president of William Stairs, Son and Morrow, Limited. Above: Alfred T. O'Leary, a son of rural Nova Scotia, who has found in Halifax his City of Opportunity. Upper right: Robert P. Bell, who directs six widely different businesses at the age of forty-one.

A Dynamo—Plus Brains

SO IT went. And then came 1921, that year to which all Canadian business men look back with a shudder. William Stairs, Son and Morrow, Limited, were hit as badly as any. Year after year deficit followed deficit in the Maritime provinces, rolled in the deadbeats. Faced with the bare cupboard at home Cyril explored other peradventures. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. had started their big development on the

Humber in Newfoundland. He went down there with one of his travellers stayed a week nearly killed the traveller dragging him over the development, and got in orders less than the trip actually cost him. Did he throw Newfoundland up as a bad job? Not so. When he got back to Halifax he called his department heads together.

Here are the orders I got in Newfoundland," he told them. "Get 'em all and get 'em all quick. If any further orders come in from these birds stop at Truro. There's only one way to beat Montreal—give better service. Snap to it!"

Before the Humber development was completed William Stairs, Son and Morrow Limited did hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of business with the various contractors working on it.

But in spite of all this the dreams kept up and Cyril realized that the only thing that would stem the tide of high overhead and business depression was a complete reorganization of the firm. Late in 1924 he put a scheme for reorganization before the directors. It was turned down. In the next few months he brought forward several variations of this scheme—all turned down. Faced with this impasse he reached the decision—and you would have to have the Stairs pride in that old and honorable establishment at Water Street to know what it cost him to reach it—that the business would have to get along without him. He went up to Montreal for a week as he put it himself to "make a pipe or a." There he met a prominent Upper Canadian business man, and in the course of conversation unburdened his problem.

"My dear boy," said the P. B. M., "why don't you buy William Stairs, Son and Morrow, Limited?"

Now it is characteristic of Cyril Stairs that he can make a lightning decision. Until that moment he had never considered buying the business from the Stairs family for the very good reason that he had no money of his own with which to do so; but suddenly that day at the Ritz-Carlton he made up his mind—and took the next train home.

To make a long story short he bought the business. The banks were only too willing to take a chance. What happened? In 1926, the year he took it over, there was still a deficit but the smallest since the slump. In 1927 a nice little profit. In 1928 a real profit—and 1929 looks the best yet. *Et ramenti!* Brains, plus the dynamo!

For instance. Calling one day on the Honorable Percy Black who, among other things is president of the Nova Scotia Clay Works he overheard a telephone conversation whose subject was the unsatisfactory way in which Bluenose bricks were selling. The moment the receiver clicked down, friend Cyril remarked in his terse way:

"I'll sell your bricks!"

Now Cyril knew nothing about bricks, had never handled such a commodity before but looking over some literature on the subject a few days later he discovered that the convention of the Common Brick Manufacturers of America was shortly to be held at Washington, D.C. He attended the convention, taking with him the managers of the brickworks at Pugwash and Elmsdale, who had never studied the brick problem out of Nova Scotia. The result? Bluenose Brick is a better brick than ever and is being manufactured by improved and more scientific methods. Today Cyril is vice-president of the company whose works are humming as they never hummed before.

He is also a director of the new Nova Scotia Cold Storage Terminals, Limited and Trinidad Electric. Nine o'clock in the morning you'll find him at the job—nine o'clock ten o'clock at night. And when he isn't there he's scouring the country, searching restlessly for new openings, picking up business wherever it is lying loose and prying it loose where it isn't.

Dynamo!

A Bluenose Buccaneer

IF YOU go to the Halifax North West Arm any summer day you will see moored off Boulderwood a yacht named the *Buccaneer*. She belongs to Ralph P. Bell—and her name is highly symbolic. For Ralph is of that rumpusy of lusty adventurers whose forbears lies free, wide and handsome and who in the face of lowering cloud and threatening storm nonchalantly hoist their sail and head for the open sea while less hardy spirits get out an extra anchor to windward.

Such a name is typical of the man who at twenty-one left home with seventy-five dollars in his pocket, a young wife, and a determination to wrest his fortune from an indifferent world.

Twenty years later one of the most valuable corner properties of down town Halifax, the Queen Building, a handsome cut-stone structure dingorally opposite the historic Province House, is up for sale. Neglected by its English owners, with a dilapidated, out-of-date interior, it comes under the auctioneer's hammer. No bids! Coming from the abortive auction the agent ran into Ralph Bell in his car on the way to Yarmouth. Five minutes' chat—and Ralph bought the building. Complete renovation followed, and today you'll find its new owner occupying a suite of offices in the heart of financial Halifax from which he directs the affairs of six distinct, widely different concerns.

But let us return to the young adventurer of twenty years ago. After three highly successful years in the West with the Canadian Fairbanks Company Limited a call came from Halifax. His father, A. M. Bell, head of the well-known eastern hardware firm, was in failing health and Ralph was wanted in the business. He came, and in a subsequent reorganization of the company became the secretary. Conceiving a plan which he believed would put his firm in the front rank of the Maritime hardware trade, he found his associates sceptical of its results. With Ralph it was always a case of action; he would either buy or sell, but not sit tight. Faced with this alternative his associates elected to buy him out. Ralph flipped a coin to settle the final terms of the agreement and turned his back on hardware.

Those were days when it looked as if Halifax might be in for something big; the new ocean terminals were in the air—thirty millions of dollars coming in to make an ocean port. Robert L. Borden, a Halifax lawyer, Premier of Canada! Haligonians began to see their city the winter port of Canada. Ralph's imagination took fire. The possibilities for the real estate development of the old Roschurk property, then a vacant pasture in the west end of the city, took hold of him—and his ideas were big ones. He bought the property, set to work, and was well on the way to success when the war broke out—and real estate crashed. His winged hope became a lead to carry, and although he managed to bear it and weather the storm the venture was a loss. To Halifax, however, he gave the inestimable gift of a residential city beautiful," which although not realized at the time, will ultimately, through his vision and the building restrictions established, redound to the permanent benefit of the city. "You are forty years ahead of your time," said one of the foremost town planners of America.

By a queer twist of fate this experience in construction and development was destined to be used immediately in a unique way. On a cloudless morning, December 6, 1917, the old garrison city of Halifax was visited by the most colossal disaster which had overtaken any city outside the fighting zone during the War. 2,000 killed, 12,000 hospital cases, and virtually half the city homeless. Work to be done and quickly—a secretary needed by the temporary Voluntary Relief Committee. There you find Ralph Bell just where you would expect—with his secretary and typewriter ready to do work. Almost overnight he became the co-ordinating link between the various committees and central executive, and when the Government Commission was appointed he was asked to remain until the more pressing part of the work was completed. For the next thirteen months he worked early and late sometimes over eighteen hours a day until order was brought out of chaos and a new city arose. Nothing more to do then, but sit in an office and keep records—Ralph took a holiday.

His Venture in Pulp and Paper

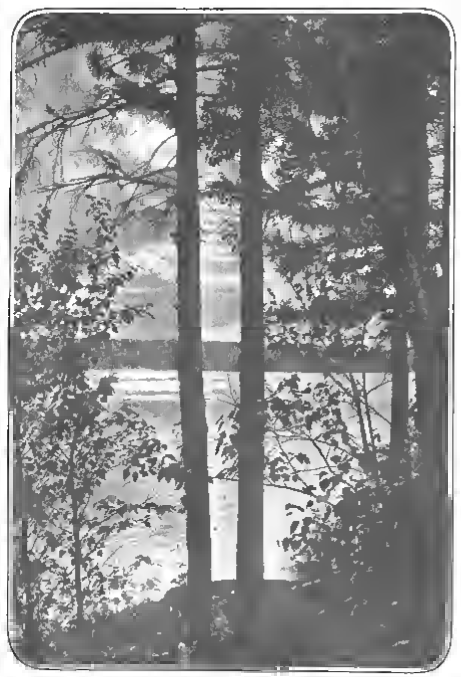
FATE led him fishing on the Tusket River. There he fell in with an interesting old lumberman, who believed the river could be made the site of a great development. Ralph listened, and as the man talked he saw a million-dollar pulpwood industry take shape. It is there today, and Ralph Bell is its manager.

You have probably heard of the recent big pulp and paper development on the Mersey River. Write across the face of it: This, too, is Ralph Bell's. Energy before the people or press of Nova Scotia began agitating for the home manufacture of pulpwood he initiated this proposition. The time, thought and energy he put into that development, his ingenuity and determination in overcoming the innumerable obstacles that dogged his steps, his high courage in the face of rebuff after rebuff, make up an epic too large to tell here, but one which should some day be told as an inspiration to the youth of Nova Scotia. And speaking of inspiration it should also be told how he played the game when the development went on without him, not only congratulating his former associates who had concluded the agreement which left him out but offering to place at their disposal any knowledge he had gained which might help this industry so important for Nova Scotia.

The southwestern part of the province has been the focal point in his paper mill research which had certainly been a generous full time job for one man without any partners or "local group" support. But Ralph had at the same time, been delving into the possibilities of the fishing industry in the same region. In 1926 the owner-manager of one of the most substantial fishcuring businesses in the district died, leaving the concern for sale. One morning a broker friend walked into Ralph's office and briefly outlined the business and its possible future. Action! Ralph became owner of the Laskepart Company Limited which is already feeling the impetus of his dynamic energy and initiative. Watch its development.

Not the least interesting chapter is still to be told. In 1923 Frank J. D. Barnjum heavily interested in a pulp mill in Nova Scotia, commenced an agitation for an

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MacLean's Canadian Snapshot Album: Twilight on the Saint John River
—By Jessie F. Mackay, Saint John, N.B.



Lieut. G. B. McKean, of the 14th Battalion, C.E.F., who won the V.C. at Gavrelle.

Canadians and the Victoria Cross

CONCLUSION

Being the final chapter in the heroic record of deeds by which Canadians won the award "For Valor"

By W. W. MURRAY

FIFTY-SIX of the sixty-one recipients of the Victoria Cross received the distinction in eleven of the seventeen "battles"—as distinct from "local actions"—in which the Canadian Corps participated. The remaining five earned the decoration in less extensive operations, or during engagements in which Canadians took part in small units and not as a corps. Additional to these remembering the thousands of Canadians who served in the Imperial Army and the Royal Navy it is not inappropriate to recall that as far as can be ascertained six were awarded the Victoria Cross.

Before the Canadian Corps was organized, five members of the old 1st Division had earned the award. Four of these have already been dealt with in the story of Ypres 1916; the fifth was the late Lieutenant F. W. Campbell, 1st Canadian Infantry Battalion. The exploit of this deceased officer was one of the outstanding incidents that occurred at Givenchy, on a day when warfare had degenerated to what appeared nothing more than purposeless trench-scathing.

To the survivors of the original 1st Division Givenchy conjures up memories of the "Dark o' Ball," of two 18-pounder guns of the Canadian Field Artillery emplaced immediately behind the parados of the front-line trench of the springing of a mine with disastrous effect upon the attacking Canadians themselves, and of the devoted heroism of the assaulting troops. The "Dark o' Ball" was a sharp salient protruding from the line of main trenches toward the enemy position about seventy yards away.

"A Very Gallant Officer"

SHARPLY at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 16, 1915, the 1st Battalion moved into their position. At 3.45 p.m. the field guns in the front line opened fire adding their quota to the bombardment which had been in progress all afternoon. The crew of one was put quickly out of action, but the second continued until the guns was sprung thirteen minutes later. Scarcely had all the debris alighted than the assaulting units were over the top and making swiftly for the German front line.

Lieutenant Campbell was with the second wave of the attack, and with him were his two Colt guns. In the maze of trenches beyond, bomb fighting was taking place, and despite the artillery preparation the enemy thronged their positions, bringing a devastating fire to bear on the Canadians. Before reaching the captured trench one of Campbell's gun-crews was demolished, and of the other few unwounded remained. Then was enacted a drama of heroism that has few parallels in Canada's war record.

Moving to the left in an effort to establish his gun in a favorable position Campbell found that only one man, a Private Vincent, was left. Together the two sought to mount the gun, but as a suitable base could be found. Here Vincent himself provided the necessary emplacement. Bending his back, he allowed Campbell to straddle the tripod across his shoulders, and in this fash on fire was opened on the enemy. The Germans were strongly reinforcing, but by fast, the battalion their bombs exhausted and their personnel almost wiped out, were stubbornly yielding the position into the mass. Campbell directed a stream of fire that temporarily dispersed the attackers. Again the Germans advanced, bombing their way steadily, and paying heavy toll to Campbell's coolness and marksmanship. But the inevitable happened; the officer was seriously wounded. Slowly and painfully he strove to return over "No Man's Land," with Vincent dragging the gun behind. Campbell had reached the old front-line and was being carried into the trench when his life flickered out.





Left: Captain C. N. Mitchell of the 4th Canadian Engineers Battalion, whose coolness in the attack on Escadoeuvres near Cambrai, secured him the V.C. Right: Lieut.-Col. F. E. Bent, of Halifax, N.S., who was awarded the V.C. for gallantry in Polygon Wood, near Ypres. He commanded the 9th Lancasters.



Lieut. H. Strachan, V.C., hero of the dangerous ride of the Fort Garry Horse toward Cambrai

His citation is terse, encompassing only 106 words. It recounts the story and refers to Campbell as "this very gallant officer" a characterization that was nobly earned during the episode recorded.

A Desperate Ride

THREE remain two more members of the Canadian Corps. No. 883,058 Corporal Joseph Kerbie, M.M., of the 22nd French Canadian Battalion, a native of St. Maire Quebec, and Lieutenant G. B. McKean, M.C., M.M., 14th Battalion Royal Montreal Regiment, who was born at Bishop Auckland, England. To be included also are two members of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. Lieutenant G. M. Flewerdew, of Gillingford, England, who served in the Lord Strathcona's Horse, and Lieutenant H. Strachan, born at Linlithgow, Scotland, of the Fort Garry Horse. Strachan is the only survivor of this quartette. Corporal Kerbie and Lieutenant Flewerdew gave their lives in performing the deed under review and which brought them the honor, while McKean was accidentally killed some three years ago.

The series of incidents out of which Lieutenant Strachan emerged with the coveted decoration is one of the epics of the war. The wild ride of "E" Squadron of the Fort Garrys on November 20, 1917, was one of the absorbing features of the great attack planned by Sir Julian Byng. The plot envisaged a break through toward Cambrai and a general round-up by cavalry in the exploitation of the success. At 1.30 p.m. that day, the Fort Garrys got on the move. Infantry objectives had far the most part been reached and "E" Squadron's task was to push on from where the infantry had left off, to ride to Escadoeuvres north-east of Cambrai, and effect the rupture of the German Corps headquarters there. This means a ride of nine or ten miles into enemy territory.

Lieutenant Strachan was second-in-command of the squadron whose strength was four officers, 123 men, and 140 horses. The first check came at Musnieres where it was found that the bridge over the Canal de St. Quentin had collapsed under the weight of a tank and was impassable. Another crossing was located about 1,000 yards southeast, however, and under heavy fire which brought not a few casualties,

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Betty Ann's Villain

A tale of calf-love scorned, of a suicide that flopped and a revenge that was sweet

By CEYLON HOLLINGSWORTH

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE

I DON'T know whether it should be termed a disease, an accident or a blessing. Boys of twelve and upward are constantly exposed to its ravages, while the high-school senior toughened by outdoors and pinkind in the brines of sophistication is apparently its favorite meat, or mark.

It sneaks up behind him with a gallon pitcher of hot syrup and anoints his unsuspecting head with about three barrels of romance and sentiment. He coos and dabbles around in the sweet puddle until Nature can stand it no longer, when she turns the hose on him and he recovers. The old folks call it puppy love. The angels tell me it is the real thing straight from the fountains of paradise. Anyway, Henderson Hicks had been down with it for three weeks and Natura was getting out the hose.

He lay in the laurel thicket that fluffed the edge of a deep-wooded ravine. Before him was an abandoned meadow gorgeous with the flowering weeds of autumn—but they were wasting their beauty on his desert air. He believed his life was a wreck.

Immediately across the field was an ancient farmhouse emblazoned with the orange and violet of evening. That sun was a company glore just above the hills beyond the river, but he didn't care where it was. He believed his sun had set four days ago. All was over but the funeral, and he was sitting up with the corpse.



She shrieked at her escaping feet grabbed at the sky, and in a confusion of arms and legs shot the chutes

WITH a heart somersault he popped up on hands and knees his bare tawny head erected like a hunko his mouth open, his gray eyes wide and thirsty and greedily drinking in the sight. Betty Ann Leeds had lounged from a side door. She strolled under the appletrees and flopped into a hammock. Tall, eighteen—just his own age—black of hair and eye, dressed in old-rose trimmed with black, her hose and shoes to match!

Her people had rented this place for the summer. It was the last of August and she would soon be gone. His people had been camping for a month in a cottage down where the ravine debouches upon the river. This is how they had come to meet—perish the fact!

The first evening after their dream had exploded he had clambered up here just to torment himself with the sight of where she lived. She had happened to be in the hammock and he had remained in the dulcifying insertion of loverlorness until fall night. The next evening he had been drawn back like a ghost to its hauntings, and the next, and here, here he was at it again on the fourth.

Suddenly Orlo, her Scotch collie, trotted from the front of the house to investigate something on the pike, lost interest and fell to roaming. He wandered into the field and sniffed, and sniffing, sniffing worked his way down a diagonal until he stood wagging his tail at the edge of the laurels.

"Come on, old sport!" coaxed Henderson in an undertone.

The delighted dog crowded into the lair and sat on his haunches with his poor boob's arms around him. Orlo licked his face. Romance with its yearning hatchways, its tender lights and sublime draperies engulfed him. Slowly he pulled a pocketbook with a pad out of his hip pocket, and with a piece of pencil at his lips stared at the paper pondering. At last he wrote slowly, as if picking each word with inestimable treasure, and when he had finished he read and re-read the effusion with ineffable gloom.

"Betty Ann," he read for the tenth time, "I can stand this no longer. I am going to end it all now. As the years wing onward into your happy future think of me sometimes. Good-by forever."

He began to fill up. He folded the paper lengthwise.

"Here, Orlo!" He placed the paper in the dog's mouth, pressed the jaws together and pointed toward Betty Ann who was now reading a magazine. "Take it to Betty Ann, Orlo. Take it to Betty Ann. Understand?"

The dog seemed to comprehend what was required of him. He thrashed the laurels with his joyful tail and after some more urging loped gaily toward the house.

Henderson watched the collie as if steering it by wireless. It was the exquisite high tension crisis of his life. He had not the faintest notion of committing suicide, but was deriving as much pleasure as if he had already killed himself. Something told him that Betty Ann still loved him harder than ever and was morbidly addicted, like so many women to the vice of self-torture. If this something had told the truth she would have more or less of a fit right there in the hammock, whereupon he would stand up, wave and farewell, and drag away into the bowels of the ravine.

According to the usual dramatic stupidities she would stand dumb and petrified until he had vanished, when she would have spontaneous combustion and rush distractedly after him. At this point he would gradually reappear as if drawn back for one last fond look, and all would be lovely.

Beautiful plot! But Fate bounced out and kicked it into junk.

AS ORLO reached the orchard Betty Ann's dad strolled into view, coming from the front of the house. He whistled to the dog murdly as pastime. Orlo responded with alacrity. Henderson with a growl of dismay sank into hiding. He had supposed this dad in Toronto. This was Thursday and Mr. Leeds had only been driving up for the week-ends.

Mr. Leeds was the president of a bank. He was a dark, sparkling six footer with an autocratic knee-antian and a thundercloud eye. Betty Ann had introduced Henderson to him four times in three weeks, yet Henderson didn't feel well enough acquainted to enter the rage alone with him without a keeper or hand with a pitchfork and gun.

The dog gamboled around and all was playfulness until the banker saw the white spot in the dog's mouth.

"What you got, Orlo? Give it here, sir! Give it here!"

After some canine frolic the dog to Henderson's consternation surrendered it. The evening was still and Henderson although seventy five yards away could overhear distinctly.

Mr. Leeds, complacent with a country dinner, slowly unfolded the moist document. Writing! Hells! He glanced automatically at his daughter. Something she had scrawled and tossed aside. Still he read it and was promptly paid for the trouble. He stared at it. What the——

"Where did you get this?" he demanded of the dog. "Tell me, sir. Show me! Who gave you this?"

The dog wagged his tail and body intelligently and barked.

"Betty Ann, come here!" The command was brusque. She was in the thick of a magazine story. "What do you want?" she called, her eye shuttling down the lines.

"When you get here I'll tell you. I want to know what you make of this!"

"Make of what?" she snapped, as she flounced out of her seat and demonstrated that she stood in little fear of her dad.

"Read that!"

Hardly curious she accepted the paper he thrust upon her. She was vexed, but at last she focused her mind upon it and instantly got her shock.

"Where did you get this?" she gasped.

"Orlo had it in his mouth. Who wrote it? Do you know the writing?"

"The dog!" Her amazement was undiluted.

Yes. He came across the field with it. Do you know anything about it?"

"Why—All I know is—it's that Hendy Hicks' writing. But how Orlo——"

So, young lady! You've been vamping this Hendy, have you?" He had become stern and condemnatory.

"Can you get to cut this vamping appetite out. How do you know he isn't crazy fool enough to do what he says?"

"What he says?" she echoed, puzzled and derisive. She measured his expression. "You—he was serious. Why——" She stared down at the note. "He says he's calling it all off. What's crazy about that?" She gave a laugh and twisting on one hip gazed at the sunset in amused despair at all dads.

"I tell you, Betty Ann, it's a serious matter to get any fellow into a frame of mind that will write a note like this. I don't care how big a fourflusher he may be. The question is, where did Orlo get this? How do you know the poor kid isn't already dead? The dog may have found the body and——"

"Body?" she almost screamed. "Why, what are you talking about?"

"Why," he retorted ominously with gruesome astonishment, "doesn't he say he's going to make away with himself? It's the language of all the notes found with the college corpses."

"My heavens, dad!" she yelped, "how can you talk so horribly! He doesn't say anything of the kind."

"Orlo got it close at hand, that's certain. I saw him out front a bit ago and he didn't have it. Next, I see him coming from the ravine and he has it. Well——"

"Well, he's over there, then, and gave it to Orlo." She was scornful with triumphant relief.

"If that's the case, we may still be in time. Come on!" With his unyielding scowl on his dark barrier of laurel and pine he strode into the field. She made no move.

"Hunt him up, Orlo!" he cried, waving the dog toward the ravine. "Get 'im! Sick 'im!"

"Dad, you're patiently impossible!" she hurried, stamping her imperious foot. "Why I can't go anyway. Bob said he'd drive down early if he could make it and we would——"

"Bob? Bob who?"

"What an idiotic question! Why, Bob Chenwicks. You know as well as I do!"

Mr. Leeds halted, slowly turned and frowned her over with a ferocious something like a scare circling his eyes. "Calling him by his first name already! This stranger who broke down one time less than a week ago? Amounting to his say here thirty. That may mean here forty. He may be a mustached fifty—I never saw him. He accounts for the mute, and you are contemptible!" Her dad was in earnest to the ears. "Yesterday a lover killing himself down there doesn't concern you in the least, now that today's is about to pall. Marsh along. We'll look through the ravine, and then go down to the Hinks cottage and see if he's there."

"Gosh!" over in the laurels hissed Henderson, now fishing in a panic for the ravine, "the old man's eatin' mad. Gee whiz!"

BETTY ANN was now thoroughly frightened, not at any prospect of finding a corpse, but of being ramified into a near-one herself. She knew Hendy and the young world. That note was baby stuff. But she also knew her father. He would hesitate at no horrible step to marry her into an old Puritan. With a petulant cry of rebellion distress and ridicule she began pushing her way into the woods. "I'll ruin my shoes," she scolded, "and snag my stockings to pieces and——"

"Well," called Mr. Leeds over his shoulder, "it surely is an ideal place down here for a suicide, that's one thing."

"I think you are just awful!" she scolded venomously. "You are not impressing me in the least."

"I expect not. The only thing that could do that is his body. I don't see it swinging from any of these pines. It may be in the creek, though. They often drown themselves."

"Now," she declared crushingly, "you are merely getting childish."

"Listen to that!" he exclaimed to himself. Then he turned toward her. "What makes me so angry," he boomed, "is your religion—that's the only word refusal to take anything seriously but your own sweet self."

"If I could just once get my hands on that Hendy Hicks," she soliloquized, stamping an imprecatory heel, "you'd see me take this seriously enough."

Mr. Leeds had not noticed the basket while under the shade—in fact he had not observed its presence—but his raving eye now encountered a commotion of oily circles travelling across the mirror of water. "Fish, by gum!" he ejaculated guardedly. "See the ripples!"

Maybe it's the corpse coming to the surface," suggested Betty Ann with excessive gloom.

The basket under this disquieting wallop finished and joggled. Mars rings. Mr. Leeds discovered their source and began stalking it. It seemed to him he could detect a vague something beneath it. Instantly the intoxications of the chase had seized him. A huge catfish, carp or turtle was working at that basket!

He pinked up a five-pound dornick and feverishly eyed the ledge. He stepped out on it and tested the footing. Pretty slippery. The basket not only oscillated but actually moved some inches up stream. It was thirty feet away and he must get closer for any certainty of aim.

He tried out another long step with success. Preparing to hurl his missile he took another, and more eagerly another and in greater haste another. The basket dipped as if about to dive and escape. He made a

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But the broad shoulders of her dad were immovable. The enthusiastic dog was almost at the bushes.

When Orlo bounded into the thicket Hendy rose was leaping recklessly down the rocky jungled steep. The bottom of the ravine was strewn with small boulders and paved with shingle and denuded strata. Quite a stream flowed among the debris—occasional pools, long and deep, heading its course.

The wild fugitive landed just below one of the longest and deepest and pranced this way and that, hunting a secure hiding-place. There were a hundred to conceal him from Betty Ann and her father, but not one that would from that darn dog. He could hear it in the bushes within the voices were sounding nearer and nearer.

At last his deranged globular eyes grappled an old half-bushel market-basket like the relic of some picnic. He dashed across the creek snatched the basket and waded with frantic stealth east into the pool. Its bank on the Betty Ann side was a sloping ledge of limestone two or three yards wide above which rose a low precipice dripping with springs. The pool, he knew, was deepest along the ledge—up to his neck. And here with his nose just above water and the basket over his head he waded midway up the pool. It was just the place where flotsam would lodge and the ledge was such slippery footing that no one would roam near his cover.

Rings were still chasing one another abroad the surface when he saw through the cranks in the basket the dog come down and cross the creek and go ranging up the ravine. And soon afterward he saw Mr. Leeds negotiating a precarious descent where he had raised his own monk. When the banker had reached the bottom he took post on a flat stone and appeared to give himself over to the love of nature. Betty Ann he'd hulked when halfway down. It was not the habitat of spindle heels.

"I can't go another step," she jabbered. "I've twisted my ankle and skinned my shoes and my hose are gone—absolutely gone—nothing left but fuzz and ruinous. How do you expect me to get down this jumping-off place unless I sit down and slide?"

"Well," called Mr. Leeds over his shoulder, "it surely is an ideal place down here for a suicide, that's one thing."

"You are not impressing me in the least."

"I expect not. The only thing that could do that is his body. I don't see it swinging from any of these pines. It may be in the creek, though. They often drown themselves."

"Now," she declared crushingly, "you are merely getting childish."

"Listen to that!" he exclaimed to himself. Then he turned toward her. "What makes me so angry," he boomed, "is your religion—that's the only word refusal to take anything seriously but your own sweet self."

"If I could just once get my hands on that Hendy Hicks," she soliloquized, stamping an imprecatory heel, "you'd see me take this seriously enough."

Mr. Leeds had not noticed the basket while under the shade—in fact he had not observed its presence—but his raving eye now encountered a commotion of oily circles travelling across the mirror of water. "Fish, by gum!" he ejaculated guardedly. "See the ripples!"

Maybe it's the corpse coming to the surface," suggested Betty Ann with excessive gloom.

The basket under this disquieting wallop finished and joggled. Mars rings. Mr. Leeds discovered their source and began stalking it. It seemed to him he could detect a vague something beneath it. Instantly the intoxications of the chase had seized him. A huge catfish, carp or turtle was working at that basket!

He pinked up a five-pound dornick and feverishly eyed the ledge. He stepped out on it and tested the footing. Pretty slippery. The basket not only oscillated but actually moved some inches up stream. It was thirty feet away and he must get closer for any certainty of aim.

He tried out another long step with success. Preparing to hurl his missile he took another, and more eagerly another and in greater haste another. The basket dipped as if about to dive and escape. He made a

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"I never did anything of the kind," stormed Betty Ann. "I never gave you the slightest excuse for killing yourself." "What!" cried Hendy rose. "didn't you swear you loved me better than life and couldn't live without me? How?"



He was death this terrible black! A pounding, screaming monster of black fury and hate. Wherever had named him Funeral had been right.

Devil-Ride

Recording the thrills and spills of a duel between the Fanning Kid and "that horse, Funeral"

By ROLLIN BROWN

Illustrated by LEE TOWNSEND

THE day they brought that black two-year-old into the Crowfoot T corrals was like any other spring day down there in Texas. Except that it happened to be the Kid's thirteenth birthday. Old Man Tully had bought the Kid his first man's size saddle as a present, chaps and spurs to go with it. I can still see the Kid, how cocky he was wearing those brand-new things around the yards, and resting a shiny spur shrank on a rail of the corral to chew them off.

As I remember it was Slim Tilton who got the big idea. Slim had lassoed the black, snubbed its head and was making to tow the Kid's new saddle up before Old Tully bellowed:

"Whass the idea, there?"

"Aw," explained Slim. "I just figured th' new hand might be wantin' to take a ride today."

It was Slim's joke, you see—but the Kid's eyes were suddenly bright as a kit fox's. He clenched his fists and for a moment or two couldn't say anything. He turned to the Old Man.

"Pa, that's right."

The black was skinny from the winter-range feed, and only a two-year-old. He looked gentle, too—like one of those knot-heads that never make the first jump, and are doomed to be spiritless ridin' nags before they feel the bit. Maybe that was what made the Old Man nod, and maybe it was just pride in his son. Anyhow the Kid, trembling like one of the little leaves that the spring had brought out on the cottonwoods by the water trough, climbed aboard in his new saddle.

For the space of ten seconds the black stood motionless. Then Slim gave a big whoop, ee, to make the Kid think he was riding to hell and back. It was all a joke, you see. Slim would have been the last person in the world to want really to see anything happen.

But it did.

They picked the Kid up all in his new regalia, and the Kid had a broken arm and a smashed collar bone. Somehow that skinny black two-year-old tore the Kid a saddle off before anyone had come down to the corrals again, somehow he smashed three corral rails in a weak spot and ran free to the range.

IT wasn't bad. The Kid's bones mended faster than any grown man's would, and in a month he was up to all the usual devilment again. But Old Man Tully had had a scare, and he loved that boy of his more than heaven and earth or even the Crowfoot T, I reckon.

"Son," I heard him say one day, "I ain't raised you to be no bronc-twister. I can get all that kind I want for $60 end hoss. Understand? You got a bigger job, son. One of these days I'm goin' to be needin' help here on th' Crowfoot an' needin' it bad. That's where you come in."

But it seemed to me that I saw a funny look come into the Kid's eyes, while he didn't say anything for a minute or two. His eyes looked like they were kind of gazing in upon himself. And I guess the Old Man had forgotten when the Kid finally asked:

"Pa, you wouldn't be wantin' a quitter for a partner on the Crowfoot, would you?"

The Kid was full of questions like that. The Old Man, too, was already busy at something else, and he answered out of the corner of his mouth:

"Not on your life, son."

But the Kid wasn't anybody's quitter. He was like the Old Man in that. As stubborn, too.

I believe it was three summers later that the Old Man sent him up to ride line with Slim Tilton in the Oronsas, and keep the stock from straying north through the passes and beyond. The Kid had entered the Basin Junction High School that year, you see, but he was back on the ranch as soon as vacation came. He'd grown a lot, in a weedy, immature way, despite the fact that he still wasn't very big. He never did grow to be a big man like his Dad.

Slim Tilton told us about it later. It seems none of the boys had run into that black again since the day of the Kid's thirteenth birthday. But the Kid found him one day up there in the Oronsas, slapped a rope on him somehow and tied him up until Slim could come over and help. They took the black down to the little bar shank corral. Slim figured he'd work that big black devil over and use him in his own string, I reckon, because the horse was a beautiful creature—a good fifteen and a half hands high, slim and yet sturdy, muscled with the lithe powerful grace of a mountain cat. And as wicked—I saw him later.

Slim figured wrong. He figured the horse wrong for a second time, and also the Kid. The next morning the Kid rode the black that was a five-year-old now. He hated me-yha thirty seconds, and despite that Slim, who knew, said it was one of the best rides he'd ever seen put up. The black was born to be a bucker and that was all there was to it. He was bad, as vicious and black at heart as his was of color. He had the muscle, size and body to carry it through.

The Kid was unhurt. He got to his feet and tried it again, for all that Slim tried to talk him out of it. The result was the same. The third time he fell, the black swung on him, eyes glassy with hate, jaws open, fore hoofs flashing the dust. Slim, who was astride a fast little cutting horse, just managed to save murder from being done that morning.

There was a moment of silence while the Kid dizzy from the fall got to his feet. Neither of them had seen the Old Man ride up, neither knew he was there till he spoke over the top rail of the corral. The Old Man's voice was quiet, Slim said, but it had the ring of a whip lash in it. I know just how the Old Man could speak, if something moved him enough.

"Son," he said, "how about it? Haven't I made my views plain to you in the past?"

The Kid knew well enough what the Old Man was talking about. So did Slim. The Kid merely nodded and said:

"Yeah, pa, you've made yourself plain, I guess."

"I didn't raise you to be no sixty-a month bronc-twister. I ain't sendin' you to school over to th' Junction just so you'll have eddycation to ride broncs with an' get smashed up. I need a partner here on th' Crowfoot that's been th' idear. I been trainin' you for that."

"Yeah. I know, pa," said the Kid.

"What excuse you got to offer for this ill any? That black ain't one of th' string I sent you up here with."

"No," said the Kid. "That's th' black I tried to ride on my thirteenth birthday. But I ain't got no excuse, pa. I reckon."

"All right," said the Old Man between tight lips. He turned to Slim Tilton. "Slim, you take that bronc down to th' home ranch. There's an outfit there wantin' to buy hosses, wild or gentle. When you've finished that, Slim, I'll have your time made out."

That's the way Slim Tilton came to leave the Crowfoot T. I saw him two years later, and he was working for Jake Dudley then, over in Grass Valley. But it was that night at the home ranch that he told us all this about the Old Man and the Kid. I wouldn't have believed the story except for what come of it.

"Son," said the Old Man, dismounting, "come with me." The Old Man never carried a quirt, but he found one on the saddle rack and picked it up. "Slim, come on."

"Pa," said the Kid, "you got no right to hide me any more. I'm gettin' too old. I'm sixteen now."

"I'm hidin' you till you learn to obey." And the Old Man's lips were tight as he drawn ledger leather.

Slim said there wasn't a sound from over in the shack, later, except for the sound of that horse quirt lash. Slim said he would have hated to have anybody work out on him that way.

I SAW that big, wicked devil of a black in the corrals next morning and he was a handsome brute. George Shire bought him for $20, and they say Shire got $160 for him the next spring from a rodeo buyer. A lot of wild riders had practised on the black in the meanwhile, and what badness he wasn't born with he had learned. A first-rate bucking horse will bring a lot of money these days because he's worth a lot to the big shows. This black knocked in the Chicago Rodeo that year under the name of Funeral. They say he lived up to the name. You know he did. He killed two men finally, and one of them was Johnny Orkey who had become the Kid's pal.

But to come back to the home ranch and Old Man Tully. Three days later he asked me to ride up to the line shack, and I knew what he wanted. He wanted to hear some word and he was too proud and stiff to go up himself. I think he reckoned, too, that he shouldn't have licked the Kid the way he did that day.

I happened to meet the Kid on the trail and he was riding. Behind his saddle there was a single roll blanket and a little grub.

"What's it all about, Kid?" I asked knowing.

There wasn't the ghost of a smile liar on his usually cheerful face. "Well," he said slowly, "pa didn't have no right to do that. I'm sixteen now—a man. You tell him that, tell him I've thought it all over."

"Well now, Kid," I began, "I don't quite see no reason."

But the Kid was riding on, his back stiff and rigid as a ramrod above the saddle's cantle. Still, I guess his decision hadn't come as easy as it might seem. I guess he was fighting a battle with himself and didn't want any interference just then.

A week later one of the Marsh Creek boys returned the horse and saddle that the Kid had gone away on. I saw the Old Man stare at the rider, and finally, and, wordless, turn away. You'd have thought just from the looks of it, that the Kid meant no more to him than Slim Tilton's say. But I saw more.

For instance, the Old Man never was a reader of the stock yard receipts and the current beef prices marking the extent of his interest in newspapers. Yet, by spring he had six dailies coming to him, and he spent the better part of every evening scanning these from the personal on to the headlines. He read that way, back forward. Then I remember the rummer night when he happened on a little news filler in one of the big papers. It wasn't much, just a couple of thin paragraphs. The Old Man's hair turned kind of white.

He showed it to me, and my eyes, running down the printing, caught words:

Fanning Kid from Texas ... horse named Funeral ... broken leg ... Omaha hospital.

I tried to laugh the Old Man out of it, but I guess he had a hunch. The Fanning Kid from Texas was his kid. I tried to tell him that there would be plenty of hurking horse riders from Texas and every other State at the Omaha Rodeo. But he only shook his head.

Little by little after that, we began to hear things. That was when Shire told us they'd named the big black Funeral. The horse was spectacular and drew comment. I read the account of the first rider he killed—bucked the man off before they'd left the chute, trampled him under. A drifter one day told us about seeing the Fanning Kid ride in rear show or other, and said he was great. He said the Kid gave the rope of twenty, but that actually there wasn't a bridle growth of down on his cheeks. Too bad about the broken leg at Omaha because it kept the Fanning Kid out of the later shows where the money would have been best. Yes, the Kid was in the money now and then. He had a running mate chap by the name of Johnny Oakey. Good rider, too.

I can still see the Old Man soaking it in. He was proud of that boy despite himself. You could see it in his eyes.

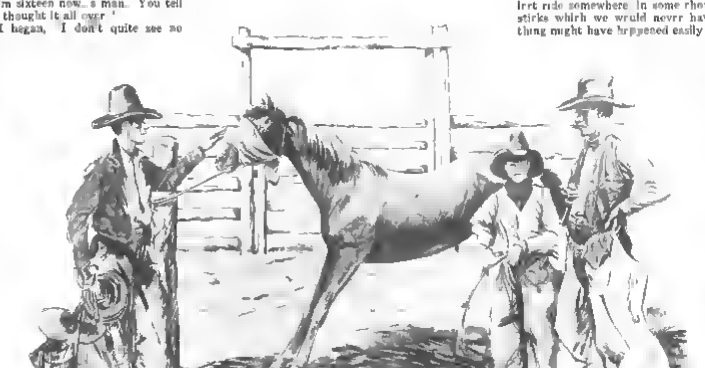
THE following winter was hard on stock, hard year for the cowman and the Crowfoot T didn't escape unscathed. The Old Man hit the saddle from dawn until dark. We'd ride every day. It was like a perpetual bad dream, as when you wake up half-frozen and find you've kicked the covers off. Only we didn't wake up until spring. By that time the Old Man had copies of half the important papers in the United States coming to him at Basin Junction. We used to drive down in the buckboard to be able to carry the load back. And he knew what he was looking for now—the Fanning Kid from Texas.

In the late spring we read the account of Johnny Oakey's death. The Old Man looked at it for moments silent.

"Johnny Oakey," he said finally. "He was my kid—the Fanning Kid's partner, wasn't he? Three, what?"

I nodded.

"The horse that killed him," said the Old Man slowly, "was called Funeral."



Slim had lassoed the black, snubbed its head and was making to tow the Kid's new saddle up.

That was the last newspaper account we ever got of the horse named Funeral or of a young rider known as the Fanning Kid. There were other horses, of course—Dynamite, Broken Boy, Undertaker, Kane, Sure-Shot, a score of famous buckers and riders. But no Fanning Kid from Texas.

A month went by. It seemed that about the only thing the Old Man ever did any more was to drive down for the mail every morning and spend the afternoon and night reading the papers. He had a tired, worn look about him, which he blamed on the work of the winter past, but by now any of the boys could have told you different.

It came out one night like an explosion. "Work," he said to me, "you're goin' north."

"You're goin' north to find th' Kid an' bring him home."

"Where am I goin' to find him?" I asked. "It's been over a month now since—"

The Old Man's eyes flashed with something of their old fire. "That's your job," he snapped. "He's somewhere north, as he was in Canada."

But the Old Man must have had it all thought out beforehand, because he had a thousand dollars in bills ready, and he handed the wad over to me that night without more words.

He'd given me a job all right. I found that out soon enough. The Fanning Kid from Texas had just dropped from sight, as all men in or him had dropped from the newspapers. But I had one clue to work on. If I couldn't locate the Fanning Kid himself, I wanted to know where that big black killer named Funeral had gone. I figured the Kid had followed him.

It's funny how things will work out. I'd been gone from the Crowfoot about two weeks, I guess, when I met a trick rider named Tommy Wire. He had known the Fanning Kid and Johnny Orkey, both. But he didn't know what had happened to the Kid.

"That big black named Funeral—" I began.

"What's happened to that devil horse?"

Tommy Wire made a grimace. "Dead," he said.

"Dead? How come?"

He smiled wryly and explained: "He'd killed two of th' boys. Johnny Orkey was th' second."

"I know. But—"

"Yes," he continued, "th' boys got together an' asked that it be done. They liked Johnny Orkey a lot, an' after a horse has killed a couple of your pards—well, you see. It isn't that th' boys was scared, but—it was murder. I saw it happen."

That finished the single clue I had to work on. I wired the Old Man, and the reply came: "Stay with it. When you need more money I'll put it up." Of course, I didn't need more money yet. I finished out the summer, following the rodeos here and there across country. Maybe you think I didn't get sick of that stuff the restaurants hand out and call grub, hotels trains. I guess it was just plain homesickness that made me wire the Old Man a second time. I got the same sort of a reply, naturally. Briefly I decided that the Fanning Kid had quit the show-riding business and gone to work at something else. There was another thought that came too. I wondered if the Kid could have made his first ride somewhere in some show or other out in the states which we would never have heard of. Such a thing might have happened easily enough.

At early fall, the various county fairs and the like began to open through the Middle West. Lots of these fairs featured a rodeo as the big drawing card, along with the prize pumpkins, chicken and hogs. They were small-time stuff, where the day money wouldn't be over $25 likely. But occasionally the professionals would hit them, having nothing better to do at the moment. I saw Tommy Wire again and he laughed.

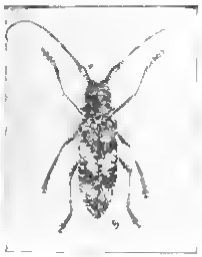
"Say," he began, "this ridin' business used to be a good clean game but today—pah! I'm thinkin'—

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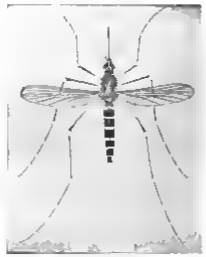
Battling the Bug Battalions

Insect marauders cost Canada $175,000,000 a year, hence the never-ending war being waged for their destruction

By A. G. Dexter



A pirate of the forest—the wood-boring beetle.



Aedes Vexans one of the Dominion's 20 mosquito species

EACH year Canada is the cockpit of a struggle more fierce and sanguinary than words can describe, and while never a drop of human blood is shed, the financial loss to the Dominion is so staggering that—except to those whose duty it is to serve in the front line trenches—it must seem incredible. In recent years, with the rapid expansion of Canadian trade and commerce and the unprecedented prosperity which has prevailed throughout the Dominion, the average Canadian has looked about him with a pardonable sense of pride and satisfaction.

Such a feeling could scarcely exist if some grim god singled out, year after year, a flourishing city such as Saskatoon, Hamilton or Saint John, and destroyed it utterly and completely. Yet small fees, of whose existence many to-whipped Canadians are unaware, year after year exact an equally terrible toll upon the wealth of this country. They are marvellously equipped for their mission of destruction. They have saws and knives for cutting; lances for piercing their victims; appetites are never sated. They destroy to the very limit of their capacity, asking no mercy or quarter from a world which they regard as their legitimate prey, and yielding none.

A Loss of $175,000,000 a Year

TO SIXTY men has been allotted the task of fighting these mortal foemen, and the war is carried on with ever increasing ferocity. All the aids of science are called into play. Deadly poisons are compounded and scattered broadcast among the destroyers from airplanes, or sprayed over them in liquid form from the nozzles of high pressure hose. Their natural enemies are sought the world over and when found are brought in large numbers and liberated among them. They are infected with diseases, plagues are loosed upon them. They are burnt in flames or in acids, they are drowned, or are suffocated in nauseating sticky powders which are dusted over their bodies.

YET despite all efforts, these ravagers these insects destroy every year in Canada the work of 100,000 able-bodied men—or five per cent of the bread-winning population—and Canada is much better off than other countries, particularly the countries of the Old World. Indeed the destruction caused by insects upon field crops the world over is something terrible to contemplate. A distinguished United States scientist has stated that every year insects or the North American continent destroy the food produced by 1,000,000 men. Isolating Canada and estimating the loss in terms of dollars rather than in human labour, it can be said on no less authority than that of Arthur Gibson, chief Dominion entomologist, that the annual toll of insects on field crops alone exceeds $100,000,000 annually, or ten per cent of Canada's production in these industries. It is as if the people of Canada took this huge sum of money each autumn and cast it into the sea.

And this figure large though it be, is not the total loss from the ravages of insects. If one includes the damage caused to the forests of Canada, the total is much greater. The Forest Insect division of the Dominion Entomological branch, from first hand investigation, has computed that one species of insect in ten years destroyed no less than 200,000,000 cords of spruce—or more than would be required to keep fifty large newsprint mills in continuous operation for fifty years. In pulpwood this represents a value of $3,750,000,000. In newsprint more than $7,000,000,000. Had this wood been saved, it would have created sufficient wealth to have paid off the funded debt of the Dominion and the nine provinces with more than enough left over to build the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway and the Fesse River railway entire.

Yet these are but two phases of the toll of insect pests. Not only are field crops and forests destroyed, but insects also bring sickness and death to human beings and animals. Calculating all their ravages, the annual loss which Canada sustains exceeds $175,000,000. Curiously enough one seldom hears it mentioned. Being a loss occasioned by insects which are living creatures produced and fed just as are other living creatures, in no sense horrifying to the sight but often very beautiful, the citizens accept their depredations as a commonplace and those who carry on the war of extermination are frequently overlooked, or worse, regarded as well meaning persons whose mental balance has been slightly disturbed by the activities of cute little butterflies or insignificant worms.





Ravaged by the corn borer. A field of corn in south-western Ontario after an invasion by this deadly pest. Above, in circle: The Exeter Roberator digging for his meal—the corn borer.

A Never-Ending Struggle

IN A WAY this never-ending contest between man and the insect world is unequal. Although so much brainier, longer lived and more powerful, man is poorly equipped to do battle with the myriads of the forest and field. To begin with, insects lived on this earth untold ages before the first man appeared. And in the dim beginnings of the human race, in fact down to fairly modern times, most men desired only to grow enough food for their own use. This permitted the insects a more or less free hand; there was enough for both. Yet even in early times there were occasions upon which countless thousands of men died—the victims of insects. Plagues, similar to those of biblical fame, are not lacking in historical foundation. During all these countless centuries the insects kept on multiplying and perfecting their equipment for life.

Then come the day of large scale agricultural production. The insects at once found their feeding and breeding grounds vastly enlarged. They were perfectly equipped for these greater opportunities and took immediate advantage of them. The boll weevil for example, lived in Mexico for centuries. It spread very slowly, because cotton growing was not common. However, when cultivation of cotton became general in the southern states, it found its habitat vastly enlarged, as it has spread farther in recent years than it would have done in a thousand under the former conditions. And with this large scale production the ravages of the insects were magnified and became apparent to man, with the result that the task of destroying them became a problem of first importance to governments.

Canada being one of the leading agricultural countries of the world, was one of the first to meet the challenge of the insects. The Entomological Branch at Ottawa was formed in 1884, and to-day is one of the most efficient and well equipped organizations in the Dominion. Then, too, many provinces now maintain entomological departments which co-operate with the Federal branch.

Entomology is not an old science. It is of comparatively recent origin. So far, while the work of entomologists has been of incalculable benefit to the world, it would be true to say that the full extent of the insect problem is only being uncovered. We are now told that there are no less than 650,000 distinct species of insects known to entomology, and it will be necessary, in so far as this Dominion is concerned, to carry out a careful and complete study of the life history of each one which might in any way menace the crops or the forests of Canada. And each study may require many months, perhaps years, to complete.

Set a Bug to Scotch a Bug

ONE of the most encouraging discoveries has been that there are insects which live upon insects. Swift hit upon a great truth when he penned the lines:

A flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

And so one of the most enthralling chapters in entomology deals with the manner in which parasite insects have been discovered and loosed upon their natural prey, thus removing the menace of a destructive insect and enabling wealth to be produced.

Take the fig industry of California. Fig trees were introduced there early in the present century. However, a destructive insect appeared in vast numbers which, although it did not kill the trees, prevented them from bearing fruit. Government entomologists were called in, and finally the marauder was discovered.

But how could it be controlled? And where could a parasite be found which would destroy it? Entomologists were sent to every fig-producing country in the world. For years their search was vain. Finally, however, on the steep hillside which rises behind the storied city of Smyrna, they found the destroying insect and a parasite which lived upon it. The parasite was carefully crated and brought to California. Today California depends largely for figs upon California.

Or take the pineapple industry in Hawaii. The climate of the island was perfect for pineapples, but the plants, when imported, would not bear fruit because of the injurious efforts of an insect. Where could a parasite be found which would destroy this insect? Entomologists searched near and far, and finally found the parasite. A shipment was carefully prepared and brought to Hawaii. But the change in environment was too great and the parasite died. Thereupon the parasite was brought from its natural habitat to Hawaii by gradual stages from island to island, and finally was acclimatized to conditions in Hawaii. To-day, the pineapple crop is one of the largest items in Hawaii's production.

Nor have Canadian entomologists been behindhand in invoking the aid of nature in the controlling and destruction of insect pests. A few years ago the fruit industry of Nova Scotia was menaced by an epidemic of apple suckers. One of the entomologists noticed that some of the suckers were stricken with a disease caused apparently by a fungous parasite which did not damage the trees. The fungous parasite lence itself readily to artificial dissemination and the apple suckers were quickly destroyed.

The many facets of the insect problem require a highly organized department of government. The Entomological Service at Ottawa is divided into four branches. One department deals with field crop and garden pests; another has charge of forests; still another is charged with collecting information about insects from all countries in the world. Warning of insect outbreaks is received from and given to the United States government, and in this way Canadian scientists are informed of insects which are prevalent along the boundary. It is then possible by means of spraying poisons to locate the first invasion of this country, and control measures can be applied immediately.

The experience of the past has proved the necessity of maintaining these frontier patrols. One such is the grasshopper patrol in the prairie provinces, which will give adequate warning to western farmers of an impending recurrence of the plague of 1919 and 1923. Time was before these patrols were inaugurated when destructive insects raided more Canada unperceived. They came unheralded. They established themselves in small areas, where they reinforced their numbers until suddenly they swept across the face of the country, devastating crops, felling forests.

There is the case of the larch sawfly, which thirty years ago suddenly leaped from the status of a moderate destroyer to that of a plague. It swept westward from the Maritime provinces, where it gained its first foothold in Canada, to Manitoba. Over this vast area so complete has been the destruction that only an occasional larch over four inches in diameter escaped. The smaller trees, however, remained unharmed. Everywhere therefore, fine young stands of this useful species are in evidence today, and the hope of bringing back the larch lies in preventing a recurrence of the scourge.

In 1913, the late Dominion Entomologist, Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, found a foreign parasite which lived on the larch sawfly. He introduced this parasite into Manitoba. The parasite lays its eggs on the injurious insect, so that the young parasite as soon as hatched, makes a meal of it. This means that the next insect generation will find an increase in the parasite and a decrease in the sawfly. Collections of sawfly cocoons have been made on several occasions since 1913, but until 1918 no observations indicate an increase in the number of parasites. It was then found that the parasites had spread many miles from the point where they were first released, and that in the local area sixty-four per cent of sawfly cocoons were parasited. Last year the parasite was introduced from Manitoba to Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick.

Then there is still another division of the Entomology department which collates and systematizes all information gained by other divisions. A great national collection of insects is being created to enable rapid identification of new insects which may appear from time to time.

Enter the Corn Borer

RECENTLY a distinguished entomologist complained bitterly of the unfairness of a publisher who had asked him to write an outline of the science in a book of 500 pages. The scientist complained that he could not even begin to introduce the

Continued on page 50



A close up of the corn borer in action.







Left: This is what happens to the unprotected fruit tree. Right: Dusting an orchard to guard off an insect attack. Above: One of the enemy—the grasshopper. His kind devoured millions of dollars worth of cereals in Western Canada in 1928.

Inheritance

By FRED SLOMAN

Illustrated by W. V. CHAMBERS

Concerning a respectable parent from Toronto who learned to talk like an ashman and act like a pirate

Ruth was playing with two very big huskers in front of a neat little painted house when she saw him. It took less than one second to do the forgiving part.

THIS is the story of a little man who wore a white collar and was proud. He had nearly a million dollars that his uncle in Australia had given him, and he had two sons, and a daughter who came last. He had a beautiful wife who looked lovely in pearls. She was very nice, but she was the reason the little man lived in the city and wore the stiff collar. He had red blood in his veins. One of his sires had been a pirate and had been hanged on the yards of his own ship by Queen Elizabeth.

Everybody liked the little man, and he was Past Master in a Lodge and honorary president of a number of things.

He was not quite happy, even with all these things. His wife kept telling him that it did not look well for him to talk to the ashman at six o'clock in the morning. Also he liked to read his evening paper in his shirt sleeves, and that looked rather odd to a house with a marble fireplace that had been bought in Italy.

He had wanted to have a daughter that he could call "Ruth," but it was years before she came. If it hadn't been for her the little man would have been sad. Indeed, when his two sons took to wearing white pants and playing tennis.

The mother loved Ruth a very difficult child to raise. The little man did not give very much help in the task. In fact he was caught once letting her help him sift ashes in the cellar.

When Ruth was still too young to know how sinful it was she told her mother that daddy had taken her to the train yards and they had sat in an engine that had a lot of handles, and they had climbed in a car that had a lot of boxes. While she was telling it, the little man fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair by the window where he was reading *Punch* very hard. There was a faint black stain on the back of Ruth's organdie dress, and a blue ribbon was tied in a granny knot. Also there was a smoke smear behind her ear that had been rubbed. Her mother looked very hurt and very tired.

After that Ruth did not tell so much, but she and the little man had been known to wink at dinner in the very presence of the maids.

WHEN Ruth had her Coming Out party, her picture was in *Saturday Night*, and so was her beautiful home.

The little man did not get into the pictures, though there were a lot of nice things said about him in the printing. He began to grow a little bit older. His mustache got quite grey.

It was shortly after the Coming Out party that a boy from beyond Cochrane came to visit in town. He really came on business, but he called to see his uncle who lived next door to the little man, and who also had nearly a million dollars that some person had left him.

The boy from beyond Cochrane was an awful sight. He had leather leggings and he wore a muskinaw. He was only going to stay overnight, but it happened this was the night of a party.

The boy from beyond Cochrane did not dance because his boots were too heavy. The little man sat in a window seat with him and talked a lot. The little man told him how one of his sires had been hanged as a pirate. The boy talked of the geological formations up around James Bay. They talked a lot until Ruth came to have someone fix her fan. Ruth missed the next dance and the one after that, and then the little man sneaked off to the smoking room in a cold sweat. He had a feeling that he had been sifting ashes again.

Ruth missed two more dances also, and consequently the scandal spread like a bush fire.

When Ruth and her mother got home that night they found the little man sound asleep in bed with his head pretty well under the counterpane.

The boy from beyond Cochrane missed his train next morning, for he was seen later in front of a downtown hotel. He was seen still later buying a fine serge suit that was ready-made and did not fit his shoulders.

The little man seemed very, very little for the next ten days. He retired very, very early after dinner each evening.

ON A Thursday evening, the maid swears she saw the little man wink over the table at Ruth, and then eat very hard at his salad.

On Friday morning Ruth was not around. There was just a note on her dresser. It said:

"Dear Daddy: I have gone away to be a farmer and have some chickens and ducks and cows to feed. Please forgive me."

The mother, who looked nice in pearls, cried right in front of the maids. The two brothers who wore white pants and played tennis, said some very bad words. The little man was very, very angry and walked up and down the floor. He said he would show the note to the police. So he did, and he showed it to the ashmen and to the men at the car barns. He showed it to the men at the Club, and the ones who like to read the evening paper in their shirt sleeves slapped him on the back and laughed out loud. Then the little man put his thumbs in his armpits, smoked very hard at his big cigar, and looked pretty mad and happy.

FOR some reason the inefficient police did not turn out to capture Ruth, so after three months' impatient waiting with only two letters a week from the culprits, the little man decided to take action himself.

For three months at dinner each night he had gruffly said he supposed there was no one his crying over spilt milk. It was really pretty gruff for such a little man. He talked gruffly, too, of the hundreds and hundreds he had wasted on Ruth's education. After the three months his wife who looked lovely in pearls persuaded him that he might as well forgive the erring child.

Half an hour later, if the maids had peeked into the library, they would have seen the little man trying to balance himself on the arm of a chair, as great was his struggle to force himself to the forgiveness point.

HE PREPARED by buying himself some cord "breeks," a mackinaw, and some very heavy boots with hobnails. Then he arranged to get a permit to buy a revolver, for by the pictures on the screen there might be Indians to tackle. He also bought himself a shiny axe which he carried to his trunk secretly. He could not get a rough-looking packsack in the city, so pleased to buy one of those at North Bay. Any room left in his trunk he filled with boxes of chocolate.

At Orillia he was friends with the conductor. At Bracebridge he was chatting the night away with the crew in the baggage car. At Timagami he was riding at the head in the engineer cab, and at Englehart he had sacrificed his reservation for the privilege of riding way-freights. He sat in the little upstairs place in the van and watched the swaying car-tops. He had told the brakeman that one of his sires was hanged as a pirate by Queen Elizabeth. He tried a chew of tobacco and it made him sick.

But this was life.

When he told the last conductor where he was going and whom he was going to see, the conductor said: "Why, we will slow up at mileage 218, and then you will only have a mile to walk through the bush."

Through the bush! All the dreams that had never come true were conjured back in those words, with his shiny axe held easily in his strong bared arm.

The man who had stolen Ruth wanted at his wife and remarked that the Government did not allow the settlers to cut the jackpine.

The little grey man felt dismay for just one second. He looked at the million trees across the road and measured them with his eye.

He picked up his axe and took out his pipe and spat. He actually said: "To hell with the Government."

He was a red-blooded man now and could talk like an ashman. This was thirty!

That afternoon three more trees fell, two large ones and one quite small.

DAYS made a week and more days made another. Some of the days were bright and some were wet and one even brought a flurry of snow. The pioneer with the shiny axe loved them all, that is just what Britain did, only her weeks were centuries. The little man thought that thought. Sometimes he had his Crimea, sometimes his Kennymede, sometimes his Armada and his Trafalgar. He executed Charles and he lreward at Cromwell. Ghosts fell before his trusty battle-axe.

He rolled his shirt sleeves higher as that the top of his arm might get brown too. He wished that hour would grow a little where his shirt collar opened.

The neighbors and game warden, the fire rangers and the prospectors made their way over that crisscross mess of tree trunks and talked with the workman. They talked of politics and minerals and missionaries and economics and moving pictures. They loved the little man.

The way-freight men told him to blaze a trail from his work to the rails that they might throw him the newspapers. They loved him.

One evening when the lamp was lit, Ruth would play she was a little girl again and would put on the bearskin with her brown head on his knee and her hair loose, and he would tell her tales of engines that were wrecked in the night, and of ships that went down in the winters. The boy from beyond Cochrane would turn the lamp lower and lean forward to listen. They loved him.

DAYS made a month and more days made another. Frost came and snow, frost twenty below and twenty-eight below. By balancing on a stump and by squinting through underbrush the little man could see the sun shine on a Canadian National rail. It thrilled him. He heard his General cry, "Up Guards and at 'em!" and he jumped from the stump and swung his shiny axe so that the hard birch sounded like a gun. He would look to the blue sky and feel the keen air on his throat where his shirt was open. He wanted to give a battle-cry. He knew that neither John Cabot nor Samuel Champlain had penetrated into the bush this far. He was doing what man had never done. He knew posterity would regret his hanging as a pirate just as posterity regrets Walter Raleigh.

It was a thrill to say Walter instead of Sir Walter. He and that man were chums.

ON JANUARY 17 at 10.22 a.m. the work was done. All save one tree and it was but a medium-sized tamarack, a negligible thing.

The little man prepared it for his axe. He looked back the mile over his long line of victims. He saw the house in the sun. Ruth was there. He felt the deep sadness of a victory won. He had opened the bush for Ruth's house. He thought there would be red-blooded boys some day who would ask about the road. He thought of writing on a stump:

"After me cometh a Builder
Tell him I too have known."

He knew that would be stealing a word. But what matter! He was a pirate whose day was done.

The little man gripped his shiny axe and hewed his head. Then he struck the last true, and at 10.56 by his watch the work was done.

He had left his mark on Canada and he was proud.

THE little grey man is back in the city telling his men at the Club how he walked four miles on snowshoes and did not mind it a bit.

Up North there is a three-quarter-mile swath of jackpine and swamp alder slowly rotting on the ground. Next an engineer passes but gives a long blast on his whistle in greeting to the little painted house that is in full view at the far end of the lane. They call it Pirate Paint.

Neither the Prime Minister nor any of his Cabinet nor anyone connected with the government, has taken any action regarding that rotting jackpine. Those fellows were afraid to interfere with these red-blooded men.



Ruth missed two more dances and consequently the scandal spread like a bush fire.



H. H. Groff, of Simcoe, Ontario, world-renowned breeder of gladioli, who, after retiring at the age of seventy, is once more pioneering as a plant breeder at the age of seventy-six

A Gladiolus Wizard

The story of a Canadian plant breeder whose success with a "hobby" made him world-famous

By BRUCE M. PEARCE

MOST men have a hobby. Many men retire from active business life and spend their declining years in pursuit of a hobby.

This is the story of a Canadian whose hobby became the motivating factor in his life, took him almost completely away from his business, netted him a snug fortune and made him world-famous. But the singular part of his case was that after twenty-five years of head-turning success, when he was apparently wholly absorbed by his favorite occupation and making "big money" he suddenly gave up the enterprise and returned to his downtown office. For the next ten years his hobby received scant attention. But the lure was too powerful and today, in his seventy-sixth year, he is again plunged deeply in his engrossing task, lost once more to all else but the pursuit of the hobby that made him famous.

At the height of his career the name of H. H. Groff, of Simcoe, Ontario, was mentioned in the same breath with those of Luther Burbank and Dr. Van Fleet, then the outstanding breeders of plant life in the United States. Indeed in his own special department, the hybridization of the gladiolus, he was acclaimed as the greatest genius in two hemispheres.

From Banking to Plant Breeding

AS A young man Harry Groff had been associated with his father in the banking business. The time came when the alternative presented itself of continuing his banking career, or of interesting his active mind in other pursuits. He had been early interested in the breeding of livestock, poultry, pigeons and rabbits and in the fixation of the mutation of Cocker spaniels. At one time he was successful in breeding the only two of pure white Cocker spaniels in the world. He chose to follow such studies for a short time until the death of his father brought him again into the banking world.

But his hobby would not be denied and the cross-pollination of flowers began to engage his attention. He tried several species before he recognized the possibilities of the gladiolus. At one time he grew a large stock of cannas, but found the season in Ontario too short for sufficiently rapid propagation.

He made his first gladiolus cross-pollinations in 1898, and during the years immediately following he was in touch with many of the best-known gladiolus specialists of the day. He found great difficulty in making the desired crosses in his early work with the gladiolus species. Moreover, he discovered that many imported varieties of gladiolus were lacking in vigor and quality. But he persisted and his ingenious mind brought into being flowers of great vitality and wondrous beauty.

For ten years he labored quietly and without public notice. Then came the reward. It was the year 1901 and the Pan-American Exposition was being held in Buffalo, N.Y. Mr. Groff decided that Canada should be represented there and he had the temerity to believe that his own hybrids might attract some notice. Cutting the choicest specimens in his gardens, he took them along to Buffalo and secured a space in the Horticultural Show. The average man would have experienced some misgivings in so doing for the most eminent breeders of plant life on the continent were competing. What chance for a comparatively obscure Canadian breeder!

But Harry Groff had given years of intelligent study to his subject; he knew his ground thoroughly and was confident that he had something unique to display. His confidence was justified by the outcome.

His gladioli captured sixteen first awards, including the Pan American Exposition Gold Medal for the finest display in the show. His remarkable exhibit of hybrids astonished the oldest growers and unquestionably constituted the most important publicity movement for the gladiolus up to that time. Luther Burbank offered his personal congratulations to Mr. Groff. But even more important, at least from a financial standpoint, was the connection established by the newly found genius with a gentleman who was to become his United States agent for many years, Arthur Cowee.

Mr. Cowee had been a coal merchant in Troy, N.Y. He was a great lover of flowers. One day a packet of Groff's hybridized gladiolus seed came into his possession. The seed produced for him types which represented a great advance over the best varieties of that period. He kept in touch with Mr. Groff and when the Pan-American Exposition opened he came to Buffalo to assist his friend. The astounding success of the Groff exhibit made such an impression on the mind of Arthur Cowee that he abandoned his business to give his whole attention to the gladiolus.

The result was that the two men entered into a contract whereby Mr. Groff was to furnish Mr. Cowee with two million gladiolus corms within three years. The price was one cent each. Mr. Cowee set about establishing a gladiolus farm at Berlin, N.Y. His place became known as the Meadewvale Farms and was a mecca for gladiolus specialists for many years. He had over 100 acres under cultivation, the largest individual area in the world. He built a 40,000 bushel warehouse and in one carload he shipped 400,000 corms to Europe. He was the commercial producer and distributor of Groff's hybrids. Meanwhile Mr. Groff was kept busy for three years in filling his contract. At the end of that time he received a check for $28,000 from Mr. Cowee.

To understand how Mr. Groff was able to complete this remarkable contract one must know something of the tremendous work he did following his beginning in 1898. During these years he travelled and corresponded widely, making the gladioline his chief subject of enquiry and collecting breeding stock from every source which offered. At that time Burbank had been working at the gladiolus for some years. Mr. Groff bought his entire stock and later bought out Dr. Van Fleet whose stock had come originally from Burbank. Incidentally, Mr. Groff had a very tempting offer from Dr. Van Fleet to join him in his work at Silver Hill, N.J., but the former preferred to seek honor and fortune in his native land.

A Stupendous Task

HE BEGAN now to breed new varieties of the gladiolus on a very large scale, often flowering as many as fifty thousand or more new seedlings in a season. He handled literally millions of gladiolus seedlings, selecting the best varieties for further trial. He produced over one million new hybrid gladioli. It is interesting to learn that from one little root he produced over one quarter million corcoels. These were known as hybrids of *Primulinus* and had their origin in South

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"Marvin T. Jones, *look* at that towel!"

WE SYMPATHIZE, Mrs. Jones. It does seem as though your husband might have put off using that pet towel until sometime when he hadn't been fixing the car.

Yet, maybe it isn't such bad luck after all! You've probably read about Fels-Naptha Soap and its *extra* help. This rather stubborn washing job is an opportunity to try it out—and what you learn, will make *all* your washing easier.

Get some Fels-Naptha, Mrs. Jones, and meet this *extra* help face to face. Unwrap the bar and smell the naptha. There's plenty of it! And naptha is the safe gentle dirt-loosener that makes Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one—"not just soap," but good, golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together.

Now wash your "almost ruined" towel with Fels-Naptha—and watch as you wash. See how easily the brisk, lusty soap and naptha suds loosen the dirt. See how even grease smudges come off without hard rubbing. Then, as you rinse it, look! It's fresh and spotless, and with so much less work on your part than you expected! That is what we mean by *extra* help—that is what Fels-Naptha brings you, whether you are doing a single piece or the weekly wash.

Fels-Naptha works well in washing machine or tub, in hot, cool or lukewarm water or when the clothes are soaked or boiled. It is gentle both to hands and clothes. It is excellent for general household cleaning, too. Just try it for any soap-and-water task, Mrs. Jones, and we're certain you too will agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

P.S. to brides: Don't wait until your husband misuses one of your "whow" towels! Put Fels-Naptha on your grocery list today and have its *extra* help for your next wash.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

©1929 Fels & Co.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Europe is Hotbed of Spies

Despite Peace Treaties, Rival Nations Keep Open Underground Channels of Intrigue.

EMERY DERI

THE gentle spy we have always with us, according to Emery Deri, writing in the New York *Times*:

"The romantic trade" he says, did not die out with the termination of the World War. It is still flourishing in our present era of peace pacts and amid projects for disarmament. Hardly a month passes without a dramatic spy arrest or a spectacular spy trial revealing the fantastic network of espionage and counter-espionage spread all over Europe by jealous and distrustful governments.

"In recent weeks there were no fewer than four of these affairs. In Czechoslovakia a military court sentenced a Czech captain to nineteen years' imprisonment for having sold military secrets to the German Intelligence Service. In Belgium a lieutenant was being tried on a similar charge; the arrest of a Czech spy in Hungary brought these two countries to the verge of breaking off diplomatic relations, and the trial of Vladimir Orloff in Berlin discloses some details of the underground manipulations of the German and Russian system of political espionage.

"Post-war espionage work is not done entirely along traditional lines. Before the war the trade of spying was nearly always of a military character, the sole task of the informers being to obtain data on another country's military preparations. The modern era has developed two new branches of espionage—political espionage, very seldom practised in Europe outside the Balkan countries, and economic espionage, today an exceedingly important department of a well-organized spying system. Espionage has kept pace with the progress of warfare, and it is today just as important for a General Staff to know what is going on in the chemical laboratories of a hypothetical enemy as to know its secret plans of mobilization.

"What are those jealously guarded secrets, one may ask, which the secret agents of Military Intelligences systems want to obtain at any price? For the sake of clearer understanding let us take, as an example, a hypothetical European country and the actual work of its General Staff. It is the business of this General Staff to be prepared for any eventuality. Therefore it works out elaborate plans for mobilising troops in case of war; it builds fortifications in secret; it experiments with guns of a new type, and it wants to know everything about the preparations of every possible enemy.

"The news, for instance, that the government of a neighboring State has ordered the building of two new railroad bridges in a part of the country where only military interest could justify the investment might be a valuable piece of information, because it would indicate the way of mobilization and the plans for a possible attack. The exact design of a new gun, plans of a new fortress, or military plans for attack or defense are worth any sum of money, because they enable the General Staff to remake or change its plans accordingly.

"The possible opponent is also eager to have the same information about its neighbor's military preparedness, and because it knows that spies are at work within the borders of its territory it organizes, besides its own network of espionage, an efficient force for counter-espionage. And so it goes, until the whole Continent is covered by secret organizations for spying and counter-spying.

"Every year millions of dollars are spent by the countries of Europe on espionage. A great part of this sum goes to professional spies, that is, to men and women who make espionage their life work. Their qualifications are excellent. International connections, a perfect knowledge of several languages, and the ability to obtain any desired information. They almost invariably receive money not from one but from several countries, and their work is actually an exchange of information. In order to get information they have to give information, and it not infrequently happens that they sell their information to several parties at the same time.

"The most important centre of political and economical espionage is Vienna. This is the gathering place of innumerable Soviet agents working all over the world. The work of Soviet agents differs greatly from that of other political spies. Their objective is not only to obtain secret political information, but to stir up strife



MacLean's Canadian Snapshot Album—Climbers on Mount Garibaldi, Garibaldi Park, B. C. By David J. Martin, Vancouver.

"How these Bolshevist and anti-Bolshevist agents and dealers in secret documents work has been disclosed by the recent trial of Vladimir Orloff and his accomplices in Berlin. The investigation disclosed that Orloff was the central figure in an organization of forgers and spies, having headquarters in Vienna, Riga, Paris and London. Orloff himself had once been a member of the Ochrana, the secret service of the Czarist regime in Russia, but he went over to the Bolsheviki after the revolution, then double-crossed his employers and fled to Germany, where he worked for anti-Bolshevist organizations and established a factory for forging documents.

"The police found in his apartment three chests containing hundreds of rubber stamps, official Soviet stationery and every kind of material necessary for the hand's work. One member of the organization had once been a cook at the Soviet Embassy in London, while another, a certain Fokraffsky, was stationed in Riga, and served as a link between Russia and Germany.

"Vienna is a meeting place of political emigrés from all over the world. An agent can meet here Spanish refugees, communists from America, and secret political emissaries of a minority party of a Balkan country. There are certain coffee houses in Vienna where one can see spies and Secret Service men from all over the world. There is an "exchange" for forged documents in the city, and twice within twenty four hours almost any kind of "secret document," genuine or forged, can be bought.

"The public generally credits spies and secret agents with the knowledge of more secrets than they actually succeed in obtaining. A real spy very seldom knows more than certain technical details regarding military preparations, and it happens often that he is not fully aware of the real value of such information. If a spy offers for sale a document of obviously tremendous importance, the well-trained heads of the Secret Service are liable to suspect that the document is a fraud. Really valuable information is usually of a technical nature unintelligible to anybody except the trained officer.

"The exact plans of a new gun are, for instance, exceedingly important for any General Staff, but the average person would not understand either the importance or even the description of the plans. Sometimes it is a bit of information, apparently insignificant, which is desired by an Intelligence Service, and the spy who, after work of many months, succeeds in obtaining it does not even guess what significance can be attached to it. He does not see the whole machinery of espionage at work, only the details.

"The system of espionage and counter-espionage in Europe tends to increase jealousy and general nervousness. Mutual distrust has gone so far in some countries that only trusted persons can buy or install radio sets and carrier pigeons are shot down because of the fear that they carry important news from one Secret Service agent to another.

"So long as there are jealousy and distrust among the nations of Europe there will be espionage."

3 NEW CHRYSLERS

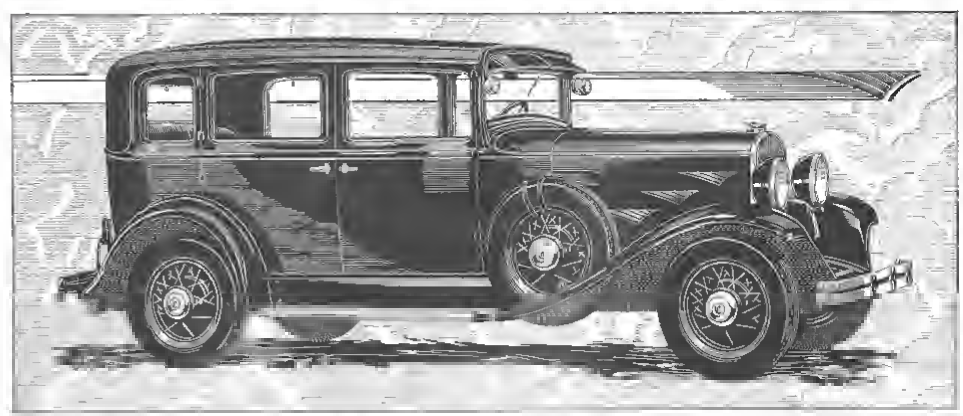
WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT "77"

WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT "70"

"66"

TO SURPASS and thereby to render obsolete the transportation standards established by more than a quarter-century of motor car building—that is the extraordinary achievement of Chrysler engineers in these newest products of their science. There is no more basis of comparison between these latest Chryslers and cars of the past than between today's great tri-motored passenger planes and the first Wright Brothers gliders that took the air at Kittyhawk. These latest Chrysler creations are motor cars, just as the earliest and the latest air vehicles are both flying machines. There the comparison stops between Chrysler and earlier automobiles. For Chrysler again transcends all standards and ideals of power, of riding ease, of roomy luxury, of smooth operation, of quality and of value. As for beauty, Chrysler now brings to the automobile an entirely new art. These automobiles are absolutely new in the true sense of the word—new in design, new in construction and new in performance. Chrysler, in these cars, sets a new standard which the future cannot fail to acclaim the most astounding revolution in all motordom's history. All Chrysler dealers are ready to show and to demonstrate to you Chrysler's most remarkable cars. We, as well as they, invite you to an early inspection.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
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THE NEW FIVE-ROYAL SEDAN—CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS

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Great Editor Drops Reins

C. P. Scott, of Manchester Guardian Resigns After 57 Years in Editorial Chair.

NATION AND ATHENAEUM

THE announcement that Mr Scott has resigned the editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*" says the *Nation and Athenaeum*, "strikes the imagination of the journalist as the announcement in 1894 that Gladstone had resigned the office of Prime Minister struck the imagination of the politician. Nobody in 1894 could think of politics without Gladstone as Liberal leader, nobody today can think of journalism without Mr Scott as editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. If England had had to choose a statesman to represent the traditions and virtues of her public life she would have chosen Gladstone; if today she had to choose a journalist to represent the best traditions of her Press she would choose Mr Scott. Gladstone had seen a revolution in politics, Mr. Scott has seen a revolution in journalism. Each of them would stand for certain fixed virtues in his changing world.

"We are so much accustomed to the *Manchester Guardian* as we know it today that it is easy to forget how much its character and position are due to Mr Scott. When he became editor in 1872, the *Manchester Guardian* was neither a great force nor a radical force in politics. It was one of many newspapers like to itself in character, competent and honorable but not remarkable for courage or progressive sympathy or for literary distinction. It was Mr. Scott who gave to it its modern character, making it a great power in politics partly by its brilliant advocacy and argument, but partly by converting it into a paper that men of all opinions who were interested in literature, art and ideas could read with pleasure. He has himself something of the austerity of the puritan combined with a keen enjoyment of grace and beauty. This character is stamped on his paper. He took infinite trouble to enlist writers with a wide outlook and wide interests. As for the change that Mr. Scott made in the moral power of the *Manchester Guardian*, we have only to think of what the great causes of the last twenty years would have lost if it had taken a different view, say, of the Irish Question or of the Boer War or of Women's Suffrage.

"Or take another aspect. Toward the end of the last century, industrial strife had begun to assume a new range and bitterness, and politics began to reflect a new phase of moral discontent. We seemed to be moving toward the kind of class warfare that had raged in the first part of the nineteenth century and died down after 1850. In this new complex of forces and problems the *Manchester Guardian*, representing the liberal tradition in an industrial district with its home in the capital of the school of Cobden and Bright, occupied a position of exceptional importance. Let anybody try to imagine what would have happened in industry and politics if the *Manchester Guardian* had thrown its great influence on the side of war instead of peace in the great rail strike of 1833 or the engineering strike of 1897, or if it had treated the rise and progress of the political Labor movement on a dangerous and mischievous development. The social life of Lancashire and English politics as a whole have escaped a great deal of bitterness and rancour because the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* determined at the time to put the case for new and more generous ideas before his public without asking himself how that public would take them. For ideas that are common place today were novel and alarming thirty years ago. Every trade unionist has known since Mr Scott took that decision that his case would be examined without prejudice by the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, and that every claim consistent with the public welfare would be presented in his columns more effectively than in any paper that the Labor movement controls. Mr. Scott's appointment of L. T. Hobhouse as a leader writer at the time of the great engineering dispute was a symbol of the spirit in which he interpreted his duty as the editor of a great paper.

"What are the qualities to which Mr Scott has owed his success? One—and it was the one quality on which he would himself lay most stress—is his power of choosing and attracting brilliant writers. In the Boer War, for example, he had the help of C. E. Montague with his unrivalled gift of deadly irony and L. T. Hobhouse with his unrivalled gift for deadly argument. No paper has ever had such a perfect combination at its service. And no such combination has ever served an editor so well able to make use of its talents. For Mr Scott possesses in unusual degree two qualities that are not too often united, the quality of wisdom and the quality of courage. Both spring from his habits of mind and character, habits that are apparent in the quality of his writing, distinguished as it is by the patience and the power with which his argument, as it develops, draws and guides the reader to the desired conclusion. He has a fundamental confidence in the reasonableness of mankind, and he treats all the extravagances of passion and of folly as demonstrations which no self-respecting man would take into account in considering his own conduct. With this belief he treats every problem as ultimately a problem to be solved by reason and every person as a person ultimately to be convinced by reason.

"Mr Scott is resigning the editorship, but fortunately he is not withdrawing his help and counsel from the paper. As his friends rejoice to know, he still defies the wrong of time. He has created a great paper, and its tradition will survive. The paper passes to a successor bred and steeped in that tradition, who has shown, as chief leader-writer, that he is well able to maintain that tradition with dignity and force."

Wit Wisdom and Whimsicality

Musical Note—The butcher knows his scales even though he gives his hands a weigh.—London *Evening Free Press*.

Mixed—"Is she progressive or conservative?"

"I don't know. She wears a last year's hat, drives a this year's car, and lives on next year's income."—Moose Jaw *Times*.

All They've Left—According to one writer perhaps the last remaining advantage of men over women is that in a hot spell men may still take something off.—Montreal *Star*.

In Doubt—Vicar (wishing to speak to bridegroom after ceremony)—"Are you the happy man?"

Solemn Groom—"That remains to be seen."—*Border Cities Star*.

Eden Model—A fashion writer in a contemporary gives a description of a charming dress to be known as the "leaf-design frock." It is, of course, an evening dress.—*Border Cities Star*.

Ask Ottawa—The New Haven Railroad is to operate one of the fastest trains in the country, between Boston and Washington. For some unexplained reason it will be named The Senator.—Hamilton *Spectator*.

Far Far Away—Absent-minded Professor: "Waiter, I have been waiting a long time for my beefsteak. Have you forgotten it, or have I eaten it, or have I forgotten to ask for it?"—Prince Albert *Herald*.

A Perfect Mate—According to the Ateliniae (Kan.) Globe one of the leading citizens is a great help to his wife using the lawn mower for her before he leaves the house in the morning.—Brantford *Expositor*.

Love's Response

In liar time
In prose and rhyme
I told her of my love sublime.
She only said
In accents flat—
"I wish that I could like that.'
—Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*.

True, Ah True—There doesn't seem to be much trouble meeting expenses—one meets them everywhere.—Saskatoon *Star*.

One Is Enough—A contemporary opines that it takes fifteen hundred nuts to hold an automobile together. And only one to spread it all over the landscape.—Manitoba *Free Press*.

Mrs. Tarzan—A scientist has been trying to find out what the cave lady, for lack of a door, used to slam. Perhaps it was the cave man.—Brockville *Recorder and Times*.

Saga Counsel—Most husbands get mighty careless of their personal appearance after a year or two but a lady can always change that by taking in a female boarder.—Nelson *News*.

Cause Removed—A debutante tells us she bought a trousseau, and then decided that she had so many beautiful clothes it was foolish to get married.—Grimsby *Independent*.

Bill and His Last—Bill Tilden the tennis star is so enamored of the stage that he intends to stick to his acting. Members of the profession opine that he ought to stick to his own racket.—Vancouver *Sun*.

More the Merrier—By reducing the legal size of taxicabs in New York City it has been estimated that the pedestrian will be in a position to be menaced by three taxis in the same space in which he now dodges only two.—Brandon *Sun*.

Taxing Webster

All nations have a way or groove
In which they propositions state;
When Scotsmen thoroughly approve,
They heartily homologate."
—Kincardine *Review-Reporter*.

A Major Prophet—Shakespeare foreknew the coming of prohibition and ginger ale. Witness this from *Twelfth Night*:

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too."—Moncton *Times*.

Midnight Golf Attracts Fans

Artificial Lighting Enables Enthusiasts to Indulge Craving Twenty-four Hours Long

R. W. SHENTON

IT WAS bound to come. We have had tennis by artificial light, lawn bowls by electricity—and now here is golf, more or less complete, at midnight. Writes R. W. Shenton in *Light*:

"You can now play golf at night. You can also play in a pouring rain and not get wet. The genius back of the combination is a man famed far and wide for his accomplishments in incandescent-lamp manufacture.

"J. T. Fagan is the man. He has done more than any other single individual as a developer of automatic machinery, to introduce ultra-quantity methods in the manufacture of incandescent lamps. He has thereby saved the lamp-buying public millions of dollars, and has given them a product of a uniformity and quality beyond the possibilities of human hands.

"But what has all of this to do with playing golf? Certainly this man would be among the very last to claim undue prowess for himself on a golfer. But like all successful geniuses who have learned the secret of perpetual youth, he must have a plaything.

"His friend, E. A. Markham, came to him with an idea for a new kind of golf course. One where the dub or the pro could bat out balls to his heart's content without having to chase balls or hunt for lost ones. Fagan saw its possibilities at once.

"It is a practice course where you can choose a green anywhere from forty to two hundred and seventy-five yards away. It is not necessary for you to announce in advance which one you were driving for. After a while a bell will ring as a warning to lay off while a regiment of caddies rush out and scoop up the balls.

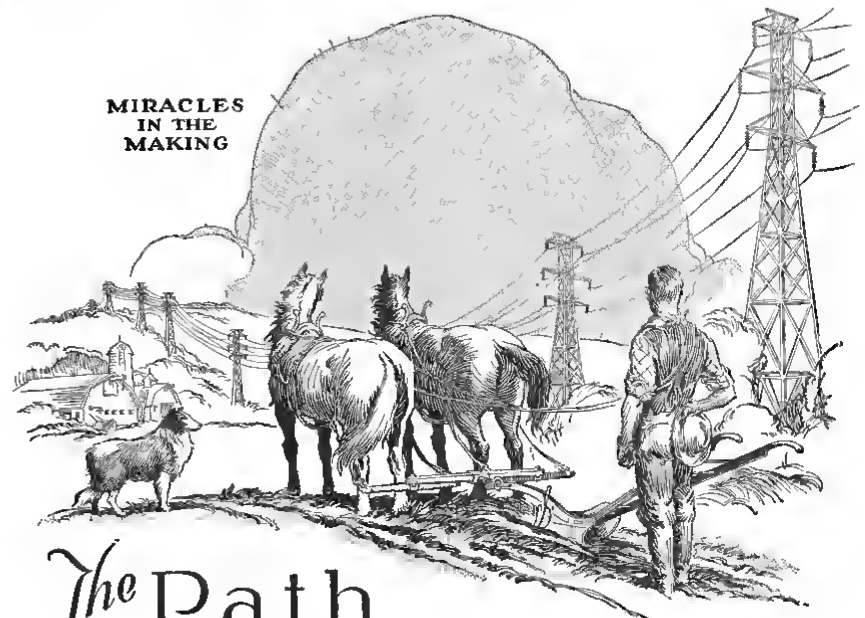
"If you think you are especially good, there are special targets at which you can direct your aim. And there need be no doubt in your mind as to whether your ball found its mark for if it did, a mechanical contrivance will announce the fact to the world by means of a musical siren.

"Each golfer has a stall to himself, and there is an unlimited supply of balls. There is a miniature nine-hole course, where you can have all the thrills of a regular game except the long drives.

"Synthetic golf, you might call it. In the well-built stalls you are practically independent of the weather. And thanks to a fine job of outdoor lighting, you would as soon play at night as by day.

"This matter of playing golf by artificial light opens up many possibilities for debate. What of the psychological effects? Will so-called mental hazards become more or less menace? Will the enveloping darkness form a psychological tunnel or funnel that will guide your ball toward its objective? Or, will the absence of illumination tend to draw your ball away from its course as we know a body of water will in the daytime? In other words, should we light up the rough as well as the fairway, or should we stick to a narrow band of light down the middle of the fairway? Whatever the right answer is, trust our engineers and scientists to find it. They did it for tennis when the proposal to play outdoor tennis at night seemed absurd.

"The principal cost in golf is due to the tremendous investment in real estate that is necessary. If light can lengthen ten hours of play, light will cut down this cost materially."



The Path of Power and Progress

BLAZING its trail throughout Canada, the electric transmission line has ushered in a new era of national prosperity. In a miraculous way, electricity has multiplied our home comforts and speeded up the wheels of industry . . . and now it is removing the yoke of human drudgery from the farm.

On the electrified farm, the irksome chores of barn and yard are done quickly and easily. Electricity, harnessed to capable motors, pumps the water and saws the wood . . . grinds the feed and hoists hay into the barn. It also milks the cows, separates the cream, cools the milk and does the churning.

City comforts, too, are brought to rural homes. The power wrested from distant waterfalls yields abundant light, cooks the meals, washes and irons the clothes, heats water and operates radios.

Lifting age-old burdens from the farm is an important objective of General Electric research. For almost every tedious task, a Canadian General Electric electric device has been created . . . and these electric servants now save back work, time and money wherever the path of power extends. GE 6228

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co. Limited

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO—Sales Offices in all Principal Cities

Brickbats and Bouquets

An Offer of Help

Editor, *MacLean's*:

Please accept the thanks of a Canadian citizen for your article 'Why United States Textbooks in Canadian Schools?' by H. Napier Moore, in your issue of July 1st.

This subject is of national importance because our children's pride and loyalty are being to some degree diverted to another land during the most impressionable years of life. Many will retain this bias through life and a large proportion will never learn the true facts of history nor acquire the Canadian viewpoint.

Your article puts the case very fully but a single blow will not drive home that nail through the obstruction of vested interests and the inertia of indifference.

If your article were reprinted with a suitable introduction and distributed to all political, patriotic and social service organizations it might induce several of them to take up the question more seriously.

Your organization and influence place you in the position of a leader, and should you lead a reform movement there will be many willing helpers. I, for one, am ready to help just as far as my means admit of.—C. G. Duncan, Y.I.

A New Brunswick Opinion

Editor, *MacLean's*:

Permit me to express my appreciation of the article 'Why American Textbooks in Canadian Schools?' You have in your broad, comprehensive way reached a far flung audience and accomplished what we—the Women's Institutes of New Brunswick—have for the past five years been endeavoring to do with scant success, namely, to bring before our people the fact that our future Canadian citizens are being nurtured on American publishing house products and are absorbing their Canadian patriotism and national ideas from an American source, and by means of textbooks amply sprinkled with American prints. American references and American examples, written by an American author from what must naturally be an American viewpoint. I am so glad that you have taken this matter up.—Gertrude Webber Dunham, Petitcodiac, N.B.

It Seems There Are Quite A Few

Editor, *MacLean's*:

Your timely article in July 1st issue of *MacLean's* is well and to the point. When has the intellect of this country sunk so low that we cannot produce men and women capable of writing textbooks? Keep up the good work that you have commenced.

Possibly there are more people in this country who think the same as you. As for myself, I am not going to stand behind you on this question; I am standing right with you.—F. D. Williams Fletcher, Ont.

A Satisfied Customer

Editor, *MacLean's*:

I presume that receiving one's subscription is evidence of satisfaction on the part of the subscriber. However, I thought I would like to express my sentiments at this time and congratulate you on the splendid material we are reading in *MacLean's*. I have lived in Canada since 1906 and have learned a great deal more about this wonderful country since reading your magazine (two years), than all the rest of the time. Every worthwhile Canadian should have it, and the price is very low, considering the splendid articles and features we are getting.—E.M.B., Maitland, Ont.

The War Articles

Editor, *MacLean's*:

One of the correspondents in Brickbats and Bouquets thinks that I am wrong in writing against those war articles in *MacLean's*. But no. What was the object of such articles but to glorify war? All the churches were doing it during those years of bloody slaughter, and are still at it! By memorial tablets and painted windows. Let anyone read those tablets in Westminster Abbey and in every other church and they can see that they all are giving Glory to war. 'To the Glory of God.' It is the same formula wherever found. We don't find it on any tablet in memory of any other deed but only to those who have been killed in war. Which should be proof enough for any that my statements were and are right!

Now some women who worked zealously for war are now going to Geneva to talk Peace. Well it is too late. Had Miss MacPhail been a delegate we might have had some confidence in her sincerity! But those who shout war at one time and Peace when it is over do not give confidence!

But we can't look for much in women on these lines. And the preachers are in the same boat as the women are. They led the women during the war! Those who did not drop tools and go overseas preached war to the poor young men, even telling them that if they were killed they were sure of Heaven!

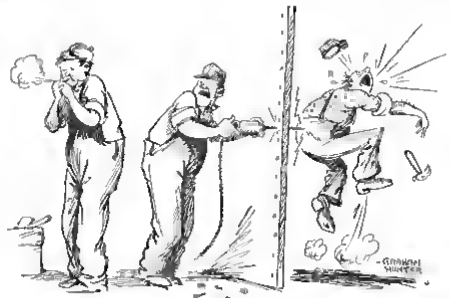
Oh Sir! How often that scripture has been misapplied. 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.' Blasphemy! Nothing else!

Now, none can mistake where I stand on such things.—Mrs. James Anderson, Newmarket, B.C.

Well, Anyway, the Picture was of Historic Interest

Editor, *MacLean's*:

This is neither a brickbat nor a bouquet which I am handing you, in your issue of June 15, you published a picture submitted by N. W. B. Smith, of Sussex Corner, entitled "Bridges over the Reversible Falls," Saint John. To begin with the falls are reversing not reversible. Secondly, these bridges have not been over the falls for many years. The suspension bridge must have been removed nearly twenty years ago, and the railway bridge probably ten. I do not pretend to accuracy regarding the date of removal but the tourist who entered Saint John by this route would be considerably surprised if he expected to see bridges of this type.—E. O. C., Saint John, N.B.



"Good gosh, Hank! I never knew this drill to be so noisy before!"

A Cheer From Mexico

Editor, *MacLean's*:

I am in receipt of your copy of *MacLean's Magazine*. I certainly congratulate you on your pro-Canadian attitude, and especially the article written on United States schoolbooks in Canadian schools. We need more of that in Canada. The Dollar Diplomacy on the part of the United States in Latin American politics, the propaganda by films, even the adoption of United States clothes, customs, etc., strike one very forcibly here. The education of the Indian and certain of the ignorant classes by films in the art of scientific hold up and robbery, with loose morals is upsetting some of the old traditions in Southern Republics.

When one sees allegedly Canadian films as shown here from time to time they are ridiculous and amusing to a Canadian, and one never wonders that Canada is considered by some as being a land of North West Mounted Police, ice, snow, Indians and clan fights. In Canada we are avidantly semi-civilized, but why let another country show our weakness in movies?

What struck me most forcibly while I was in Canada, on a national holiday, was the lukewarm attitude of everyone. I counted about ten flags on some of the buildings. Then returning to the United States, on the Fourth of July, I noted a line of American buses, attractively decorated—thousands of flags, demonstrative of United States patriotism everywhere.

We have in Canada the finest country and the best of people. Why not show the world what we have, as the United States does?—W. Harmon Cole, San Juan de Letran, Mexico.

Well, Well, Well!

Editor, *MacLean's*:

When renewing my subscription I am taking the opportunity to call your attention to your article in a recent issue called "Alberta has Oil" by one Woollacott. As I live adjacent to the Turner Valley and have lived here for more than thirty years I think I can with reason state that it is the most inaccurate and misleading account of the great Turner Valley that could possibly be written. It is rambling and incoherent and entirely lacking in truth. The episode of selling did not occur at Turner Valley at all but at Moose Mountain where there is no telephone line. The remarks re the Illinois Alberta are entirely false, as is every sentence in the article.

Wishing you every success for your truly Canadian paper.—M. L., Midnapore, Alta.

A Racial Protest

Editor, *MacLean's*:

Being a contributor to your magazine for the last four years, I wish at this opportunity to thank you for the wonderful articles and stories that I have always enjoyed. The main reasons that I have always sponsored your periodical are, firstly, because you try to instil the feeling of patriotism and pride in Canada, and secondly, because you are an 'All-Canadian' magazine worthy of the name.

My main purport in writing is not to give you any compliments, but to lodge a vehement protest against a story that was printed in your August 1 issue, and which I feel certain all decent and fair-minded people will feel with me. In the issue which I refer to there appeared a story under the name of "A Dollar Ninety Eight" written by Bernard J. Farmer. The moral of the story is worthy of note, but I would suggest to Mr. Farmer that it was quite unnecessary to pick on any race of people to depict a character such as the jeweller. Why necessarily a Jew, or any race for that matter. Does Mr. Farmer think that all jewellers are Jews? Is that his only representation of the Jews? Allow me also to inform Mr. Farmer that we are a religious race and do not use the name of the deity in vain.

There is surely enough trouble at the present to bring the different nationalities, races and people together to form a solid bulk of Canadianism of which we will all be proud without having to read such fantastic character drawings. Anyone who has never had the opportunity of dealing with a Jew socially or in a business manner, will surely have a peculiar conception of a Jew after reading Mr. Farmer's story.

Again, Mr. Editor, as previously mentioned, I take pride in your magazine. I take pride in being a Canadian. I take pride in all the British institutions and her great statesmen (some of them were and are Jews—namely, Disraeli, Simon and hosts of others). Try to keep up your good work, you are doing wonders, but please remember that there are numerous races in our Canada and the feelings of all must be appreciated.—Frank Tarter, Montreal.

Poetry—What About It?

Editor, *MacLean's*:

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of your magazine. Your articles refer to topics of interest to all Canadians. Your fiction compares favorably with that of any magazine on the continent. May I suggest, however, that it would add interest to your magazine if you would devote a column or two to poetry. It is noticeable that in this material age there are yet a great number of people who love the expression of a thought or an ideal in poetic form.—Paul Dufresne, Perth, Ont.

In Commendation

Editor, *MacLean's*:

As an ex-member of "Kitchener's Mob"—9th Seaforth Highlanders—from September 1914 till January 1919, I feel that we Britishers cannot know too much of our Empire, and what that Empire stands for. It is the greatness of our men, on land, on sea and in the air, is not brought before us through the press, there is a danger that we will forget how wonderful our heritage is and how it was achieved. *MacLean's* is bringing these things to our notice as no other magazine that I have read since coming to Canada, and I believe it should be a fortunate visitor in every Canadian home.—W. T. Drummond, Moncton, N.B.

Racing drivers make records—

airships make records—

a plane spans the unexplored Arctic—

a car conquers the heat of Sahara—



—all with Mobiloil. And now your car can make a record, too! With the New Mobiloil, your engine can keep its first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles!

HERE is a chance for your car to make a record which will bring joy to your heart! If you doubt this statement, you may be assured that the records on which it is based are even more spectacular than a front-page story of a great flight or race.

For example, when we say that with draining and refilling at the regular intervals, plus reasonable care, the New Mobiloil can keep the first-year feel in your good engine for 30,000 miles, the *facts* are that in a great many engines the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel *for more than twice this distance*.

And in thousands of miles of running tests on road and race-track, the New Mobiloil has proved that its regular use commonly assures considerably *more power* than oils generally specified for your motor!

Records? Yes, *practical records*. Records *your car* can make if you specify and insist on Mobiloil from the very day you take delivery of your new car. Mobiloil is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
Marketers of GARGOYLE MOBILOIL in Canada
Manufactured by
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Mobiloil

FREE! *A whole week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below*

Now Your Morning Shave Can Last Longer



You can stay clean-shaven all day because of closer shaving made possible by small-bubble lather.

THERE is a satisfaction when, in the evening, you realize that your morning shave is lasting. This six o'clock satisfaction means you've had a really close shave in the morning. That means a properly moistened beard, and Colgate's guarantees that. Small bubbles—that's the Colgate secret of such efficiency. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard and moisten it more thoroughly than big air-filled bubbles.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary big bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

Two vital facts—easily proved

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

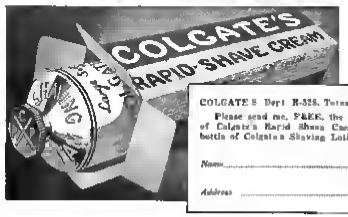
Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture enough with beard and minimum air. A common sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of natural ease, after various experiments with big-bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.



COLGATE'S Dept. R-328, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream also a sample bottle of Colgate's Shaving Lotion.

Name

Address

Sudbury Nickel Fed German Guns

War-time Supplies Reached Fatherland Via United States and Scandinavia, Says British Industrialist

FINANCIAL POST

ONCE and again, at long last, we get a fragment of "the truth about the war." The *Financial Post* exposes one this time, reporting Sir Thomas Holland's presidential speech to the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

"Sir Thomas spoke of how Ontario nickel was imported by Germany from Canada via the United States and Scandinavian countries, and 'we thus had the mortification of finding that through our own previous shortcomings in metallurgical industries, we were compelled to face lethal munitions made from our own ores.' Sir Thomas ought to know. He was president of the Board of Munitions in India during the war, having served in an advisory and instructional capacity in England during the first years of the war before going to India.

"Sir Thomas's statement before the British Association confirms what was repeatedly brought out in *The Financial Post* during the war, and to which reference has been made since, that Canadian nickel was supplied through British channels and by British subjects to the enemy. Later the chief agent in this nefarious traffic was rewarded by the British Government with a hereditary title for war services. *The Post* was criticized severely at the time for alleged misstatement.

"It was during Sir Thomas's service in India that the Indian Government sent forth a series of Canadian articles on the adaptation of machine plants in Canada for the production of munitions. Canadian technical newspapers led in this service. There were no private munition manufacturers in Canada. One British manufacturer, even after the war began, vigorously objected to our coming into competition with them and refused to give our plants any help. Canadian business paper editors studied the production of shells etc., and showed, in a series of illustrated articles, how modern machine plants could make them. The resourceful Canadian manufacturers soon got into the business in a big way until one time when the British supply fell down the army was almost entirely dependent upon Canadian production.

"The Australian, Indian and Russian governments reproduced the series of the Canadian business paper articles in book form and distributed them among their own manufacturers."

Edison Seeks A Genius

Will Subject Forty-nine Youths to Famous Questionnaires—Psychologists Sceptical of Results

SCIENCE NEWS-LETTER

THOMAS A. EDISON is a Diogenes with a difference. Wherever the former was engaged in looking for an honest man the great inventor is more ambitious—he is searching for a genius. According to *Science News-Letter* forty nine youths, nominated by governors, are to be sent on to Mr. Edison's laboratory, there subjected to one of the famous East Orange Wizard's questionnaires. In connection with this experiment six leading psychologists have been asked to tell how they would go about the business of selecting a genius. All six are frankly skeptical that any test can be designed which would achieve this object. Says Professor Lewis W. Terman of the chair of psychology at Stanford University:

"Neither science nor common sense has yet solved the riddle of genius, but psychology has made a beginning. Sometime budding geniuses will be discovered early, tended, and looked after as the most prized asset of the nation. Even now the search need not be a blind one. It is possible to identify with considerable certainty the youth who is endowed with scientific talent.

"The search should be in charge of a small committee composed of psychologists and physical scientists with a similar co-operating committee in each State. Every high-school senior class should be tested. In this the universal and ruthless test-operation of the schools could be expected. No single technique would be adequate by itself. The principle of progressive sifting should be adopted. First one or more batteries of intelligence tests should be used. Those rating high in intelligence should be given the David Zyve or a similar test of scientific aptitude. Those surviving this test should be given the E. K. Strong, or similar test for measurement of scientific interests. Tests of character and personality traits should follow. Survivors should be rated for industry, perseverance in the face of difficulty, unselfishness, co-operativeness, objective-mindedness and health.

"Final selection would be improved by giving some weight to a heredity rating based upon the qualities shown by blood relatives.

"The greatest mistake would be to rely too heavily on a single narrow scope of technique. Finally, the whole bet should not be staked on one horse. If the ten most promising are selected and trained Mr. Edison will have a better chance of finding ultimately the one individual he wants."

"How would I pick a single genius?" asks Prof. Knight Dunlap of Johns Hopkins. "I wouldn't. Out of a large class of high-school students, I should pick out the quartile of the class making the best school record." He goes on:

"Any good achievement or intelligence test would sort out the highest tenth. But which of these, if any, would prove to be a major contributor to the world's progress no one could predict. Mr. Edison might just as well take the brightest boy in Jersey City or in Lancaster and give him the opportunity of becoming an electrical wizard as to carry the quest through forty-eight States and attempt to pick a potential genius."

DID YOU RECEIVE A NOTICE?

It is our policy to notify all subscribers well in advance of the expiration of your subscriptions.

The unusually demand for MacLean's means that most issues are practically sold out before the printing is completed and that copies are seldom available for mailing to subscribers who are more than issue in arrears.

Subscribers receiving "expiration" notification are reminded that in order to avoid a continued receipt of their favorite MacLean's it is necessary to send in their renewal orders promptly.

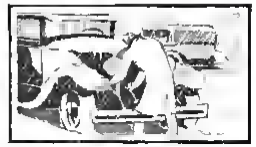
...FACTS *about Batteries in* COLD WEATHER...

Thousands of motorists could not start their cars when the first cold spell caught them last fall. They needed "loaner" batteries and could not get them. Battery men surprised them with, "Sorry, but our loaners are all taken—everybody wants one this morning." Their cars were useless.

Cold weather puts mighty severe strains on your battery regardless of its make or age. Play safe by having your USL dealer test your battery now! Ask him about the USL Cold Weather Trade-in Plan by which he can make you a liberal allowance for your old battery on a new USL. Don't wait until cold weather ruins your battery. Then you get only a "junk value" allowance.

The liberal allowance on your battery *now*—plus your savings in service calls, recharging and rental batteries—will make it extremely economical for you to get a new, dependable USL battery. Then you can forget cold weather starting troubles.

The USL Cold Weather Trade-in Plan can save you time, temper and money. See your USL battery man today.



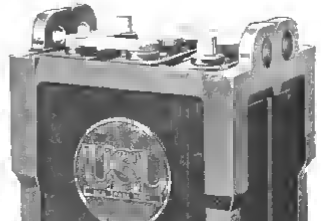
If you have ever had to crank a car by hand in cold weather you know what a hard job it is. That gives you some idea of the added strain on the storage battery in cold weather.



All batteries deliver less power when they are cold because the action of a battery is chemical and chemical reactions are slower when cold. The chemist uses heat to make a reaction go faster.



Winter driving means short dashes and more frequent starting. The shorter days mean more hours use of headlights and ranking lights. All of this means a further drain on the battery. It's a good precaution to have the extra cold weather power and longer life of a USL battery in guard against battery trouble in cold weather.



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See the magnificent rubber flooring in the Dominion Government Building, presented by the Rubber Growers Association Inc. to the Canadian National Exhibition for permanent use.

Robot Ships are Here, Says *Times*

British Correspondents View Spectacle of Wireless-Controlled Warship Under Battle Conditions.

LONDON TIMES

YEARS ago some inspired writer of naval fiction devised a battleship steered and fought by mysterious waves from afar. He was unanimously snickered at by the know-it-alls, as is the usual fate of prophets. The following extracts from the report of a correspondent of the London *Times* show that the unfortunate man was a pretty accurate forecaster after all. The *Centurion* is an obsolete battleship in the British Navy and they are using her as a target in battle-practice.

"Last autumn," says the correspondent, "I watched a shoot at the *Centurion* in the Moray Firth and in describing it in *The Times* I mentioned that comparatively fine weather was necessary. The *Centurion's* normal complement is about 250, of whom roughly one-half are disembarked before proceeding to the firing ground. All the remainder must be taken off by the destroyer *Shikari* before firing starts and put on board again when it ceases.

Boarding

"In even a moderate sea the operation of putting the destroyer alongside and transferring the men in safety is a skilful one. In really rough weather it becomes too dangerous to be attempted. At 7 o'clock this morning, however, when we sailed for our patrol ground, there was every promise of a fine, sunny day, and on getting clear of the land we found nothing but a gentle easterly breeze with a calm sea and a moderately clear horizon.

"Shortly before 8 a.m. the *Shikari*, which had sailed earlier, made her signal 'Standing possible.' The first run was timed to start at 10 a.m., but shortly beforehand we saw a foreign steamer coming from the eastward and steering across the range. Approaching her, the *Versatile* draped herself in flags, but it was not until we were close alongside, flying 'You are standing into danger' and hailing through a megaphone, that the vessel was at last persuaded to alter her course.

"The *Nelson* opened fire and we saw tall spray fountains leaping out of the water round the *Centurion*, which steamed stolidly on, occasionally altering her course to avoid punishment. Airplanes were overhead to spot the fall of the rounds and report by wireless, and before long the *Nelson* was hidden behind a smokescreen on the northern horizon, but still her rounds pitched about the target, and sometimes through glasses we saw a cloud of brownish dust as one went home. The *Centurion* was steaming at what looked like about 15 knots, and it gave one an uncanny sensation to realize that there was not a living soul on board—that she was being steamed and steered by wireless from the *Shikari* some distance astern.

"The *Nelson's* first shoot ended at about 10.40 a.m., but at 11.15 she carried out another run under similar conditions. She finished in about a quarter of an hour, after which the *Antrim*, steaming down from the northward, engaged the *Centurion* firing to starboard on a westerly course. Again we saw the splashes springing up from the sea all round the target, and though we were rather too far off to observe details several hits were noticeable as puffs of brownish dust against the *Centurion's* grey hull. The practice was finally completed by 11.45 a.m. when the *Shikari* brought her charge to a standstill, went alongside, and transshipped the crew.

"It is always a gamble what damage they may find on their return, for though instruments, valuables, and clothes are placed in safe positions behind armour before they leave the ship and firing starts, there is always the chance that cabins, living spaces, and mess decks may have been opened up to the four winds of heaven. Last year the *Centurion's* cats used to remain on board during her battles and conceal themselves in the power part of the ship out of harm's way. If these animals are still alive or have not deserted to some safer home they have been through more engagements than any veteran.

"It was to be regretted that we were never close enough to secure photographs of the rounds falling about the *Centurion* as she drove ahead through the water. Nevertheless, the firing was instructive and interesting, and one marvelled at the ingenuity of the apparatus that permits a small destroyer to control a large battleship—to stop or start her engines, increase or decrease her speed, make her go astern and steer her in any desired direction, by the manipulation of a button which transmits the appropriate wireless impulse. It seems to open up an imaginative vista of possible 'Robot ships' in the future."



MacLean's Snapshot Album—"Sundown"—Temagami District, Ontario
—Photo by G. L. Sutton, Toronto.

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What Makes A Professional?

Amateurs, Watch Your Step, Says Sports Writer—Boundary Line is Dangerously Hazy

GUY M. WELLS

WHAT act or omission to act confers on the athlete or sportsman the stigma of "professional?" What must a man—or woman—avoid in these latter days and on this continent, to retain unsmirched the amateur status in sport? According to Guy M. Wells, sports editor of the Cleveland *Press*, the whole question is one of anomaly and confusion.

"Suppose," he writes, "Babe Ruth went to college. Suppose he satisfied all requirements and became a bona fide student. Then suppose he wanted to play on the college baseball team. Could he? Of course not. He is a professional, too good a player to play with amateurs. But suppose a boy receives five dollars for pitching a sand-lot ball game. Does that make him too good for a college nine? Of course not. The amateur rule makes no distinction between a five dollar Johnny Jones and a $70,000 Babe Ruth." And, the writer grants, there is an ethical difference. But the problem of amateurism we are told, involves other considerations than those of pure ethics. Says Mr. Wells on this question:

The hue and cry comes from those people who imagine there is something inherently sinful in professionalism, whereas the rules of classification in athletics are made mainly for the purpose of equalizing competitions between teams of the same class. In case any team violates such a rule every other team working under the same classification has a just grievance against that team on the ground that it has attempted to take an unfair advantage.

Trying to take an unfair advantage is the evil. The act by which the unfair advantage might have been taken is only a violation because prohibited, but is not necessarily so evil in itself.

With characteristic quaintness and efficiency the purists have summed up in one sentence the whole morals and ethics of sport. It is the cornerstone of the amateur myth. It says:

"Any person who uses his athletic skill or knowledge for gain thereby becomes a professional."

Simple, isn't it? Now answer these questions:

"A father offers to give his son $1,000 if he makes the football team. The son makes the football team and collects the $1,000. Is he a professional?"

"A boy whose only reason for staying in school is to play on the football team receives an allowance from his father far in excess of his actual needs. Is he a professional?"

"A poor boy of both athletic and scholastic attainments is maintained in a school by an henevolent person who has no interest whatever in the school. His allowance is in excess of his actual needs. He makes the football team. Is he a professional?"

"A similar poor boy of both athletic and scholastic attainments is maintained in a school by an alumnus who has an interest both in the boy and in the school. The allowance is in excess of the boy's actual needs. He makes the football team. Is he a professional?"

"A boy is sent to college by an alumnus. He is anxious to get an education. He does not care about playing football, but he is a good player and knows that his benefactor wants him to help make a good team. He plays football as a means of getting an education which he could not get otherwise. Is he a professional?"

"A good football player is maintained in college by an alumnus. His only interest is in playing football and he keeps up a good scholastic standing merely because it is necessary to do so in order to play football. Later in life he comes to value his education very highly and is glad to have had some incentive to push him through. Was he a professional?"

And here are more cases which the "amateur rule" is supposed to cover, Mr. Wells tells us, continuing:

"A boy enters college, joins a fraternity and makes the football team. Later he meets with financial reverses, but, partly because he is an asset to the football team, the boys in his house urge him to stay on. They remit his charges for board and room either as a loan or a gift. He stays on and plays football. Is he a professional?

"A poor boy who must work his way through school is a natural athlete and makes the football team. He works long hours in the college dining hall for his board and room. Is he a professional?

"A similar poor boy who is a natural athlete as well as a good student makes the football team. He needs work and as there are no jobs in the college dining hall or elsewhere and the college desires to see the boy continue in school they put him in the dining hall anyway, making a job for him and making the work lighter all around. Most of the boys thus relieved, put more time on their studies and are able to make better scholastic records. Is he a professional, or are they all professionals?

"A certain student who is a good baseball player must make some money during the summer vacation. He finds that by working in a factory he could earn about $100 which would hardly be enough to take him back to college in the fall, but by accepting an offer to play baseball in a minor league he can have more healthful work and can save about $500 for college. He plays baseball and comes back to college with $500. Is he a professional?

"A college athlete who needs money very badly gets a letter from the manager of a semi professional football team asking him to come up in the country and help out in an important game. He goes and plays the game and is just ready to leave the dressing room when the manager comes up to him and says:

"Bill, I think you're a rotten jumper.

"What do you mean, a rotten jumper? I'm a pretty good jumper.'

"Well, you just think you're a good jumper. Why, I'll bet you fifty dollars you can't even jump over that suitcase.

"I'll bet fifty dollars I can jump over two suitcases. Look here.' Bill jumps over two suitcases.

"By gosh, Bill, I didn't think you could do it. Here's your fifty dollars.'

"Is Bill a professional?

"A boy is an amateur hockey player. Every time he goes out to box he receives a certain sum for expenses, say seven dollars. But this boy is well-to-do. He has an allowance and money means little to him. He rides in taxicabs and eats at good restaurants. In fact on each trip he spends more than seven dollars for mere or less legitimate expenses. Is he a professional?

"Another boy is an amateur boxer but his parents are not so well off. He must make every nickel count. He also received seven dollars expenses. But he rides in the street cars and eats at the cheapest restaurants. He saves three dollars out of his expenses and takes it home to his mother. Later this boy goes to college and tries out for the football team. Is he a professional?"



So crisp it *crackles* in cream!

LISTEN to it! Taste it! The new Kellogg cereal Bubbles of flavor that actually pop and crackle when you pour on milk or cream.

That's how crisp they are—and what a delicious flavor! Toasted rice grains. So good every spoonful is a real flavor surprise.

Your family will surely welcome Rice Krispies for Breakfast. Something brand new and different. Enjoy them for lunch with fruits or honey added. And because they are nourishing and easy to digest, they are ideal for the kiddies' supper.

Make crunchy macaroons and candies with Rice Krispies. Sprinkle them into soups. Eat them plain or butter and serve like pop corn.

Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. You are missing something if you haven't tried the cereal that crackles in cream!

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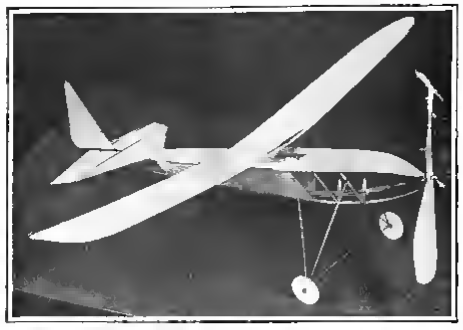
Here are the instructions for building a realistic indoor commercial model that flies

By MERRILL HAMBURG

WHEN the indoor commercial model is in flight, it looks for all the world like a big transport plane with a load of freight. It flies steadily and rides over minor air disturbances like a comfortable sedan over small bumps.

Readers of *MacLean's Magazine* who have built the "flying stick" models described in previous articles will find a new thrill in the indoor commercial. It looks like a scale model because it has an enclosed fuselage, but it differs from a scale model in that it is built to fly.

Here's what you'll need: one balsa strip 3/16 by 1/4 by 20 inches, for motor stick; six balsa strips 1/16 by 1/8 by 24 inches, for fuselage; one piece of flat balsa 1/8 by 1 3/4 by 6 inches, for wheels; one balsa block 7/8 by 1 1/4 by 10 inches, for propellers; one balsa spar 1/16 by 3/8 by 26 inches, for wing; three bamboo strips 1/16 by 1/4 by 18 inches, for ribs, wing tips etc.; one ounce bottle of banana oil; one two-ounce can of ambroid; two sheets of Japanese tissue 21 by 31 inches; ten feet of 1-8-32 rubber thread for motor; six inches of .015 music wire; twelve inches of .028 music wire; twelve inches of .035 music wire.



The indoor commercial model. In flight it looks for all the world like a big transport plane

The Fuselage

BEFORE beginning your construction, study the drawings carefully. Be sure you understand exactly where each part belongs and how it is constructed. You'll save both time and material.

Start with the fuselage. This is triangular in shape—the strongest cross section that could be used—and is perfectly streamlined the entire length. The construction isn't at all difficult. Study the details in Figure 1, top view at the left and side view at the right and the four cross section drawings at the extreme right.

First select two of the 3/32 by 1/8 by 24 inch balsa beams. Ambroid them together at one end to form the rear point of the fuselage. Six inches from this end, glue a 1/16 by 1/8 by 1 3/16 inch crosspiece. (See Section F. Sections C, D, E and F are at the extreme right margin of the drawing; section A is in the middle, and section B at the left of the top view.)

The section drawings, in each case, show the distance across the fuselage, including the thickness of the fuselage beams. Section F in 1 3/8 inches across the top so that the crosspiece will equal 1 3/8 inches minus twice the thickness of the beam—or 3/16 inch. Therefore, the crosspiece of Section F equals 1 3/8 minus 3/16 or 1 3/16 inches.

Six inches farther forward glue a 2 1/16 inch crosspiece, which, with the width of the two beams gives you the 2 1/4 inch width of Section E. Just 4 3/8 inches farther forward, glue the crosspiece of D. All this isn't half as hard to figure out as it sounds upon first reading.

When the glue is thoroughly dry, steam and bend the two spread beams so that they come together at the front. Be sure to steam them evenly. Then bind them together with silk thread.

Now turn the frame upside down, lay it flat on the table and place a heavy weight on top of it. Then bend up the nose, which is soaked in steam and therefore pliable, and place a 5/8 inch block under it. Leave it until the wood is thoroughly dry.

While the nose is drying, place in position the two other crosspieces, the first 1 7/8 inches long and the other 2 15/32 inches long. The 1 7/8 inch piece is 2 3/4 inches from the nose, and the other four inches from the same point. These pieces should not be ambroided in place until the beams are dry—they are merely placed in position to give them the proper curve to the frame while it's drying. Later, ambroid all joints and remove the thread.

The crosspiece G is placed halfway between Section D and E and is approximately 1 3/8 inches long. If your crosspieces vary slightly in dimension from the drawing don't worry. Just cut them to fit the shape of your fuselage. Two more crosspieces, H and I, are ambroided two inches apart, between E and F. This completes the top frame of the fuselage.

The Motor Stick

YOUR motor stick comes next. Select a piece of firm straight-grained balsa and sand it to 3/16 by 1/4 by 28 inches. Figure 3 shows you how to point the front end. The front bearing is made from a small 1/16 inch nail or part of a large cutter pin, hammered and bent to the shape of Figure 3. The hole for the propeller shaft is .035 inch in diameter, and is slotted to one side by careful filing. Notice, in Figure 2, that the hole should be 1/4 inch below the bottom of the motor stick when it's glued in place. Be sure you don't file this slot as wide as the hole, or the propeller shaft will keep slipping out of place and the propeller won't turn. The purpose of this slot is to allow you to remove the propeller at will in order to change the rubber. If you didn't have the slot, you wouldn't be able to change rubber without breaking open the tissue cover of the fuselage!

Your propeller shaft is shown in Figure 4. Notice that it is flattened in the middle so that it can slip into and out of the slot with ease.

After the front bearing is ambroided in place, as shown in Figure 3, bend your rear hook according to Figure 5, and ambroid it to the opposite end of the motor stick. Remember that both of these parts are furnished, ready to be assembled, in the kit.

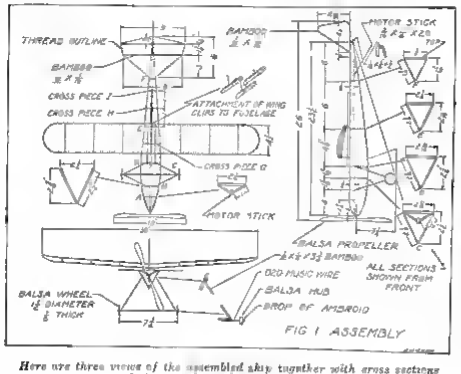
To understand the method of attaching the motor stick to the fuselage, study sections A and C. (A is shown in detail in the middle of Figure 1, and C is at the right margin.) Notice the two small braces on both A and C. Each is just one inch long, and each should hold the motor stick 3/8 inch below the top of the fuselage. Mitre them—cut them off at a slant—so that they'll join smoothly with both the frame and the motor stick.

The next step is to assemble the lower beam that forms the bottom edge of the triangular fuselage. Steam the front end of this for about seven inches from the end so that it may be bent upward. In order to get just the right bend, draw the outline of the curve on a board and drive small brads in on both sides of the drawing. Then you can place your beam between the brads so that in drying it will hold the exact curve.

Another method is to ambroid the rear end of the lower beam, by means of the small 1/16 by 1/8 by 1/2 inch balsa upright, to the top part of the fuselage and then complete the triangular sections, D, E and F, allowing them to dry well before steaming the front end. When these sections are finished and the ambroid is set, the front end may be steamed and the piece bent and held in place by thread while drying. When this piece is dry you may complete sections B and C and ambroid in place the two small 1/32 by 1/16 by 3/4 inch bamboo braces on the nose (Figure 2). Notice the balsa wedges or spacers (drawing between Figures 2 and 4) ambroided in place under these pieces to keep them parallel and to allow enough room for the rubber motor to be taken out.

Now for one of the most interesting and useful innovations in commercial model construction. Very often, builders find that in winding up the motors of their models their fuselages become twisted all out of shape. As a result, they build their fuselages much stronger. But this added weight cuts down the flying time of their models.

In this type, however, the twisting of the fuselage is prevented by a very simple invention. In Figure 5, you'll notice that the motor stick is joined to the rear end of the fuselage by means of a twisted music wire spring. Thus, when you wind up your motor, the motor stick and this spring take up nearly all the twisting force while the triangular fuselage remains unaffected. Your next step is to ambroid the spring between the motor stick and the bottom beam.



Here are three views of the assembled ship together with cross sections of the tapering triangular fuselage.

The Rudder and Stabilizer

THE tail group, shown in Figure 1, comes next. Ambroid two bamboo crosspieces, 1/32 by 1/16 inch, across the top of the fuselage as shown in the drawing. Notice that the rear piece is nine and the other eight inches long, and that the 9-inch piece is 3/4 inch from the end of the fuselage and the other 2½ inches from the end.

The shape of the bamboo fin, or the rudder, is shown in the side view, Figure 1. To construct it, split—do not attempt to whittle—a piece of bamboo 1/16 inch square from your 16-inch strip. When it's carefully trued up and sanded down,

Continued on page 38



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Film is found by dental research to dissolve teeth and lower serious tooth and gum disorders.

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon

HAVE you ever used Pepsodent? Of those in the United States who brush their teeth 8 people in every 10 have. A dentifrice so widely used so utterly and entirely different from all others is worth your while to try.

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Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film hardens into tartar—film fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious bodily ills may be indirectly traced to film.

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Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and in business. You cannot delay testing this method another day. Get a full size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address.

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All stores selling floor coverings recommend Ozite. Ask for the original Ozite, with orange colored taping on the edges (there are now a few imitations on the market). Ozite is permanently mothproofed. Its principal features can't be imitated because they are *patented*. Send coupon for sample.

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Please send me a free sample of Ozite Cushion and your free booklet, The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets.
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Address

Continued from page 36

bend it as shown. Bamboo as you know is very pliable when hot and can be bent to any desired shape over a candle or alcohol lamp. You can also bend bamboo over a hot iron rod.

When you've bent the frame to shape, split it in two, so that you have two frames each 1/32 inch thick. You can save one for your next ship.

You attach the fin to the tail group by embroiding the base to the two crosspieces. Notice how the base extends 1/2 inch beyond the front edge of the fin frame in order to rest on the 8-inch crosspiece. The fin should sit up erect, but it may be pivoted around at a small angle to the motor stick, to steer the ship in a smaller circle than it would normally fly in.

When the embroid on the fin is dry, stretch your thread around the frame of the stabilizer as shown in the drawing. You've made kites and know how to use string to complete the outline around the frame for holding paper. The thread outline here is used for the same purpose. Just tie the end of the thread to the fuselage beams, three inches in front of the 8-inch crosspiece, and stretch it around the ends of both crosspieces and back to the base of the fin, ½ inch beyond the end of the fuselage frame. You'll have no trouble with this part of the construction.

The Landing Gear

THE landing gear, too, is a comparatively easy job. The four struts, shown in Figure 1, front and side views, are 1/32 by 1/16 inch bamboo 5 3/4 inches long. Bend one end to fit the side braces of the fuselage. There are two braces on each side and each pair is joined at the axle, which is a strip of bamboo 1/32 by 1/16 by 7 1/2 inches. The wheels, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, are cut from 1/8 inch flat balsa. These wheels turn on small axle bearings cut from .020 music wire held in place by ambroid to the underside of the axle. Cement the axle to the bottom of the braces.

After you ship the wheels on the axle bearings, place a drop of ambroid on the end of each bearing. When this hardens it will act as a nut to prevent the wheel from slipping off.

The wing used on this model is the flat, or single surface type. Study the drawing, Figure 8. Notice that the span is thirty inches and that the tips of the wing are 7/8 inch higher than the centre. This angle—dihedral angle—gives stability to the ship. To get the angle, bend your two spars in one piece of balsa 1/8 by 3/16 by 28 inches long, by holding the centre over steam. When the piece is dry, split it lengthwise to form two spars, each identical in size and angle. In order not to spoil your spars in splitting, guide your knife with a metal edged ruler. Sand each down to 1/8 inch wide and cut grooves in their top surfaces for the ribs (Figure 9).

Your wing tips are best from one piece of bamboo 1/16 inch square and 10 inches long. This is longer than necessary, but you can trim off the spare length. Some builders bend their tips over a hot can of just the right diameter. When you have just the right bend, split the piece down the middle to form your two tips, 1/32 by 1/16 inch. Fit them into small grooves cut at the ends of the spars and ambroid them in place.

Your seven bamboo ribs, flambeed to 1/32 by 1/16 by 4 1/2 inches, are embroided into the slots or grooves in the tops of the spars.

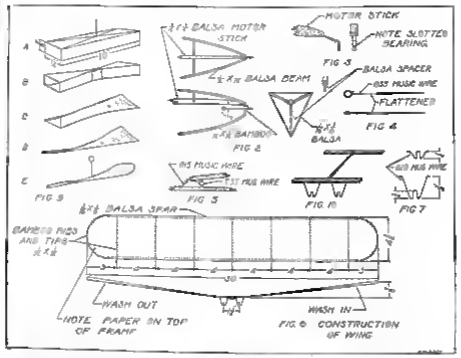
Cover the wing, on the top side only, with Japanese tissue. If the paper is wrinkled, first iron it out and then let it stand a few hours to regain room temperature and moisture. Cut out a piece slightly larger than the frame of the wing, paint the centre rib with banana oil and lay the paper in position upon it. Then work from the centre outward, painting and covering a section at a time and stretching the paper from front to rear to remove wrinkles.

Finally, trim the paper and smooth down the edges with another coat of banana oil.

The three wing clips are clearly shown in Figure 7. The large or front ones, are 1/2 inch higher than the single one in the rear. This gives the wing the necessary angle of incidence—front-to-rear slant. Glue the two high clips on the front spar at equal distances from the centre of the spar, so that the wing will not be longer on one side than the other. Glue the low clip to the centre of the rear spar.

When the wing clips are set, the three balsa pieces on the fuselage to which they clip may be glued in place on top of the fuselage. The first two are 3/32 by 1/4 by 5 3/4 inches and the rear, or centre one, is 3/32 by 1/4 by 6 3/4 inches long. Remember that these must be parallel and fit the clips tightly along their entire length or the wing will come off in flight. (The photographs and Figure 1 show the position of the pieces.) Should they become worn with use, a long rubber band passed under the fuselage and over the wing and back under

Continued on page 46



The details of this ship show marked improvement over the design of other commercial models. Notice particularly, in Figure 5, how the motor stick is attached to the rear of the fuselage. This arrangement absorbs all the twist of the rubber.

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Pride Appeal as well as Price Appeal

FULL SIZE

PLYMOUTH throws a bright white spotlight on the fact that a motor car of low price can also be a motor car of praiseworthy quality and *full-size* dimensions.

It is true that the remarkably low price attracts thousands of people to Plymouth. However, it is the higher quality and superior merits of Plymouth that account for Plymouth's sweeping success and popularity. At last, Canada has a low-priced motor car which appeals to pride just as much as to purse.

Plymouth is the only *full-size* motor car at anywhere near its price. That means quality-car roominess and comfort.

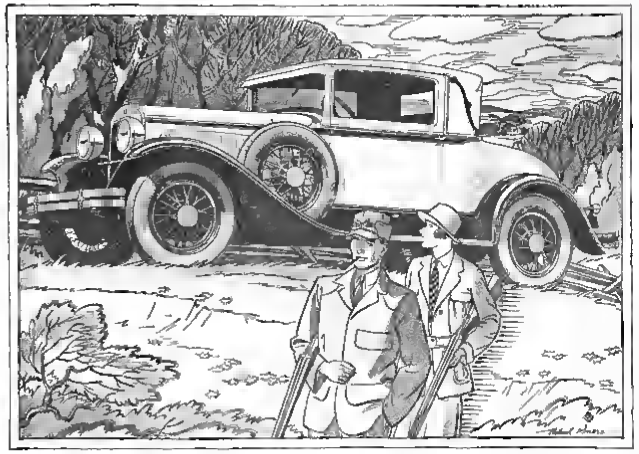
Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the smart and graceful characteristics of Chrysler designing. That means quality-car style and beauty.

Plymouth is the only low-priced motor car embodying the advanced discoveries of Chrysler engineering. That means quality-car performance.

Plymouth is the only low-priced car with Chrysler internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—weatherproof and self-equalizing. That means quality-car safety.

The flexibility and quiet smoothness of Plymouth, its animated pick-up, its perfect balance and steadiness at high speeds, its quick response to the controls—all reflect the car's wealth of true inner quality. No other car at so low a price ever gave the owner so much to be proud of, or so much substantial value for every dollar.

The only way in which you can really appreciate the superior qualities of Plymouth is to sit behind the wheel and try the car in your own way. The more exacting you are, the more severe the test, the more convincing the proof.



THE FULL SIZE DE LUXE COUPE *(with rumble seat). Special equipment extra*

PLYMOUTH

CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL SIZE CAR

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

Continued from page 38

the fuselage will help to hold the wing in place.

Covering the fuselage with tissue is a long job, but it isn't hard. Just take care in cutting the paper to fit the various parts, to make neat joints. The tail surface is covered on the bottom side only, and the fin or rudder can be covered on either side. The section of the fuselage between F and the rear end is not covered—this allows you to get at the rear hook for winding.

The Propeller

CARVE the propeller from a balsa block 7/8 by 1 1/4 by 10 inches. Before you begin study the five stages shown in Figure 5. Notice how the diagonals are drawn on both 1 1/4 inch faces and on the ends. The centre hole is pierced with a pin, or can be drilled with a small drill at the intersection of these top and bottom diagonals. B shows the surplus wood cut away from the diagonals, with 1/8 inch left at the centre section or hub.

In C notice how the front side of each blade is carved. This side isn't flat, but is hollowed out slightly—cambered—with sandpaper. D shows the blade finished except for rounding the tips. The hub has been cut and sanded until it is barely 3/32 inch thick, while the blades are less than 1/16 inch in the middle and barely 1/32 inch at the tips and edges. Notice that the widest part of the blade is about two-thirds of the distance from the hub—this is the most efficient part of the propeller. A part of the trailing edge near the centre has been cut away to save weight since the centre part is inefficient.

Insert the propeller shaft through the hub, as in E. Figure 6, bend the end into a square U and push the U into the hub. A drop of glue on the top and bottom will prevent the shaft from pulling loose, or the bearings from wearing away the centre of the hub. Two small hard brass washers are slipped over the hook to cut down the friction between propeller and bearing when the propeller is turning.

Your motor is a strip of 1/8-32 rubber thread ten feet long, with the ends tied together in a square knot to form a long band. Fold this to make six strands. Drop one rod into the hole in the nose of the fuselage and fasten it to the rear hook by means of the S hook. Hook the other rod to the propeller shaft, and then slip it into the slot in the bearing. That operation finished, your ship is ready for flight.

And now the fun starts. Before you wind up the motor, glide the ship to the floor, and if it descends too sharply, set the wing forward a little. If it rises down, then tries to climb and stalls, set the wing back. When you've finally adjusted your wing so that the ship glides to an easy landing, wind up the propeller.

You can wind the motor by hand but an eggbeater winder makes the job easy. For your first flight, give the motor only 15% turns. Later, you can give it as high as 300 turns.

Launch the ship from your hand with a gentle forward push. If you've done your work carefully, you're sure to get a flight. Remember that for a commercial model, a 20-second flight is excellent and anything longer is noteworthy. The thrill in this ship is not in duration, but in its steadiness and its resemblance to large transport planes.

A Column About People

VERY few of us can lay claim to the honor of giving a millionaire his start in life, though most of us feel that we do our part in contributing with fair regularity to the money bags of Midas.

Lord Northcliffe's name cropped up in a discussion of the kings of journalism and, needless to say, he came in for his share of comment. By one of those unexpected turns in the conversation he became suddenly an intimate figure, and our little circle was galvanized into a pitch of expectancy when Stephen Golder, president of the British Columbia Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, remarked casually in his quiet way:

"We roomed together in the old Coventry days when I was private secretary to Sir William Iliffe, the publisher, and was editing *Wheel Life* and *Bicycling News* for him. Hornsworth's income from journalism was then the princely sum of ten shillings and sixpence a week. I know, because I accepted his contributions and made out the cheques in payment."

Mr. Golder is a well-known western journalist and was formerly associated with Nicholas Flood Davin as the Regina *Leader*. He was also editor of the Canadian *Pictorial* and the now defunct *Trail Magazine*, a Canadian forerunner of the numerous "Westerns."

He began his career in England as an athlete and was in his day according to contemporary documents, well-known to every cycle-touring and racing man in the world. Among his 373 trophies won in open competition for bicycle racing long distance running and high jumping he prizes most the 1885 World's Fifty-Mile Road Record. It is a question whether anyone has done more to popularize the bicycle. As Humber and Company's business representative he made seventeen trips to the United States and Canada, besides many others to Mexico, Africa and other parts of the world. Incidentally, he has visited every capital of Europe twice.

Gave Northcliffe His Start

DURING my residence at Coventry in the nineties as editor of *Wheel Life* and *Bicycling News*," Mr. Golder observed, "I had many amusing experiences with prominent persons in the cycling world and with others who have since become famous in literature and art.

"One day I received a brightly written article on cycling from the south of France from a writer using the pen-name of Arthur Pendennis, no other in fact, than Alfred Charles Hornsworth. He was invited to continue his contributions and ultimately came to Coventry. These articles of his netted him the sum of ten shillings and sixpence a week, a prospect sufficiently alluring to induce him to join the permanent staff of *Wheel Life*. That was the entree durtin to the literary and business world I accepted his first contributions and made the payments to him.



Stephen Golder

"He was a great man, who had the vision and the ability to exploit the masses of the English reading public at a time when cheap paper and improved methods in printing processes made it possible to cater to the reading requirements of those who could only afford a penny's worth at a time. He had amassed his wealth before he began to take a real interest in public affairs. He was a great egoist who absorbed the talents of countless others in his grist mill, one of the earliest among the modern exploiters to realize that if one is penny wise with fifty million customers he can well afford to be pound-foolish at his leisure."

"I may say that I stoked Alfred to his first business venture lending him fifty pounds to start *Answers to Correspondents*. With that uncanny knowledge of crowd psychology upon which his fortune was built, he began the publication with Number 6, because, as he said, he was going to make it such a stunning number that his readers would be sorry that they had missed numbers one and two. His career from that moment was a series of remarkable successes."

Mr. Golder is well-known among stamp collectors as a competent authority in that field; his contribution on this subject to the leading journals are recognized as standard works of reference. His enthusiasm in one who does not know anything about the pleasures of philately, gives a dignity and an interest to this hobby which raises it above the mere business of gathering and hoarding "dirty bits of paper."

A Collection of Two Million Stamps

UPON the simple postage stamp," he says, "can be etched the rise, decline and fall of empires, monarchies and republics. Philately shows by demonstration and comparison the history, language, geography, chronology, politics and the fine arts of the numerous countries that issue stamps. I know of no hobby that broadens out the minds of children and young people more than stamp-collecting. They are taken out of their stultifying ruts, and their minds range the continents, acquainting them with other peoples, countries and civilizations—an education in itself which proceeds pleasurably without any urging on the part of anxious preceptors. It is an intellectual pursuit which develops a taste for art and science and stimulates research in nearly every branch of learning. By all means encourage the children to collect stamps. The hobby is subject to more or less ridicule, I know, because to some the idea of gathering parcels of torn and seemingly useless stamps is absurd. A collection of paintings, prints and engravings is never subject to ridicule yet postage stamps have in their designing and execution the same care bestowed upon them as the finest engraving. Satisfy yourself by examining stamps with a magnifying glass and you will have a greater respect for their beauty."

"Aside from these aspects stamps have a decidedly worthwhile value in money. For instance, Mr. Alfred Liechtenstein, the New York millionaire has a collection of early Canadian and British Columbia stamps which is insured for one million dollars. A pair of twelve-penny black Canada of 1851 from Count Ferrari's collection also valued at a million dollars, was sold in Paris in 1922 for 38 000 francs, or about $4,000. Another pair of this issue was sold by Mr. Walsh of Victoria, B.C., to Mr. Alfred Liechtenstein for a similar amount."

Mr. Golder's collection contains two million specimens, many of which are of rare value. He has been a voluminous writer of articles and is at present engaged in writing the history of the publishing firm of Iliffe and Sons, for Sir William Iliffe. His two books, *A Tandem Tour Through Norway* and *Over the Pyrenees on a Bicycle* were very popular in Europe among lovers of cycling.

They Thrive on All-Meat Diet

Stops Falling Hair, Cures Colds, Improves General Health, Claim Explorers

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

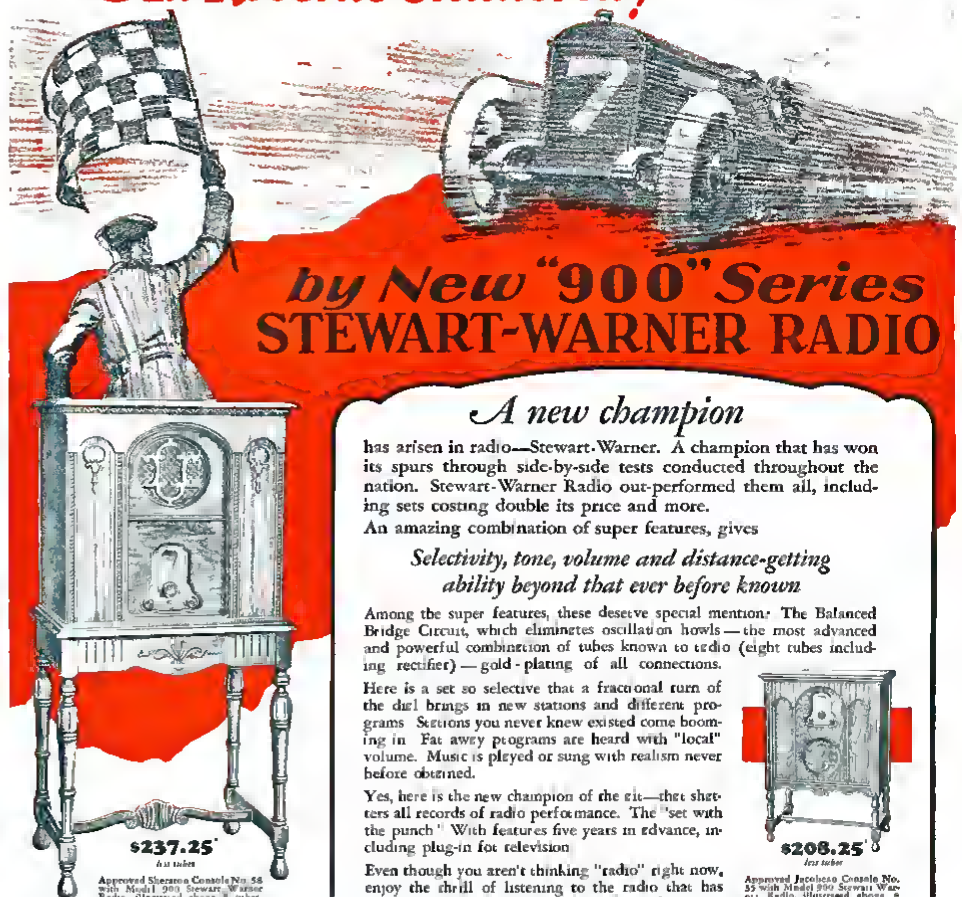
VEGETARIANS who believe a carnivorous diet detrimental to health will derive scant comfort from a piece of research described in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The Arctic explorer Stefansson and a former Arctic confrere Andersen went on an exclusive meat diet for a year, beginning in February of 1928, and were intensively studied from every clinical angle by scientists under the direction of the noted biologist Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University. Their reactions, physical and otherwise to this beef-eating existence are maybe worth consideration.

According to Dr. Clarence W. Lieb of New York, who makes a detailed clinical and laboratory report in the medical journal, the study indicated that such a dietary had left no physical or clinical stigmas and that while Stefansson was living on nothing but meat and fish his health was at its maximum.

The report adds that the data presented quite naturally gave a jolt to our accepted ideas of protein metabolism. And well it might. Here is one more case—two in fact—where a perfectly fair theory was demolished by a mere fact. Also the old argument that health on a meat diet would be possible only in the Arctic and during vigorous exercise, is somewhat dented, for Stefansson and Andersen neither left the United States nor took vigorous exercise. As a by product, the experiment apparently cured Andersen of rheumatic colds one never, his hair stopped falling out. Both men avoided milk, drank coffee, black tea and water and ate rare meat.

"Of course," comments the *Outlook*, "it takes more than two such cases to establish a fact, but what these two intrepid dietetic explorers have demonstrated makes it look as if a lot of us might be dwelling too anxiously on what to eat and what not to eat. Nature usually tells us, subconsciously, what is good for us, if we let her."

All Records Shattered!



by New "900" Series STEWART-WARNER RADIO

A new champion

has arisen in radio—Stewart-Warner. A champion that has won its spurs through side-by-side tests conducted throughout the nation. Stewart-Warner Radio out-performed them all, including sets costing double its price and more.

An amazing combination of super features, gives

Selectivity, tone, volume and distance-getting ability beyond that ever before known

Among the super features, these deserve special mention: The Balanced Bridge Circuit, which eliminates oscillation howls—the most advanced and powerful combination of tubes known to radio (eight tubes including rectifier)—gold-plating of all connections.

Here is a set so selective that a fractional turn of the dial brings in new stations and different programs. Stations you never knew existed come booming in. Fat away programs are heard with "local" volume. Music is played or sung with realism never before obtained.

Yes, here is the new champion of the air—that shatters all records of radio performance. The "set with the punch." With features five years in advance, including plug-in for television.

Even though you aren't thinking "radio" right now, enjoy the thrill of listening to the radio that has shattered all previous "bests" in radio performance. Your Stewart-Warner dealer will be proud to demonstrate Model "900." A small initial payment puts a new "Stewart-Warner" in your home.

$237.25* *less tubes*

Approved Sheraton Console No. 58 with Model 900 Stewart-Warner Radio, illustrated above, 8 tubes including rectifier. New Balanced Bridge circuit. Plug in for Television—Stewart-Warner feature. 22 carat gold plated nonoxidizing Bakelite aerial. Plug-in for Phonograph. Illuminated visible scale dial. New Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Cabinet of Walnut and Australian Lacewood with silent sliding doors. Built by McLaren Furniture Co., Ltd. of Stratford. Height 52⅜ in., width 25½ in., depth 17 in.

Also combination of table models with considerable speaking to match in mirrored gold, bronze or jade green finishes at $167.25* and $181.25*. Table Model 900 only in other finish $155.25*. Table Model Dephonic Reproducer console, $26.50.

Stewart-Warner Radio models designed for all types current—A.C. 60 or 25 cycle, 100 to 130 volts—also D.C., and for battery operation.

*25 cycle & out of Sask. higher

$208.25* *less tubes*

Approved Jacobean Console No. 55 with Model 900 Stewart-Warner Radio, illustrated above, 8 tubes, including rectifier. New Balanced Bridge circuit. Plug in for Television—an exclusive Stewart-Warner feature. 22-carat gold-plated connections. Bakelite aerial. Plug-in for Phonograph. Illuminated visible scale dial. New Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Cabinet of American Walnut built by McLaren Furniture Co. of Stratford. Height 38 in., width 27 in., depth 15 in.

*25 cycle prices slightly higher.

Wholesale Distributors

STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS SERVICE STATIONS—Toronto, Montreal
HUDSON'S BAY CO.—Winnipeg — CRAWFORD & CO., Ltd.—Vancouver
OS. LA VERGNE CO., Ltd.—Calgary — AUTO PARTS CO. Ltd.—Halifax
C. A. MUNRO Ltd., Saint John, N.B.

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

"The Voice of Authority"



Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing, unsightly freckles secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft as a baby, the complexion fresh clear and transparent, the face reinvigorated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all Druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens the Skin

FREE booklet about your FRECKLES

STILLMAN CO.
154 Rosemary Lane
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Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



COOKS DELICIOUS DISHES—WARMS BABY'S MILK—

Quickly . . . Anywhere!

"SUCH a handy little stove! Say women everywhere. It *quickly* boils broths and fries everything from eggs to steaks. Makes scores of tempting dishes too. Makes delicious toast—boils coffee—heats water for shaving—heats curling irons pressing irons—warms baby's milk—makes candy. Good for hundreds of uses.

Sterno Stove folds flat, compact. Use at home, in hotels, at the office, school or trips. Fine for camping—makes hot meals on the trail. Sterno Canned Heat provides the fuel. It is absolutely safe. No smoke, sparks, cinders. See the full line of Sterno Utensils at your local dealer's. And send 10¢ TODAY for Introductory Sterno Cook Stove and new STERNO COOK BOOK. Sterno of Canada, Limited.

MAIL NOW! STERNO Canadian Sales Agents Reynolds-Ritchie & Co., Ltd. Dept. M-29 10-16 McCaul St., Toronto, Canada. Gentlemen: Send me introductory Sterno Stove and New Cook Book.

CANNED HEAT

Name _____

Address _____

Devil Ride

Continued from page 17

of quittin', an' I'm supposed to be one of the first-rate trick men who can double also an' in fact do about anything to turn an honest dollar."

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"You remember a horse you was askin' me about once—a bad nag named Funeral? He'd killed Johnny Oakey."

I could only nod.

Well, last week over at the Newtown Fair," continued Tommy, "I took my turn in the saddle an' drew this Funeral. He's called Easy Money now. How's that for a joke? They've chipped th' big devil an' it's made his coat a sort of dirty brown black, like it will sometimes. they've touched his name and lorelon an' smeared over a Crowfoot T brand." Tommy Wire laughed without humor. "You see," he said, "a first-rate bucking horse is worth money. Money is money, an' not to be thrown away—at request. Of all th' dirty, double-crossin' tricks——"

"You're sure about this?" I asked.

"It's th' gospel," he vouched. "An' what can you do about it? Funeral will be gettin' his third man each of these days. He's a murderer. If ever there was such a thing as horseshide."

I took the first train over to Newtown and eased into the stable that had herdled the show stock.

"Listen! How about a big black killer in this show last week? He's called Funeral, renamed Easy Money. Where's he gone?"

I might have used more tact. I reckon. It would have saved me a thousand-mile trip or better, going and coming. But maybe the stableman didn't know anything, maybe he just made a mistake. It doesn't matter. Way south, in another State, I wasted four days trying to locate Easy Money in a country where he'd never been heard of. I remembered, too, that Tommy Wire hadn't seen the Fanning Kid even if he had found that Funeral horse. The two hadn't been together. I was lower than sea level in spirit that night when I wired a long night letter to the Old Man down in Texas, explaining everything. The gist of the thing was that I was coming home on the first train.

Twenty minutes before train time, the next morning, a reply came.

Easy Money busking in Tolville, Kansas, Rodeo this week. Meet me there, best hotel. Tully.

I'd forgotten the Old Man's newspapers.

OLD MAN TULLY came into Tolville not fifteen minutes behind me, because I'd just been up to the hotel room, washed and came down again when I bumped into him in the lobby. It was a Saturday mid-afternoon and a queer sultry kind of a day for fall weather to bring. Outside it was half cloudy, and just the feel of the air made a man nervous inside himself somehow. There might be a sticky hot lightning storm before sundown, or a blizzard—you couldn't tell which. But something was brewing in the air, and you knew it.

Wick find something to carry us to th' fair grounds,' snapped the Old Man. "An' quick!" He wasn't bothering with hellos and how-are-you's at the moment. He was dressed as he had left the home ranch—old wilted Stetson, overalls, boots that were run down at the heels. Two small boys who had evidently been forbidden to go to the fair, were waiting in the street watching for him to reappear. Before I could hail a taxi he was back at my side.

All the way out to the county fair grounds he sat in mute silence. Once I tried to talk, but I could see he didn't hear me. At the fair ground gates he went bursting through, and it took two uniformed cops to turn him. There was a kind of a dumb stunned look on his face when he finally understood that he couldn't get below the stands now, couldn't see any of the riders until the afternoon show was over.

"Hnt—hnt," he said, "there's a chance my boy's ridin'. It might be too late then. There's a horse called Funeral in big black killer. Two men have got it under his hoofs already."

"No horse by the name of Funeral in this show," said a smart-Alec gatekeeper.

The Old Man tried to explain, but it was no use. In a stunned, silent way he followed me into the stands. The Tolville fair grounds are a permanent thing, a half-mile race track, bleachers and the like. The Old Man sat down on a board seat like an antagonist, staring before him. The show was going on, trick roping at the moment. But he didn't see it. His eyes were centred on the makeshift corral that had been built just inside the inner track rail before the stands. There was a great, tall muscled black in there. I saw the horse too.

It was Funeral. I didn't doubt that for a moment, even if his clipped coat was a kind of dirty brown-black now. I knew the Old Man didn't.

It must have been moments before I looked at a programme. Something about the way this all had happened, the Old Man there beside me, the horse called Funeral out in the 'uckere' corral—well, those things somehow made me afraid to look. It seemed that the first name that would strike my eye would be that of the Fanning Kid from Texas. I was afraid. I sat with the paper there in my hands, folding and unfolding the sheet. Finally I made myself read.

But I was wrong. The Fanning Kid's name wasn't there among the entries. I scanned the list through twice. I was ready to tell the Old Man when my eye settled on another name.

Johnny Oakey.

Say, you could have knocked me out with a straw! Johnny Oakey, the Kid's pal, remember, had been dead two or three months now! Longer, I guess. But there had to be an explanation somewhere. Then I knew what it was.

Maybe I would never have recognized the Kid any other way. He had changed so much. Eighteen now—but to look at him, you would have said twenty-five. There was a streak of gold in one side of his mouth, where the white had been knocked out. He had a limp—from the Omaha fall, probably—and his face was set and hard. Kind of like the Old Man's in that, but it nevertheless looked old. He wore a pair of grimy lawn show britches and a big pearl-grey hat. He hadn't grown much since I'd seen him last, that day when he was riding away.

The Kid passed close to us before the stand. The Old Man's fingers, clamped suddenly into the flesh of my arm, felt like the jaws of a steel trap. His mouth worked, but words didn't come—only the thick sound of his breathing.

The trick roping was over. The announcer began to speak. He had some sort of a radio apparatus over him that magnified the words, so the crowd could get them. There was a sign underneath advertising the local radio dealer. But something was wrong with the machine, because the words buzzed and hissed. Maybe it was the day—sticky hot, with thin grey clouds overhead that the sun shone through just enough to make shadow. I mean that maybe it was the electrical something in the day, the same thing that made the crowd nervous and the show stock restive and fretful. The instrument squawked when the announcer tried to speak.

Two bronc men rode, and one of them was pretty good. It wasn't a bad show, as the small money went goes.

Over in the makeshift corral they were getting that vicious black devil into the chute, putting the hack on him. I reckon there wasn't the least bit more doubt in the Old Man's mind as to who was going to climb aboard that black killer, than there was in mine. It would be the Kid. Whether he'd drawn the black, or whether he'd bribed one of the boys to trade with him, I never knew. I didn't



In the Shelburne, N. S., fire hall rests one of the first, if not the first fire engine to be used in Canada. It was until about fifty years ago, this pioneer fire fighter was presented to the town in 1783 by King George the Third of England.

Custom beauty sleeve-valve power

in the complete WILLYS-KNIGHT *Line*

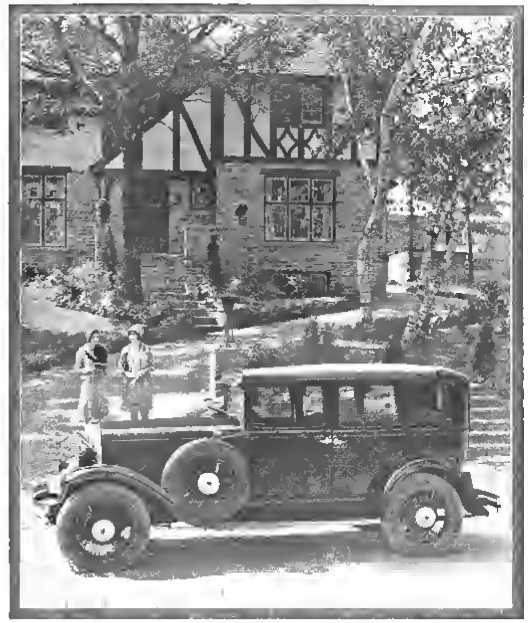
. . . FROM THE LOW-PRICED "70-B" TO THE LUXURIOUS NEW GREAT SIX.

THE beauty and style of the new Willys-Knight, the power, smoothness and economy of the patented double sleeve-valve engine, are now available in two lines of ultra-modern motor cars—the popular low-priced "70-B" and the distinctively beautiful Great Six.

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Great Six Sedan (illustrated below) $2575. 4 passenger Coupe, 5 passenger Coupe, Roadster and Touring at same price. 6 wire wheels, trunk rack included. All Willys Knight prices f. o. b. Factory, Toronto. Taxes extra. Willys Overland Sales Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



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FLIT

"The yellow can with the black band"

ON YOUR RADIO
Every Wednesday night, fun, music and song by the "FLIT SOLDIERS."

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know that the Kid had only been out of the hospital three days and that his ribs were still bandaged but this was also true

MINUTES seemed to follow each other a long, long way apart. The Old Man's face looked like stone, carved white marble.

"Johnny Oakey riding Easy Money," bawled the announcer. The words hissed, sputtered. We saw the Kid again, over beside the chute, feeling his cinch, fatigue. The announcer was one of those funny birds. "Johnny Oakey aboard the hurricane deck of Easy Money," he bellowed, sputtering. "Easy Money! Watch close now, folks. Don't let him steal any leather."

The crowd in the stands twittered nervously because they knew it was meant for a joke. I heard later that the announcer was the mayor of Tolville, and people thought they should laugh if he meant for them to. But the Old Man didn't know this. His face turned from white to red. He stood slowly up, shaking and lifted his two arms. The thing was more of a surprise to me than anybody else, I reckon.

"Easy Money!" he yelled, and his voice sounded louder than the radio apparatus and it didn't have. "You lie, mister. That horse is Funeral! Funeral, I said! That's my boy ridin' him too—the Fannin' Kid, from Texas. He don't steal leather, Mister. Ride 'im, Kid!" he shouted.

Did the crowd laugh? They turned round in their seats and roared. Old Man Tully was dressed just like he'd come from the ranch, you know, and for him to yell a thing like that, call Tolville's mayor a liar, in fact—well! And in the rear of the stands the Kid came out of the chute, riding Funeral. I reckon he'd heard, too.

A kind of sob broke in the Old Man's throat and he grabbed at me for support.

Well, heard the crowd laugh, heard them roar. We heard the stands go utterly silent now. So still and quiet that you heard just the thud, pound, smash of Funeral's murderous hoofs slashing the dust. The pick-up men was riding close. A cowboy behind had his rope down, the loop free, ready.

The Kid might have been riding a hurricane deck; he might have been riding anything. Few men ever rode Funeral clean until the whistle blew. That horse was a vicious, furry, big powerful as hithe and swift as the mountain cats in the Oregonas where he'd run wild from a two- to a five-year-old. He had every trick in the trade of outlaw horses trained to buck, and beside this, his heart was wicked. You could see the way his hoofs went at first—he meant to send a man off where they would catch and trample him.

A rodeo isn't for this sort of thing although I suppose the crowd often enough doesn't see the difference. I've read about those old contests they once had, way back yonder, in Rome—gladiators, the tined fork and net fights, and such. Barbarous, they're called. Well all I can say is that a rodeo is for sport, and that horses like Funeral don't belong in it.

He was death, this terrible black! A pounding, screaming monster of black fury and hate. Whoever had named him Funeral had been right.

You could see the elastic, curling snap he put into the peak of each plunge. He would land with forelegs stiff as hammering rams and crouch like a cat for the next leap. He knew the tricks and he was a devil inside himself. It looked like the Kid was suspended in air sometimes, over that arched, astapulting back; it looked like the Kid and the saddle were about to fly off into space together. I don't see why they didn't. That horse could roll in the air, shiver and double as fast as anything alive.

Somebody in the stands let out a cheer. But the crowd, as a whole, was too interested to cheer, too breathless. Old Man Tully didn't move a straining muscle, a nerve. Only, big, lopsided, salty tears were running down his cheeks.

It couldn't have been much over a minute until the whistle blew, even if it did seem like an hour. The Kid had made his ride, now, he could pull leather, jump clear, fall off anything, and it wouldn't affect the judges' decision. The pick-up men spurred forward, ready to lift the Kid bodily from that torturing saddle. The whistle shrieked a second time. The pick-up men cut in close.

I saw the Kid push the man away with one stiff, out-flung arm. Then the black was against the rail of the track. He doubled clear, screamed in anger. The pick-up men made a second attempt to lift the Kid bodily from the saddle. The whistle had gone wild. The announcer was bellowing something into that squawky horn.

Then the crowd suddenly got the idea. It suddenly realized that the Kid was riding the black to a standstill, whistles, pick-up men, ethics and all else be damned! It was a ride to the end, and the crowd went wild for a second.

The Kid didn't pull leather. But I saw that his nose was bleeding, streaking his lips and spattering into his eyes. A man doesn't want to ride much more after that happens. It's mighty dangerous. It means that he's been shook up so hard that things are breaking inside. It's bad. But the Kid did ride.

I heard later that Funeral as far as it was known, had never been ridden to a standstill. He was tottering now. Only the black heart of the devil kept his muscles alive. He crow-hopped down the length of the bucking arena. The cowboy with the rope was afraid to throw, for fear the black would catch the Kid in the coil. The pick-up men made a third attempt to pull the Kid from the saddle, but he didn't succeed. It was a ride to the end, weak as both were.

But it didn't look like much now. Funeral was almost done. Yet anybody who's rode knows what each of those spent jumps and plunges left like to the Kid: each left like it was pulling his body apart, muscle by muscle, shred on shred.

With a final great shudder of his body, the black reared. Deliberately, with a last ounce of strength, he threw himself backward to crush the Kid under him. He stood suspended in the air, on his hindhoofs, for a split second, and his big brute body seemed to collapse from within as he went on over.

It was this, perhaps that gave the Kid his chance, because he seemed too weak and stunned to fling himself free. He came out of the saddle and the black fell away from him. Just a leg was pinned.

THEY say the Old Man threw people right and left as he went down through the stands. I don't know, but I know we went through without any trouble. The black hadn't moved. We had to get a rail to pry his body off the Kid's leg.

That's about all there is to the story. Officially, because the Kid had entered under that name in his last ride, it was Johnny Oakey astride a horse called Easy Money. But some crook lost the price of a large evening's entertainment when Easy Money did get to his feet. They say that big spectacular brute brought $20 from a corn farmer. The buck was gone from him.

The Old Man, salty-eyed, grabbed the Kid's shoulder. "I could hide the daylights out of you for this," he bellowed.

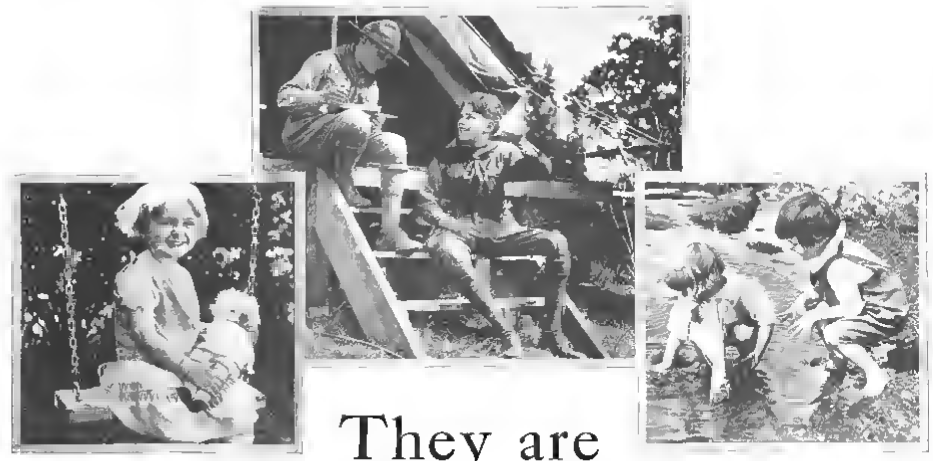
"Yes, sir," mumbled the hard-faced Kid, who looked to be twenty-five. You could see the gold teeth under his bloody lips. He was quivering with weakness.

"You're comin' home with me an' Wick on th' next train."

"Yes, sir, pa."

"You're stayin' on th' Crowfoot from now on. Hear me?"

"Yes, sir, pa. Home will look right good."



They are Boys and Girls so short a time

See that home movies keep for you their wonderful childhood days

FOR a brief today, they are your carefree, rollicking children. And almost before you realize it, those youngsters will be men and women—living perhaps, many miles away, married and with children of their own. Then, what will you have left to bring back their wonderful childhood days?

There is so much that you want to keep. Junior rocing down the drive, astride his kiddie-car, swinging the biggest bat in the hall game; winning high school letter. Jane pulling the ribbon of her first "Jack Horner Pie," nimbly skipping rope, her long legs flying; strutting about in her first high heeled shoes. These and all the countless other important events in their busy lives are much too precious to entrust to mere unreliable memory.

If you would re-create at will these priceless moments, see that you make home movies of your boys and girls. Don't let another day slip by, for surely you want to record an permanent film the whole thrilling panorama of their childhood, from baby days to adolescence.

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You can make home movies with the Ciné-Kodak as easily as you now make snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you. The result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of home movie cameras. You simply point it and press the lever.

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A Gladiolus Wizard

Continued from page 39

Africa. Cormels of one variety of the *Primulinus* were sold by Mr. Groff for export at a price of $500 for a small quantity. For many years he supplied high class hotels and commercial florists in Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere with cut bloom to an amount more than sufficient to pay his annual wage bill.

He had early arranged with Campbell Brothers, of Simcoe, florists, to act as his Canadian representatives. With both the United States and Canadian trade taken care of, he directed his whole attention to the foreign markets, the handling of which he retained for himself. His export catalogue went to nearly every country in the Old World. His annual shipments to Australia, New Zealand, England, France, Holland, Germany and many other countries ran into extensive figures. Groff Hybrids were conspicuously displayed in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, Eng., Imperial Botanic Gardens, Tokyo, Japan, and the Public Gardens of Johannesburg. He had over 300 correspondents in different parts of the world.

Meanwhile, inspired by his success at the Pan American Exposition, Mr. Groff continued his exhibits at all the leading flower shows in Canada and the United States. The height of distinction attained by the Groff gladioli is well illustrated by the following list of his winnings: Grand Prize, World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Gold Medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909. Gold Medal, Jamestown, Virginia, Tercentennial Exposition, 1907; first prize and Gold Medal, Canadian National Exhibition, 1913 and 1915; five first prizes, American Gladiolus Society, Rochester, N.Y., 1910; awards by the Society of American florists on six different occasions; awards of merit by the Canadian Horticultural Association. Two Gold Medals, Two Silver Medals and Two Medals of Honor at the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition. In 1925 he was awarded the Carter Gold Medal by the Canadian Horticultural Council for distinguished service to the cause of horticulture in Canada. A signal honor came to him as early as 1902, when he attended the International Plant Breeders' Conference in New York City. He was named with Prof. Bailey, recognized as the outstanding biologist in America, and Prof. Hayes, who later became Assistant Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, on a committee to confer with the Department at Washington with a view to establishing an organization to secure the experienced service of independent investigators in the development of plant life. At this conference Mr. Groff created a sensation by exhibiting a specimen of twin cormels. These had been produced by him by breeding from parents of multiplied floral pieces. The leading plant breeders of the United States had never heard of such a thing.

He Turns His Back on World Renown

TWENTY-FIVE years passed. The young Canadian, who in 1890 without experience or tuition began the hybridization of the gladiolus in a small way, had attained his goal. He had startled the horticultural world by his daring experiments in developing hitherto unknown species of his favorite plant. His name was associated with the gladiolus wherever it was grown. He had made a small fortune for himself as well as for Mr. Cowee.

During these years Mr. Groff issued thousands of bulletins and delivered many addresses to plant breeders throughout America, dealing intelligently and exhaustively with the general truths and principles of plant breeding deduced from his own discoveries in hybridizing the gladiolus. At a convention of the International Plant Breeders Association in New York in 1902 attended by the most eminent breeders in the world, he threw a bombshell among his great audience when he exploded in convincing terms the theory held by most hybridists up to that time that the most valuable results were obtained by breeding back to the "wild" species. He pointed out that his own originating plants of greatest vigor and vitality had been produced by crossing "tame" species. Shortly afterward the Department of Agriculture at Washington paid a notable tribute to him when it declared: "The Groff gladiolus will solve one of the most important points in the breeding of plant and animal life." The Department sent one of its most distinguished specialists, Prof. Horten, to make a microscopic examination of his work.

By 1914 Mr. Groff had reached the peak of his career. He was independently rich and his name was firmly established in the world of plant breeders. Suddenly he announced his impending retirement from what had been virtually his life's work. He had neglected his banking career to devote the best years of his life to hybridization of the gladiolus. But a quarter of a century in this exacting profession was sufficient even for a man of Mr. Groff's dynamic energy. "Frankly, I was tired," he now declares in retrospection. "I felt that I had made some little contribution to the science of plant breeding and perhaps had brought some honor to my home town and country. I was satisfied to stop."

He sold his entire stock of cormels, turning over to Campbell Brothers the most valuable hybrids and granting them the right to carry on his foreign trade. In a few months war broke out in Europe, so that from a financial viewpoint, Mr. Groff was not a loser. He returned to his bank to which he devoted all his attention until a few years ago when he retired from active business life. Having reached the seventieth year of an extremely busy life, he wanted to enjoy a well-earned rest.

The Old Lure

BUT his inborn desire to fathom Nature's secrets as contained in plant life proved irresistible. For many years he had been endeavoring to develop by hybridization a new and superior type of corn. He now concentrated on this effort, and today he is about to realize another dream. His corn, known as Groff's Golden, has already made a record in private consumption both in the United States and Canada. For flavor and tenderness it is unexcelled. In 1928 the Canadian Canners purchased 17,200 pounds of shelled corn from eighteen pounds of the Groff seed. An Ottawa seed firm is featuring it in its catalogues. Of this corn its author states: "I crossed Golden Bantam (female) with Black Mexican (male). It required years to eliminate the resulting black grains also the pure white grains, all of which were discarded as useless. I have now the specimen for which I have striven."

Mr. Groff's present hobby is the Iris and in the last three years he has assembled one of the largest collections in Canada. He has imported roots from England, France, Germany, Japan and the United States. They include the most valuable specimens on the market for breeding. For two roots of a French variety he paid forty dollars apiece. But he is reticent about this new enterprise. "I am not talking yet about the Iris. I have produced material, however, that cannot be bought in the market of the world at any price. My chief ambition is to develop a distinctive Canadian grown Iris."

So we find this man in his seventy-sixth year a time when most men cease dirting with new ambitions, brushing with the leading scientific minds of the world and intent upon bringing added lustre to the name of Canada.

What manner of man is this you ask? Simply an individual with an overwhelming desire to add to the scientific knowledge of mankind. That he still seeks new fields to conquer is characteristic of the man. One of his co-workers tells how for many years in the summer months he was always in his garden before 5 a.m., and how on many an early morning in August, while handling dewy flowers he had to run up and down between the rows and swing his arms to keep his fingers warm. Mr. Groff is one of those rare individuals who can travel at high speed indefinitely and yet sacrifice nothing to accuracy and thoroughness. His genius is widely recognized but it was equally the intense application and extreme attention to detail with which he prosecuted his work that brought forth his notable achievements in gladiolus improvement.

Nor have the years robbed him of his untiring energy, his penetration of mind or his perhaps of purpose. Today, at seventy-six, his tall, spare figure can be seen at almost any hour between early morning and dusk, working with machine-like precision on bended knees between the rows of plants in his garden. He is a veritable human dynamo, a never-failing reservoir of energy, driving along at high speed and under a tension that would break the ordinary man. Fortunately, his strong physique has been attuned to meet the requirements of a mental equipment that will break no opposition in its marching quest for scientific knowledge of plant life.

A Triumph of Method

THE methods by which Mr. Groff achieved his success in gladiolus breeding are no secret and are easily explained. In the first place, his operations were systematized to the highest degree and his extreme care and thoroughness were not less noteworthy than his extraordinary expedition. Nothing was left to chance. In the heyday of his career he employed a score or more of workmen in his gardens, but although he delegated certain authority to his foremen, he was in close and constant touch with all the operations. His plan of hybridizing was almost incredibly intensive, and one learns with amazement that his plantings never exceeded three acres in extent.

Mr. Groff used tools of his own invention which were fashioned by local workmen under his personal supervision. For instance, he had screens made for use in the fall when the cormels were dug. These had to be thoroughly sifted to separate them from the small pebbles. All of his appliances were designed for speed and efficiency, on which he insisted above everything.

For the actual work of hybridizing he wore belts like cartridge belts made from sections of three-quarter inch rubber hose. He kept two of these on the go in the pollenizing season. On his first trip through the breeding blocks early in the morning he would fill one belt with anthers, which were then set aside until the following morning when the pollen would be ready for use. He would then don the second belt filled with anthers from the day before, with pollen ready for pollenizing, and go carefully through the block of mother plants, usually planted in an isolated place where he bees especially for the purpose.

At the very beginning Mr. Groff had selected a certain type of gladiolus he saw as the Gandavensis Section and concentrated upon it. This gladiolus had come originally from two wild species. But years of inbreeding had deprived it of its vitality. Mr. Groff determined to restore it.

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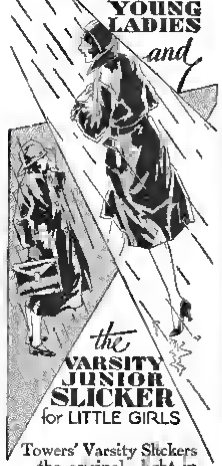
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VARSITY SLICKERS
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Towers' Varsity Slickers —the original—light in weight and smartly tailored — attractive color combinations — guaranteed to keep the rain out. Get the genuine. Tower Canadian Limited, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Saint John and Montreal.

"The Rainy Day Pal"
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Enemies
of Eyes are sun, wind and dust. Fight them!

When your Eyes become bloodshot from the irritating effects of wind and dust, use *Murine*. It quickly relieves this unattractive condition, as well as Eye strain caused by the glare of the sun. This long-trusted lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

His acreage was divided into two distinct departments, the one devoted to experimental plots and the other, much smaller in area, to his breeding blocks. These were subdivided into color sections. For instance, one block comprised only blue, another white and a third red gladiolus hybrids. Quantity production was relied on to show up the extremes of variation and to produce the finest types possible from the material used as parents. Mr. Groff did not keep individual records of crosses, but conducted cross-pollination within the color groups only, but on a large scale.

His method of selecting outstanding seedlings differed widely from that in use today. He allowed all the bulbs and cormels from a given group to increase together, and was not unduly impressed by an individual spike of bloom which might happen to appear outstanding. When, however, he found within a group several outstanding blooms of one kind, he would know that he had something really worth while. He would then begin isolating the variety and would consequently start with several best bulbs instead of only one as modern breeders do.

Scouting for Perfection

EVERY morning during the summer season Mr. Groff made the rounds of his entire plantation. His trips through the main body of his garden were in the autumn of scouting expeditions to discover new blooms that gave promise of proving useful in hybridizing work. He carried wired wooden labels painted in several colors. He would walk between two rows of blooming seedlings and each plant would receive a label indicating the color mixture to which it belonged. He would place this label temporarily in the angle between a flower bud and the stem. It would be wired to the stem of the plant below the leaves by two nods, which followed him for the purpose, one to each row. Extra fine plants would receive a special mark and would be entered in his notebook. Following the inspection all flowers would be cut, the "Specials" taken for observation to a colorium built for the purpose and all others sold.

The most fascinating part of the work, however, and that requiring the most expert knowledge was the process of hybridization carried on in the breeding blocks. Mr. Groff would go through these carefully though swiftly every morning between the hours of eight and nine o'clock. At this time the others were ready to shed their pollen. He would remove the male organs from the plants which he judged to be of a superior type and place them in his belt in their respective color sections. An assistant followed him to remove all remaining anthers in the breeding blocks. Thus every single plant was emasculated and the anthers carefully set aside for use on the following day.

The next step was the actual application of pollen from the previous day's anthers to the female plants. Both in removing the anthers and in applying the pollen, Mr. Groff used a specially-made pair of silver pincers which enabled him to snap off the anthers gently and apply the pollen to the pistils with discriminating care. Throughout the season, as new blooms appeared and old ones disappeared this procedure was carried on. Of course, fertilization never took place in many instances, but with thousands of blooms at his disposal Mr. Groff was always sure of satisfying results.

In early fall the harvest of seeds began. Not a single seed was permitted to evade the grasp of Mr. Groff for it might mean thousands of dollars to him. They were carefully stored away in a dry place during the winter and in the spring they were sown in seed beds specially prepared for the purpose. Thence sprang the tiny seedlings which in the course of another year would yield the blossoms so expectantly awaited by the hybridizer. Perhaps a hundred of them would measure up to the required standard and would be included in the official list of Groff hybrids. One or two varieties might eventually become world known. The cormels of these new varieties would then find a place in the breeding blocks.

The achieved, Mr. Groff turned again to the season's arduous tasks to the goal of bringing into being another set of new varieties. His list ultimately featured 1,700 varieties, although, as previously stated, he produced in all over one million new hybrids. The commercial end was of lesser interest. As the years passed he left that phase to his Canadian and American representatives. Naturally, he produced untold quantities of cormels, for instance his hybrid "America" yielded over 250 cormels at the base of each plant. But he was more concerned about the originating of new species.

Honored by his Peers

HIS ideal was a flower suited to the commercial flower trade. A few of his hybrids for this purpose are worth mentioning as they are so well known to flower lovers. His "Peace" a perfect white, and "Dawn" a delicate salmon had a great vogue for many years; his "Alba Dea" is proclaimed the finest florist's white on the market. "Golden Dream" is the finest tall-growing deep yellow in commerce. "Century" an exquisite mauve-pink, quite at home in the best of company. "Lonvon" the best all-round commercial pink in the trade, and "Groff's Majestic" the most popular red ever produced.

The value placed upon the Groff gladiolus by present-day growers is indicated by this statement from a prominent Ontario hybridizer: "The strains developed by Mr. Groff are a valuable contribution to those who are now trying to breed more beautiful gladioli. In strength and vigor of plant and the purity of colors, the Groff stock is surpassed by none. In hybridizing I always try to have one parent of the Groff stock."

J. W. Crow, a leading hybridizer of the gladiolus and formerly professor at the Ontario Agricultural College, after studying the methods and achievements of Mr. Groff, remarked recently: "It would be difficult to express in print the pleasure and powers of perception and judgment with which Mr. Groff approaches gladiolus varieties. His rating of a new specimen is instantaneous and uncanny in its accuracy. He is by far the best judge of the gladiolus with whom I have ever come in contact."

The American Gladiolus Society, in electing him to honorary membership in that organization paid him a tribute of singular worth. This action was taken as an expression of appreciation from gladiolus lovers wheresoever dispersed throughout the earth, though expressed through this Society for the wonderful work you have done for this our flower."

This mark of esteem is ranked by Mr. Groff along with a more familiar one which found expression from the lips of Fred W. T. Mecann, Dominion Horticulturist, at the time he presented the Carter Medal—awarded for meritorious service to Canadian horticulture—to the distinguished hybridizer in September, 1928:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

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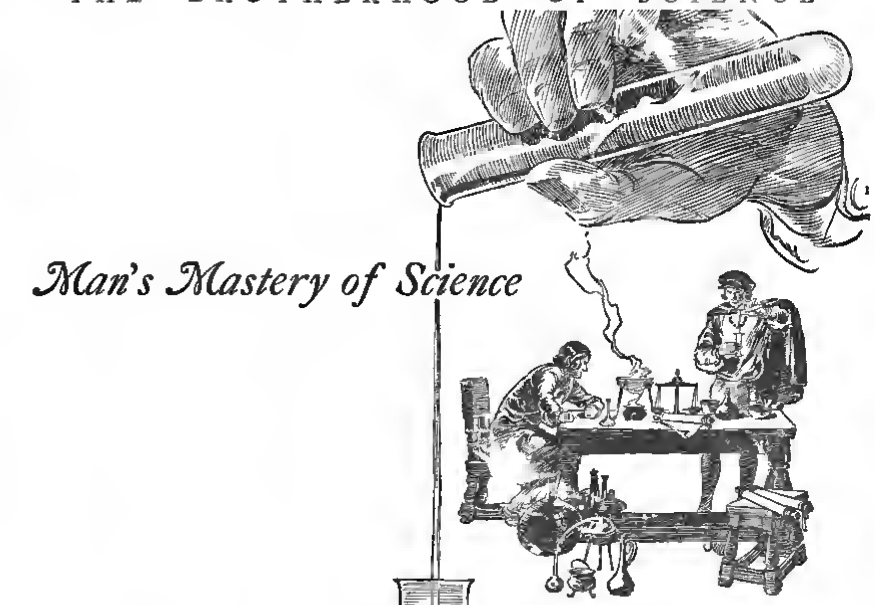
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Battling the Bug Battalions

Continued from page 19

subject in so brief a space. Likewise it is difficult to give in one article a fair summary of the work being done by the Entomological Branch at Ottawa. Perhaps the chief interest will centre not so much upon the scientists and the branch as upon the insects which they strive to control. Among the most destructive are the corn borer, grasshopper, army worm, potato stem-borer, carrot rust fly, Hessian fly, cutworm, wireworm, wheat stem maggot, chinch bug and the clover seed midge. Of these the corn borer, the chinch bug and the Hessian fly are not native to this continent. The others, however, preceded man in the possession of this continent, and were ready and waiting for the greater opportunities which were presented by the cultivation of the soil.

The Borer—Arch Foe

THE corn borer bears a name as dreaded and fearful in the corn growing belt of Ontario as was the name of Douglas along the border marches of England. The ravages of this pest have reduced Ontario's corn acreage from 449,178 acres in 1920 to 326,664 acres in 1927, and the yield per acre from 6.45 tons to 7.57 tons. There are many corn-growing areas in Ontario to which the borer has not spread, owing to the rigid control measures of the Federal and provincial governments. In the infested area which borders on Lake Erie the acreage fell by more than fifty per cent and the yield to a greater degree. Canning factories which once were prosperous are bankrupt and hundreds of employed are seeking work elsewhere.

Last summer a farmer from Essex county—at one time the greatest corn growing county in Canada—came to Ottawa and the greatest moment on his trip was when he entered corn on the sub. He heard that since the advent of the borer corn had not been eaten in Essex county.

What sort of insect is this destroyer, and whence came it?

The corn borer gained entry to North America in 1908. In that year there occurred a shortage of broom corn in Canada and the United States. By broom corn is meant the corn stocks which are used in production of household brooms and whisks. Broom manufacturers imported corn stalks from Austria-Hungary and these stalks were infected with the malignant borer. No variety of corn is immune from their attacks. Fields of forty and fifty acres have been so badly infected that at the end of the growing season they appeared, while yet green as though they had been pasture for hogs, and were of no value whatever. As many as 115 borers have been found in a single stalk. The corn borer was first detected on this continent in the State of Massachusetts. Its spread at first was slow. However, as it gained in numbers and strength and became acclimatized it conquered new areas more rapidly.

Just how it entered Canada is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps it came direct from Austria to a little broom factory at St. Thomas. There is also ground for the belief that it came from the United States. In doing so, the insect profited by a combination of circumstances so remarkable as to be scarcely believable.

The Pirate Invades Ontario

THE first outbreak in Canada was discovered about eleven years after the insect had been found in Massachusetts. In the meantime it had spread north through the State of New York to the shores of Lake Erie. The subsequent events probably occurred in this manner. A stook of corn badly infested with borers, was blown from a cornfield close to the United States side of Lake Erie into the water. This frail bark, freighted with a more ruthless and ferocious crew than ever was carried by pirate ship on the Spanish Main, was blown to and fro across the lake, buffeted by storms, hemmed by keels of cargo ships. Finally, by a tragic stroke of circumstance it was thrown high up on the Canadian shore by a mighty wave in one of the autumn gales which swept the lakes in that year. It rested close to a cornfield in the county of Haldimand. The sodden stalks dried, and the fiery sun in the following year warmed the caterpillars into life. The moths appeared and flew out over the richest corn producing area of Ontario, and thereafter, until last year, the corn production waned and the massed efforts of the scientists of the Federal and Provincial governments have been arrayed against this carrier of hover and destruction.

From these small beginnings—a few thousand borers imported in 1908—has grown up a mighty horde of insects. The infected area gradually spread. Today thirteen states across the boundary are fighting the borer, and the entire corn-growing area of southwestern Ontario has been infected. The United States government spent $10,000,000 in 1927 in an attempt to restrict the borer to the area already infected. The Canadian Government, through the Entomology Branch, is exerting every effort to prevent the borer spreading westward to Manitoba and Saskatchewan and corn-growing areas in eastern Canada. All infected areas are quarantined and the movement of corn or parts of the plant from such areas is prohibited.

Two measures of control were devised. The borer winters in the stalk. If every vestige of the stalk, including stubble and shaft, is destroyed the borer will also be killed. The Ontario Legislature has enacted a law which compels farmers to clean up cornfields. This law was enforced at first despite the complaints of the farmers. Not infrequently the provincial inspectors were defied by farmers and the police had to be summoned. That was before the ruinous activities of the borer were appreciated. Today, farmers realize that unless the borer is conquered their cornfields will be a total loss.

WHILE farmers were being taught to fight the borer by cleaner methods of farming, the entomologists searched Europe for a parasite which lived on the destroyer. They found several and the most promising is known as the *Exorister Roborator*, a fairly large and wasp-like fly. It is the deadly foe of the borer. This fly is armed with a long lance. It is delicately sensitized so that it can detect the presence of a borer within the cornstalk. Once detected the parasite performs its function in an efficient and yet horrible manner. It plunges its lance through the stalk and into the vitals of the borer, keeping it there, however the victim may squirm, until it has lord its eggs. These eggs hatch in due time and the young parasites gain in strength in their early hours of life by eating out the vitals of the borer.

The first shipment of these parasites was carefully packed with sufficient borer-infected cornstalks to keep the parasites alive, and were sent to this continent. Although enfeebled by the change in climate the parasites lived and reproduced. In 1923 the Federal government entomologists liberated 120,000 parasites in the borer infected area of Ontario and recent inspections show they are getting acclimatized and probably will soon become firmly established. The parasite is perfectly harmless to field crops. After several years intermittent

MacLean's Magazine, September 1, 1929

PACKARD



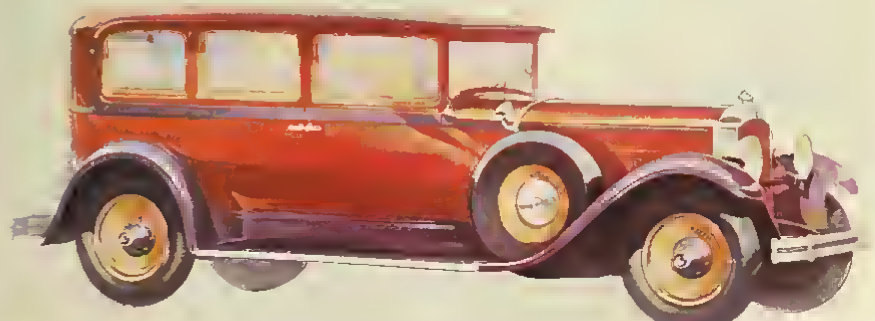
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Continued from page 50

effort, the menace of the loser is at last being removed. corn acreage once more is on the increase in the Niagara peninsula and the future looks brighter.

Another Marauder From Europe

THE Hessian fly is another destroyer which has exacted a terrible toll from the wheat fields of this continent. It attacks wheat in its early stages of growth. The fly, like the borer, is a native of Europe. It was first carried to North America in 1776, when the British government dispatched Hessian troops to aid in quelling the rebellion of the colonists. Concealed in the army supplies which came with those troops was a ravager destined to destroy wealth upon a scale in comparison with which the cost of the revolutionary war is as a match flare to a forest fire. The Hessian fly found a bountiful sanctuary in wheat fields nearby the battlefields of the revolution. Gradually it spread westward following the conquest of the plow into the central and mid-western states of the union and finally northward into Canada. In the first 124 years of its career in North America, the Hessian fly destroyed crops to the extent of $100,000,000. Destruction in this century is estimated to have at least doubled this total.

Then there is the wheat-stem sawfly which has preyed for years upon the wheat crop of western Canada. In 1921, the damage caused by this insect was estimated at $2,000,000 and in 1926 the losses in Saskatchewan alone were reported by Federal entomologists at $12,000,000. This was an insect which for many years defied control efforts of the scientists. Then one of the Federal entomologists made a discovery which has saved the Dominion hundreds of thousands of dollars. Like many another discovery this one was the fruit of painstaking study and reflection. It was observed that the grubs of the sawfly do not cut the stems of the wheat until the plants begin to lose their sap. Farmers were advised to cut their grain a little on the green side. In this way the menace of the sawfly is removed and another barrier to successful agriculture overcome.

However the worst insect plague which has ever afflicted the prairie provinces occurred in the years 1916-1923 when hordes of grasshoppers coming from the south swept bare the southern fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The loss of one half the grain crop appeared to many to be inevitable. The three provincial and the federal governments at once formulated a concerted plan of defense. The insects were attacked. A new and particularly deadly poison bait was devised and upward of 75,000 tons of it were shipped to the infected area. The grasshoppers were killed, and crops within the area estimated to be worth $80,000,000 were saved. The cost of the campaign was $1,200,000. Again in 1924, there was another outbreak of grasshoppers. This time it was in British Columbia. Poison was sent promptly and the danger averted. There is no longer need to fear the grasshopper. But adequate time to prepare poison and distribute it is required if outbreaks are to be quelled without damage to crops. Hence the border patrol.

Cutworms are another scourge of field crops. There are several varieties. The red-backed cutworm was very active in Saskatchewan in 1925 and 1926 causing damage to grain crops estimated at $5,000,000. The pale western cutworm is another destroyer which has been very active in the prairie provinces. The army worm is yet another variety which makes occasional destructive forays into Canada. Control of these insects is being sought by means of poison bait.

In guarding the field crops of Canada, the entomologists do not forget the insects which prey upon human beings and animals. War has been waged persistently upon the house fly. Various toxic sprays, now in common use, have been evolved. The mosquito, also, is being attacked successfully.

Often control of insect and animal pests is made more difficult by the activities of well-meaning but ill-informed citizens. There are those for example, who shoot crows in ignorance of the splendid work these birds perform in assisting to control the army cutworm. Gulls have been known to subdue a rising plague of grasshoppers. Then there is the oft told story of the farmer who shot the weasel because he lost a few chickens, only to lose more from the rats which the weasel had preyed upon. After all, the most efficient destroyers of insects are their natural enemies—the birds, frogs and toads. These should be fostered and not slain, for man needs every ally in his fight against the bug battalions.

The Man With A Memory

Continued from page 3

two hours solid—and full of joyful anticipation down I went to my cabin—opened the suitcase and put in my hand—the blasted thing was still there.

That night I thought I'd pretend to get fuddled in the bar and to make my interested party believe I'd sleep well and good—but I did more than pretend. The stuff laid me out, and I had to be carried to my stateroom, and that on board of a Spanish ship—you may guess how the news spread!

I woke up in the morning feeling sure I had been doped—I'm pretty sure of it still—and out of my bunk I got with a heart uplifted, as you may say, and into the suitcase I popped my hand—it was still there.

I could have cried.

In the saloon at breakfast she wasn't there. she was one of those people who have no use for breakfast. If she had been I had it in my heart to have gone and fetched the thing and laid it on her plate as a present.

However, things were moving though I didn't know it. So was the ship.

We'd struck a streak of bad weather and the sea had risen, giving us a roll, and as it was pouring rain on deck with a cold wind from the Andes coming back to my stateroom I didn't use the deck, but came along the starboard alley-way, and as I came a roll of the ship flung a door half open. It was the door of the purser's cabin, and what did I see but the purser in his big overcoat just come down from above and the girl!

The cabin was on the leeward side of the ship, and the cabin port was open, and there was the girl. She was still dressed in the evening toga she always wore at night—a green dress it was and pearls. She'd evidently never gone to bed, and I could judge that by the glimpse I had of her face as well as by her dress. And it didn't want more than a glimpse to tell that she and the purser were quarrelling, standing face to face and she holding a bunch of papers, as if threatening to throw them out of the port.

I heard him say in Spanish, "Don't! I'll take the five hundred dollars." Then came another roll and the door clapped to, and I went on.

They hadn't seen me. The whole thing hadn't taken more than ten seconds, but, as the story book writers say, it was a revelation.

I said to myself when I got back to my stateroom: "Why was she in evening dress? Why didn't she go to bed last night?" I soon found the why—for an idea at the back of my head made me risk the envelope out of my suitcase and tear it open.

There was nothing but some blank paper inside.

Then I sat down on the side of my bunk and did a chuckle.

Last night was the night, and she and the purser between them had done the trick. I examined the envelope. It had been steamed open evidently as I had done it and the gum giving out had been regummed, for there was a tiny blob of gum—no bigger than twice the size of a pin's head—close to the flap and still moist.

I threw the papers and envelope out of the port hole and set down to smoke the first comfortable pipe on that trip.

Well, sir, there it was all wound up to go. When we reached Valdivia and she'd paid the purser his five hundred dollars, she'd hoist back to El Passo with those papers and kidnap Alvarez, either by shewing them to Gomez or blackmailing him white.

And now that the thing was done, my mind gave a kick against the idea of Alvarez being had like that. I'm not a moral man, not in a general way, still I didn't like it, and I fenced off my dislike of it with the idea that when the thing was over and Olivio in power I'd see to it that Alvarez got some sort of compensation—if he hadn't been shot first.

But God disposes.

Not one of us or that ship, neither the girl nor the purser nor myself, knew that old man Gomez had got wind at the fact that a treasonable document was on board the *La Paz*, and that after us was coming a thirty-knot destroyer.

NOW what would be the use of that, you'll say, since the *La Paz* was a Spanish ship out of territorial waters and a thousand miles away from Salamander? You wait. Las Casas is an island on the trade track to Valdivia and Salamander owns it, just as Ecuador owns the Galapagos islands.

Old man President Gomez had sent after us not only a destroyer, but wireless instructions through the Spanish shipping company to call at Las Casas for extra cargo.

People wondered why Gomez kept the presidency so long. Well, he did it because he was a genius in his way, and this was one of his strokes. Those orders had come crackling on board during the night, when I was lying doped and being robbed, and there was nothing in them to give the purser or anyone else alarm.

Well, the day passed and the following night, and next morning early in we came to Las Casas and anchored in the nice little harbor where the guano is loaded—it's a guano island which brings thirty thousand a year to the state. Captain goes ashore and finds instructions by wireless to wait for the ship which is due with the extra cargo to be taken on board. Comes back, and scarcely has he got on deck when in comes the destroyer hand over fist, drops her anchor and boards us all at a stroke.

The Salamander naval officers are fine chaps and wear gold dirks at their belts, same as the Ingelsevian navy officers. Chap like a withered apple, with a gold dirk at his belt, comes along our deck with our captain.

Orders are all passengers' cabins to be closed for search, and at the word, that darn girl who was on deck gives the whole show away against herself by flopping down in a faint.

Naturally, her cabin is searched first, and the withered apple chap finds the document. No use for her to squall and protest, there she was carrying a revolution in her pocket, so to speak. She tried to say it was the purser who gave it to her to keep, which the old man purser calmly denies. She doesn't tell the truth that she'd stolen it from me and if she had, no one would have believed her. No there she was tied to Alvarez, and fixed up to take the dock with him, she and her old father or stepfather or whatever he was and I might have pitied her as they took her howling off to the destroyer, but it seemed to me that she had played it pretty low down on that purser even though he was her accomplice.

But that's not the end of the story: no, nor the pantile in the toil. When I reached Valdivia and went to find Garbett to discharge that memorized document and give him the map I found no Garbett.

There was no such person in Valdivia. Now think of that!

That black scoundrel of an Olivio—gosh, what a brain the chap must have had!—he'd used me, hypnotized me, worked me up with promises, made me see myself the first citizen of Salamander with him as president—and all to destroy his enemy Alvarez and get Ferrara jugged if possible. It was as plain to me as day when I'd thought it out. Plain as day.

Without any doubt he was the man who by some underhand means had got Ferrara to put his daughter after me and he was the man to give Gomez the wink reckoning that if the girl hadn't done her work, the document would have been found on me anyhow. And the whole thing didn't cost him a cent—not a cent, and there was no danger to him.

He'd no revolution up his sleeve. If I'd been caught with the document, I might have sworn myself black: no one would have believed my statement that I was at working for Alvarez. No, I'd have been hanged with Alvarez, or sent to the quicksilver mines maybe.

Do I know if they hanged Alvarez and what they did with the girl and her stepfather? No I don't. I'd had enough of that coast. I cleared west, and took a lodging for a month in the tenderloin district of N York so as to get among decent, straight-living people and wash the taste of Spanish America out of my mouth.

And now, if you don't believe in my story, you'll believe in my memory. Get out that paper of figures.

I did, and he reeled them off right, backward and forward.

Then I believed his story. For a man with a memory like that could not possibly possess imagination.

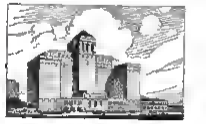


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Canadians and the Victoria Cross

Continued from page 11

Including Captain Campbell, the squadron commander the party attained the opposite bank. Leadership now devolved upon Strachey.

Passing through the lines of victorious infantry, the Canadians galloped due north to the Masnières-Crevecoeur road. There they were obliged to cut through a camouflage screen whereupon they came face to face with a German battery of four guns, in action 300 yards away. Without more ado the Fort Garrys charged. A brisk fight ensued in which the gunners were cut down almost to a man, but the squadron sustained severe casualties in the operation. The advance continued. German infantry were retiring in disorder toward Rumilly, discarding their equipment as they fled. The cavalrymen rode over them. Many surrendered, but, intent upon their special mission, the Fort Garrys could not wait to pick them up. They were totally unaware of the fact that the cavalry lanes of the operations had by this time been practically cancelled due to the collapse of the Masnières bridge. They rode on in the belief that many regiments were galloping in their wake.

Here and there isolated groups of the enemy held out and beyond Rumilly the squadron came under heavy fire from all sides. Only three officers, forty three men and horses were left, a large number of the men were wounded and all but seven of the horses had sustained injury. A halt was called in a sunken road beyond Rumilly, and there several animals dropped dead from weariness and sheer exhaustion.

It was now dusk. The first shock over, the enemy were gathering themselves. A company of German infantry arrived on the scene as the squadron stood dismounted. A fierce encounter ensued in which the enemy were beaten off.

The remnants of the squadron, still with their minds on the duty of capturing the Corps Headquarters at Escadeuvres, looked around for their supports. None were in sight. They were alone. They were miles in rear of the German line, surrounded and in a totally unfamiliar country. Enemy battalions were observed marching to their rear; motor trucks filled with German infantry rumbled along the roads from Cambrai. In the midst of it all and in the gathering darkness were these three officers and forty three men of the Fort Garry Horse.

It was patent that "something" had happened something had gone wrong. A council of war was held. It was decided that under the circumstances to continue toward Escadeuvres was out of the question. The decision was reached to attempt a return to the British lines. The horses were stampeded in the darkness in order to confuse the surrounding enemy, and on foot the intrepid survivors of the squadron now essayed to make their way back.

Their progress was beset with great hazards. On several occasions parties of Germans were encountered but more to deceive them than in any hope of a successful issue the Fort Garrys charged furiously with the bayonet. From each affray they emerged victorious. Moving stealthily through the night, dodging Germans here fighting others there the Canadians eventually reached the camouflage screen on the Masnières-Crevecoeur Road, near where they had cut through. It was then raining. Totally exhausted, the party posted sentries and rested there in a large crater. The men fell asleep.

Throughout the night German working parties moved along the tip of the crater, unconscious of the Canadian soldiers slumbering below. Several times an officer of the squadron, Lieutenant Cowan, who spoke fluent German engaged them in conversation. Each time he satisfied their curiosity. Finally, in the early hours of November 21, the men, refreshed by sleep, again took the road. At once they clashed with a large body of Germans, whom they immediately charged. A number of prisoners were taken but in the fight the Canadians became divided. Lieutenant Cowan and most of the survivors, taking their prisoners with them, got through the screen and made for the bridge over which they had crossed the previous afternoon. Strachan and the third officer, Lieutenant Fleming with their few remaining men traversed the entire rontheasterly length. At Mont Plaisir farm this party became mixed up in another fight but they finally made their way to the canal, moved back to the broken bridge at Masnieres and recrossed. Eighteen prisoners were brought back.

"The operation" says Strachan's citation, "was only rendered possible by the outstanding gallantry and fearless leading of this officer."

A Comic Interlude

THE work of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in the spring of 1918 stands out in cheerful relief against a depressing background of disaster, and in the many heroic achievements during those agonizing days that when earned for Lieutenant G. M. Flowerdew the Victoria Cross greatly embellishes the record. For a clearer understanding of the situation generally a word on conditions as they developed at that time is in order.

Strung out in a long, thin line over a length of front which their numbers were utterly inadequate to defend the war-battered and exhausted divisions of the Fifth Army were too weak to cope with the avalanche that descended upon them when the Germans launched their colossal offensive at St. Quentin on March 21. Against overwhelming odds the Fifth Army fought with all the bitter courage born of despair realizing too well from the outset that there was no other issue but defeat. And thus it was. The enemy hammered their way through and in a wide sweep made rapid progress in the general direction of Paris. On the front of the advance was Amiens. Into the maelstrom were drawn the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, comprising the Lord Strathcona's Horse, the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the Fort Garrys. When the threat against Amiens was developing, the mounted troops were in the vicinity of Compiègne. In accordance with orders they took the road north.

Their progress was not unchallenged, and so interesting episode was enacted en route. In command of "C" Squadron of the Strathconas, Lieutenant Flowerdew had as one of his troop-leaders Lieutenant F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., an account of whose bravery was published in *MacLean's* on December 15 last. Approaching the village of Fontaine on March 28, Harvey found it occupied by the enemy. Taking ten troopers he attacked the place, routed the Germans and took possession. Meanwhile, the French at Cantigny had arranged a "full-dress" assault on Fontaine. Half an hour after Harvey's exploit the poilus advanced to battle, but to their amazement found the little Canadian group comfortably installed. That they were Canadians was impossible. Incredible. The Canadians? Where they not somewhere near Lens? They must be Germans—and in disguise! Harvey was summarily arrested. Protestations availed him not. Not until he was "paraded" before the French divisional commander at Erayes was his identity established. Then the apologies were lavishly tendered, congratulations on the heroism of the Strathconas were

MacLeanagram

SuS/88—Mary Quayle Innis

PRIZE AWARD

WITH an almost overwhelming flood of Entries to consider, our Judges were called upon to put in long hours in order to arrive at their final Decision in time for Announcement in this Issue. The uniformly high Merit of the Entries examined was also a factor in making their work exceedingly difficult. It is, therefore, with an extraordinary degree of pleasure we are able to advise the following Winners that their

CHEQUES HAVE BEEN MAILED

1st—$100.00—Prize
H. G. Matthew
South P.E.I.

2nd—$50.00—Prize
Miss Lettie M. Mosley
Nanna Alta.

3rd—$25.00—Prize
Mrs. A. M. Ray
Montreal, Que.

4th—$15.00—Prize
Miss Lyla M. Nesbitt
Kingston Ont.

5th—$10.00—Prize
T. E. B. Watson
Liverpool, N.S.

Twenty—$5.00—Prizes

Rev. C. H. Chidley, Watford Ont.
Miss F. McNaughton, Alliston Craig Ont.
Miss S. Spence, Prescott Mills, Ont.
Mrs. R. O. Thomas, Sylvan Lake, Alta.
E. W. Millson, Saskatoon Sask.
Mrs. C. W. Closston, Edmonton, Alta.
W. Armitage, Vancouver B.C.
Mrs. Frank Davis, Grand Bank, Nfld.
Mrs. Ellen E. Herald, Goderich Sat.
T. G. Scribbens, Glinton Ont.
H. K. Courtney, Toronto Ont.
Mrs. A. Davis, Grand Bank Nfld.
Gordon Pengally, Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. Helen R. Lewis, Hamilton, Ont.
Miss M. A. Posey, Grand Bank, Nfld.
Mrs. O. S. Patchett, Vancouver B.C.
Lieut.-Col. Frideaux, Westmount, Que.
Miss A. L. Holden, Toronto, Ont.

Miss M. Louise Parrows, Yarmouth, N.S.

MacLeanagram AuS/91 F. Philip Grove Is Announced on Page **68**

Does It *really* capture more music *out of the air?*

DOES THE NEW PHILCO really reproduce tone colors which are generally lost? Does it really pick up *every* instrument in the orchestra? Does it *really* bring in stations thousands of miles away?

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Yes, the new Philco *actually does capture more music out of the air*. More music because of Philco's *tone* which reproduces overtones too high or too low for other sets to catch, and thus preserves the *true personality* of voice or instrument. More music because of Philco's *selectivity* which brings in many stations too close in wave-length for ordinary sets to separate . . . More music because of Philco's magic ability to reach out for far off stations that offer novel and fascinating programs. Even in locations which are only average, the new Philco surges out thousands of miles in every direction. And when location is really good, the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus ultra brings in California, Mexico Cuba, Japan and Australia.



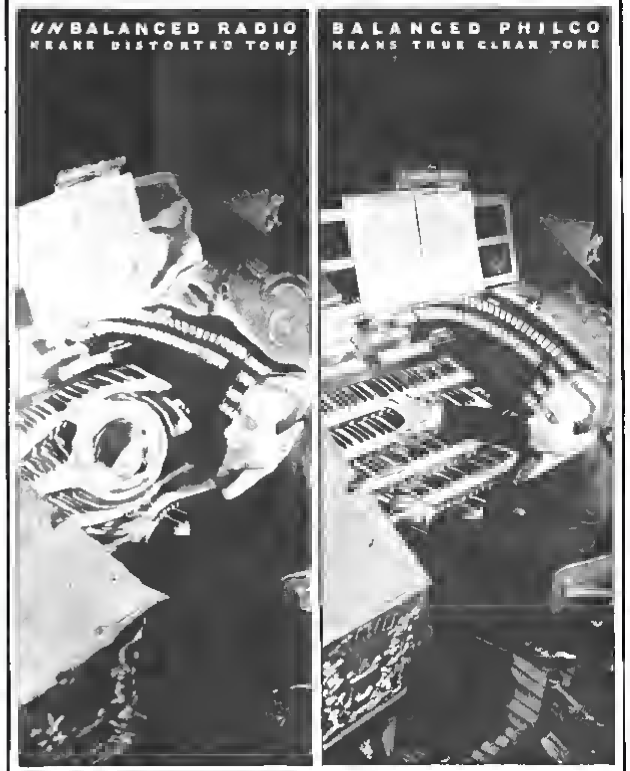
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Two other symphonic broadcastings will follow on November 3 and December 8. The regular Friday night Philco hour will continue over WJZ chain.

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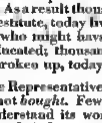
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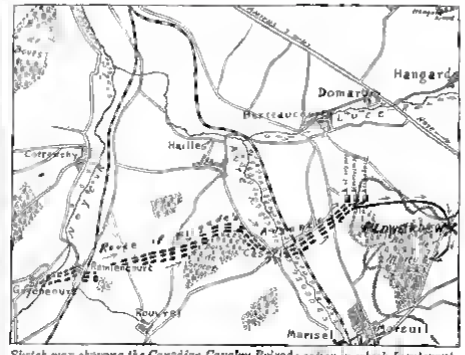
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Sketch map showing the Canadian Cavalry Brigade action in which Lieutenant G M Flowerdew of the Lord Strathcona Horse, won the Victoria Cross

generously expressed, and Harvey rejoined his regiment in an atmosphere of cheer and felicitation

The Fight at Morcuil Wood

AT 8 30 o'clock on the morning of March 30 the Strathcona's were apprised of the following message

"The Germans have captured Mezières, and are rapidly advancing on Amiens. The brigade is to cross the Noye and Avre rivers as quickly as possible, and engage and delay the enemy."

The whole cavalry brigade moved off across country from the neighborhood of Guyencourt, parading the route via Remuencourt north of the Bois de Seneat to Castel. The Avre was crossed without incident, and the advance continued to the northern fringe of Morcuil Wood. Headquarters were set up in a small wood adjoining. Heavy machine-gun and rifle fire issuing from Morcuil Wood disclosed strong forces of the enemy to be in possession. An attack was decided on, one in which all three regiments became embroiled. It was in the northern phase that Flowerdew acquired the Victoria Cross. One squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons were ordered at the full gallop to clear the northeast corner of the wood, a duty that was well and truly performed in spite of the destructive fire. Many Germans were killed with the sword, but a large party, estimated at 300 retired eastward out of the brush. It was this group with which Flowerdew joined issue.

"C" Squadron of the Strathcona's were now ordered to support the Dragoons. Led by Flowerdew, the cavalrymen thundered along the northern fence of the wood, swung south and sat their horses at a steep bank, up which they clambered with difficulty. Their troubles began there. No sooner had he struggled over the crown of the bank then Flowerdew noted directly in front several of the party who had been ejected from the brush by the Dragoons. They were drawn up in two lines, one about 200 yards in rear of the other, and each bristling with machine guns.

Everything depended on leadership, but Flowerdew possessed this valuable element to the full. Quickly ordering Lieutenant Harvey, V.C., to dismount his troop and instructing him to executeo special movement, Flowerdew riding at the head of the three remaining troops, galloped headlong at the enemy. The blasts of enemy fire tore wide swaths through the squadron emptying many saddles. But the Strathcona's were full of fight. They crashed into the German infantry who, be it said, not only stood their ground but actually advanced to engage the horsemen with the bayonet. Cutting and hacking their way through, the Canadians trampled the first line and spurred on to the second. The same scene was re-acted. Wheeling about, the cavalrymen charged again, completely annihilating the enemy. The Germans were brave men, they would not surrender, and were consequently eliminated to a man. But "C" Squadron's losses were heavy; about seventy per cent of their personnel were casualties. Notwithstanding this, Flowerdew pursuant to his orders, galloped with his remnant into the wood, still supporting the Dragoons. They ran into more fighting, but they established the line. The other regiments were engaged in an equally severe a conflict. However, Morcuil Wood was captured and held. The enemy advance on Amiens was delayed—a fulfillment of the cavalrymen's orders—nor did the Germans reach Amiens. Just as Canadians checked them in this so also did Canadians finally remove the menace on Amiens when five months later the Canadian Corps fought and routed the enemy near this same terrain.

Flowerdew paid the price of his gallantry with his life. In the charge he was wounded in both thighs, but continued to battle furiously. "There can be no doubt," says his citation "that this officer's great valor was the prime factor in the capture of the position."

A French-Canadian Hero

THEY shall not pass" was the slogan of Verdun, and one can well imagine this to have inspired Corporal Kashie the French Canadian Lewis-gunner of the 22nd Battalion, when on the night of June 8, 1918, the enemy sought to raid his post at Neuville Vitasse. Following an intense artillery and minenwerfer barrage about fifty Germans rushed across No Man's Land. The corporal saw them converging upon him. His whole section were casualties but Kashie remained whole. Standing on the parapet and firing from his hip he sprayed the advancing enemy, emptying drum after drum into them. Shells and bombs burst all around him; he was riddled with fragments, but he continued to fire. Finally, still in action, he fell backward into the trench, mortally wounded. Lying on his back he fired his last cartridge over the parapet. "The complete repulse of the enemy attack," his citation records, "was due to the remarkable personal bravery and self-sacrifice of this gallant noncommissioned officer who died of his wounds shortly afterwards."

It was during a raid on the German trenches at Gavrelle, north of the Scarpe, by the 14th Battalion on the night of April 27, 1918, that Lieutenant McKean won the Victoria Cross. Entering the enemy's position, McKean's party were checked by a trench barricade whose capture was essential to the success of the operation. Realizing this, McKean took a flier over the block, diving headfirst into the Germans on the other side. As he was scrambling around with one of the enemy underneath another rushed to bayonet him. McKean promptly shot this man and the same disposition was made of the German struggling below. Later McKean rushed a second block, killed two Germans captured four more and destroyed a dug-out in which others had sought refuge with a machine gun. "This officer's splendid bravery and dash undoubtedly saved many lives," says his citation.

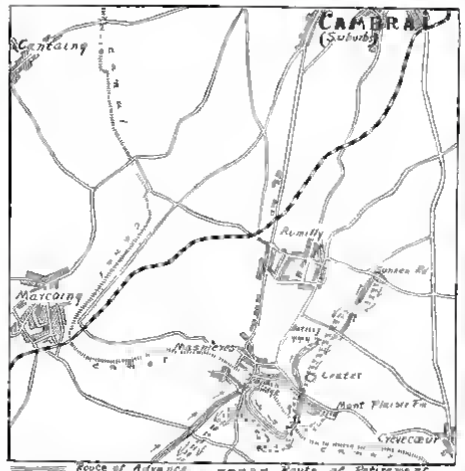
By Sea and on Land

IF THERE were more than six Canadians awarded the Victoria Cross while serving in the Imperial forces, their identity is not known. At all events, it is established that the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Best, D.S.O., who lost his life, but was awarded the Victoria Cross posthumously for bravery at Polygon Wood near Ypres, in January, 1918, was a native of Halifax, N.S. Colonel Best commanded the 5th Leicesters. During an enemy attack and under intense artillery fire on his battalion's position, Best collected a platoon that was in reserve and together with men from other companies and various regimental details, he organized and led them forward to the counter-attack. This was successful and the enemy checked.

This very gallant officer, says his citation, was killed whilst leading a charge which he inspired with the call of "Come on Tigers!"

Captain W. N. Stone, of Toronto distinguished himself as a subaltern officer of the 17th Royal Fusiliers during Byng's Cambrai operations in 1917. Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Vann a Canadian commanded the 16th Notts and Derbys at Bellenglise in September, 1918 and was awarded the coveted distinction during those operations in which his compatriots stormed the Canal du Nord.

Not only in France and Belgium but in Palestine did Canadian courage manifest itself. No. 511 828 Private R. E. Creelshank of Winnipeg fought east of the Jordan with the London Scottish and was honored for his bravery there.



Sketch map showing the route followed by the Fort Garry Horse in their desperate ride toward Cambrai as a result of which Lieutenant H Strachan was awarded the V C

But the list is not exhausted. It is not generally known that among the first to receive the Victoria Cross after it was instituted in 1859 was a Canadian—Ensign (later Lieutenant-Colonel) A. R. Dunn. He rode with the 11th Hussars in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava and cut down several Russian lancers in rescuing a trooper of his regiment. A Canadian figured as recipient of the Victoria Cross during the Indian Mutiny when Surgeon R. T. Reade of the Gloucestershire Regiment, a native of Perth, Ontario, turned combatant and routed a body of mutinous sepoys at Delhi, in September, 1857. On May 7, 1857, Surgeon C. M. Douglas, who was born in Quebec, rescued several men of his regiment, the Old Green Howards (South Wales Borderers) from infuriated natives on the island of Little Andaman in the Bay of Bengal, and was awarded the Victoria Cross.

During the South African War four Canadians, Lieutenant (now Sir Richard) E. W. Turner, Lieutenant H. Z. C. Cockburn, Sergeant Eddie Holland and Sergeant A. H. L. Richardson held the decoration conferred on them, the first three at the Koomoti River, and the last at Wolv Spruit.

Of the naval men Lieutenant Parks, D.S.O., of Nelson, B.C., saved the lives of several survivors of *H.M.S. Vindictive* on the morning of May 10, 1918, at Ostend, while Lieutenant Commander R. N. Stuart, D.S.O., a Canadian, was elected by the ship's company of the *Forget*, son of Commander Gordon Campbell's "hush" ships to receive the Victoria Cross for his bravery during the sinking of the UC 29 off the Irish coast in June 1917.

And not without interest is it to recall that only one Victoria Cross was ever granted for a deed of bravery performed "not in the presence of the enemy." That deed of bravery was enacted in Canada, the recipient was Private Timothy O'Hea, of the Rifle Brigade, who extinguished a fire in an ammunition van at Danville Station, Quebec, during the Fenian Raid of 1866.

Editor's Note—This is the concluding article of Mr. Murray's series on Canadians awarded the Victoria Cross.

To spell quality in four letters



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A Son of Eli

Continued from page 6

evasively. 'Nuthin', he's jes' got up on his ear." A thought seemed to strike him. "Jim' like my old mare Liza," he concluded and looked off into space sucking at his pipe.

Paul scented a story. He was getting uncomfortable anyway. He didn't see why Jean wanted to know what folks were saying. Not if they were saying unpleasant things. He decided to interrupt.

'What was that, Bob?" he asked.

'Bent 'Liza?" Bob was sufficiently casual. "Didn't ye hear?"

'No. I've been away, you know. Besides," Paul added helpfully, "old 'Liza can't be very perky by this time."

'Perky? Well you should ha' seed her." Bob declared taking his feet off the stove and leaning forward. "Why, I guess I sure eum near gittin' a golden harp that time." He stopped to chuckle leaned back in his chair and added, "An' me as musical the pigs cum runnin' whenever I starts ter sing. All my fault though."

'But, Mr. McAdoo," Jean tried to interrupt.

'All my fault though," Bob repeated oblivious, apparently of her, "flyin' in the face of Proverdence as it were."

Jean's voice, quiet and cool, broke in on Paul's laughter. "But what was that about Mr. Nuttes, Bob?" she asked.

Bob opened his mouth closed it and tried again.

"Oh, nuthin' much. Jes' shootin' off his mouth. Like when Lneiny run away. Did ye hear," suddenly animated, "as how Johnny Grant is sparkin' Nettie?"

"No!" said Mrs. McAdoo.

'Yep. First Lneiny then Nettie. Sort of likes the locality."

He stopped to chuckle and Jean repeated again. "I'd like to hear what Mr. Noice is saying."

Bob looked at her reproachfully. 'How yan do stick, Miss Jeannie!" he said. 'Tighter'n a kurr on a cow's tail!"

'Well" Jean replied a little color coming into her face. "I ought to know, seeing as how dad bought it for Fred."

'Better tell her, Bob," Mrs. McAdoo put in. "Since yan ve gone this far."

"Well." Bob cleared his throat. 'It's jes' like old Noice. He claims yer dad was a little sharp. Says Little Hugh promised him first call on the place. Says yer dad knowed it and sneaked in ahead when he weren't lookin'. Says he ought ter be chnrched." He stopped, knocked his pipe on the side of his chair. 'This ding-busted pipe!" he exclaimed.

'That isn't all." Jean stated calmly.

Bob cleared his throat. 'You oughtn't mind Miss Jean, but he's sayin' that Fred hasn't any mind of his own, says yer dad runs him."

"Oh!" said Jean that little spot of color Paul noticed as he stole a look at her deepening in her cheeks. The first part of Noice's accusation was, he realized had enough. He knew how country folks loved to talk, how they'd spread a notion like this, munching it over, looking at Honeys sidelong, whispering in the corners. It it wasn't killed—maybe old Noice would have the handle against his dad he'd wanted for years. Folks hadn't paid so much attention when the old fellow ranted that Jim Honey wasn't so strong an doctrine as he might be. After all, the middle-aged people didn't care quite so much about points of doctrine as Noice and his generation did. But if one church member was caught injuring another.... Take that time Hezron Clark had been chnrched—Paul remembered how he had felt, a little wide-eyed youngster sitting in the hushed silence of Elded church while old Noice told the charge, while Hezron tried to reply, while the congregation solemnly voted the sinner from out among the Lord's People. The thought of it made him shiver. And all for getting mad one day and shouting at Noice that he cheated, that he watered the milk he sent to the cheese factory. Most likely he did, too. But Hezron couldn't prove it. So out he went. Out of the neighborhood as well. If his dad got miffed up like that. He cast about for a new topic of conversation.

"A terrible war," he suggested, and Bob was off again.

"Old Noice," Paul said to Jean as they walked home through the darkness of the woods "seems pretty well stirred up. It may make trouble."

"It will," his sister said, 'if it gets to Fred. I wish—' She stopped and they were both silent considering the matter. Fred might, Paul realized, not like hearing that Mr. Honey ran him. It would get his goat sure enough. Still he didn't matter. Not to Paul. It was Noice saying his dad cheated. That was what stung.

IN THE morning down in the stable before breakfast getting the horses harnessed for the day's work—seeding was in full swing now—the matter occurred to him again. He paused in the act of throwing the harness on old Doll and looked at his father, busy there loading the wheelbarrow with manure. He ought to tell him. But how was he to begin? You couldn't just come right out with it. And he didn't want to sound as ill he suspected dad. If he could only lead up to it somehow.

Through the open door the new-risen sun was wicking hopefully on the horizon like a hypocritical sinner begging for another chance and making large promises. But it would be hot later. He could not, he realized stand there all day. He flung the harness on, fitted the hames around the collar and started to tug at the strap which fastened them. His stomach had that familiar, before-breakfast feeling as if a vacuum cleaner had sucked it dry and the walls of it had collapsed. His head felt just as empty. He succeeded in hooking the hames strap, hooked old Doll to make her get over and bent under her to get the belly band. Probably, he reflected, all this dust old Noice was raising wasn't worth a cuss anyway—would all die down in a week or so. Though in the country you never could tell. Things would simmer along and simmer along and then just when you had forgotten all about it there would be a deuce of an explosion. He got the belly band through the loop in the martingale and started to buckle it. And that about Fred. Fred was pretty fiery all right. You couldn't tell what he might do. Look at the way Jean was worried. Yes, he ought to tell dad. Though how to go about it.

'Old Noice," he blurted out, 'is saying you cheated him."

His father put a forkful of manure on the load as if he hadn't heard.

About Little Hugh's place you know," Paul stumbled on. "Of course, I don't—"

Mr. Honey put another forkful on the load, patted it down and straightened up. "Oh?" he said.

Paul was constrained to continue. "Bob McAdoo says old Noice says you're running Fred."

Mr. Honey spat on his hands, bent down to the handles of the wheelbarrow, lifted them up and paused an instant. "Lucky for him if I am," he remarked and wheeled the load out.

Paul fastened the crupper and gave old Doll a slap relieved that he had got the job over. Things would be all right now. His dad would see to that. He whistled as he took Tinker's harness from the peg.

PAUL and Bruce were down in the meadow bathing. They splashed about in the shallow channel of the creek throwing water at each other, jumping out to chase each other over the grass, their bodies gleaming greyish-white in the darkness. The rattle of a buggy would come to them from far down the road—some fellow out driving his girl around this Sunday evening—and back they would rush to the water to cower under its protection until the rig was by. At last, reluctantly, they dried themselves and began to put on their clothes.

"I wish," Bruce said, 'we didn't have to wear clothes."

"What you think you are?" Paul demanded, slipping on his shirt—'a South Sea Islander?"

"I wish I were," Bruce answered. His shirt and pants were on now and he was fumbling with his shoes. He giggled. 'How'd you like," he asked, "to walk into church with nothing on?"

Paul blushed a little at the suggestion. All the girls there, he thought. But he answered brazenly enough. "You'd break up the meeting old man. Adoes couldn't go to Elded church." He climbed the rail fence. "Nowadays," he went on, as they started across the yard. "As the prof says, we've got three-ply morality."

"Three-ply?" Bruce asked, puzzled.

"Three layers of clothes," Paul pointed out. "That," he says, 'explains our code of morals."

"You're only wearing one now," Bruce said, "so you can't be so moral."

Bantering in this fashion they went up to the path to the house and burst into the dining room, faces shining, hair wet full of vigor. Paul flung his wet towel down on a chair.

"Hooray! Great to be clean," he declared and then he noticed his sister on the sofa sobbing with his mother comforting her. "Why, what's wrong?" he asked.

"It's Fred," his mother told him. "He says he's going to the city."

Paul whistled. "Leaving McWhirter's?" he asked. 'What for?'

'What Mr. Noice said," his mother answered. "That upset him."

Paul sat down. 'Well, of all the—what does dad say?"

"He's in there now," his mother replied, nodding toward the parlor door, 'trying to talk some sense into him."

SO, THOUGHT Paul, old Noice had stirred up trouble after all. If Fred left McWhirter's—why, folks would say old Noice was right, that there was something fishy about that deal. How they would chuckle in the parsons—and how Noice would talk! Could his father be wondered win Fred over held him back? They all sat there wondering while the minutes ticked by.

Abruptly the door of the parlor opened. Jean sat up on the sofa. 'All right, Jean," Mr. Honey said.

With a little cry Jean got up and was past her father into the room. Before Mr. Honey could close the door Paul heard her exclaim "Oh, Fred!" in a tone so richly deep, so torn by emotion that it embarrassed him, made him blush. There was the sound of a kiss and Fred said, "There, there," in a deep, protective voice at the door closed.

Paul sat amazed. Was that love, real love? He had never felt that deeply, could not he thought, ever feel that deeply. How could one be so mastered by another as to care whether folks hated you or not? If love did that to you—

His father was walking across the room to get his glasses. His step, Paul noted, was tired his face had, he decided, new lines in it.

'You got him to stay?" he said inadequately.

His father nodded put on his glasses, sat down and picked up his paper. 'Upsetting Jean like this!" Paul's mother

Continued on page 80

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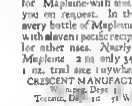
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Continued from page 58

exclaimed. "I hope he'll leave the rest of it in your hands."

Mr. Honey looked up from his paper. "He will," he replied and went back to his reading.

But Paul's high spirits were gone put out like a fire when you throw a pail of water on it. He wandered about restlessly poking up a Sunday-school paper, dropping it disconsolately, looking over the books on the side table, unable to concentrate.

Would any woman—the thought came to him abruptly—ever love him like Jean loved Fred? Somehow he couldn't imagine Eileen.

SEEDING was over, hoeing was in full swing. Paul and his father were thinning mangolds in the twenty-acre field. The sun was blazing in a hot and distant sky as bins. Paul thought irrelevantly, as the dress Eileen Ainsley had worn the Sunday before. That visit, he decided, had been worth while. Nice to see Eileen again and to find her as pretty as her dreams. Well worth while—even if he had felt an horribly conspicuous walking with her with all those folks out on their front porches talking. he had imagined, about them. And eating with her folks had been worse. Not only his embarrassment—his hulla bike a giant scythe his fork too heavy to lift, the glass of water he had spilled—but ea- final to be eating with her people. Made you feel like beating it, that did.

He tore out a plant he should have left and came back to his work. In front of his hea stretched the weed-filled ridge of mangolds each side sharp away by the scuffler. His hea pulled toward him and pushed back of its own volition relegating the weeds to the scuffler's furrow, leaving behind him a limply drooping row of plants, hoe's width apart, small and hapeless-looking things in their setting of fresh-scraped earth. Yet they would grow into rawa al prodigious tubers and pigs would gouge bites out of them, holding them in the fith of their pens, champing at them with their noisy jaws.

The end of the row seemed a long way off. When he reached it, there would be a drink from the pail of tepid water under the elm tree flavored with a bread crust to help keep it cool. You would put a fresh leaf from the basswood tree into your hat and stretch out as your face for the relief of a oement or two's grace before going out into the beating sun for another round.

Paul loved those relaxing moments. It seemed to put him close to the source of things. his face and chest against the bruised grase of the fence corner, his legs on the warm, crumbly soil of the headlands. Coolness and quiet flowed into him. The silence left intense.

It took a few yards of thinning to get back to normal once more. He became conscious of his father beside him and sought for something about which to talk. Old Nance? He wouldn't get anything out of dad on that. Nothing further had happened anyway since Fred had decided not to go to the city. Not likely to be anything, either. Folks were talking, of course, and whispering in the corners. But there was nothing that old Nance could do. Nothing but rave. Still Paul was diffident about talking to dad about it. He'd try something else.

"When's coming for anniversary service next Sunday?" he asked.

Mortimer," his father answered.

Oh, yes. He enlisted this winter, didn't he?"

"Yes, young lool"

"I don't see why" Paul was a little timid at setting up his opinion against his father. It was not the first time they had clashed on this. "After all if your country's at war it seems to me—at least the Greeks seemed to think that a man's first duty was to defend it."

"It ain't our war" his father said reasonably, as if explaining to a child. "I've told you before can that we shouldn't ever have had anything to do with it. England—let her fight she's got to. We ought to have stayed out."

Int—

"What do you think England cares for us?" his father went on, warming up a little and speaking with unwonted eloquence. Colonials that's what they call us. We ought to be independent, running our own show." He stopped his hoeing. "This winter it was, taking a load of sharp to the mill. I gave a ride to a shop. He was an old country fellow and he started to talk. Nothing was right out here. We didn't farm in the right way. Nobody could cook like they could in England. It was the same way about everything and I said. Young man you'd better get tha first boat back.' He didn't know as he would. 'Well' I said. then you'd better stop growing and get to work.' But that's the way they feel. We're colonials. Not so good as they are. Taffy as up a bit when they get in a pinch. But don't think any tha more of us."

Paul objected. "But you're English dad. I'd think you'd—"

His father broke in on him. "I was born in England" he said, 'and what chance did it give me?' If I'd stayed there—never been nowhere. Trail in my cap to the vicar when I rang him, kowtow to the squire, be glad of a chance to hoe somebody else's roots. Everything was ticketed off there. Why you couldn't even cut a switch from a rapse without having a policeman after you. And never more than just enough to eat. Keep you in your place. That was the idea. I'd of been living from hand to mouth if I'd stayed in England."

But it changed now. Paul reiterated stubbornly. "Fred Dickens says so."

"Maybe so," his father repeated with out conviction. "I'm telling it as I know it back in the seventies. I know I was glad to get away. You've never noticed your dad wanting to go back. Or talking like an Englishman. I made up my mind to root it out.

He lifted his hea and stamped it down crushing a couple of sowgold plants, driving them into the ground.

"That's one thing I look Fred for. That Devonshire tang he keeps. But anyway as I told him and I've told you we ought to be on our own feet. We shouldn't be mixed up in this war. Anyway, it'll be over in a few months."

His rebuked out and put his hand on Paul's shoulder.

"I want you to promise see Paul, you won't break into your college course and enlist."

Paul was silent, still a little stubborn.

"I mean a hard" his father went on gently. "It's always whop to hop for the soldier, and it sort of gets in the air. But remember lots of fellows can fight that can't study. I've never said anything about it before, but you know I've had to scrimp a lot to give you and Bruce this chance at schooling. I never had the chance I'd liked to have been a lawyer. But if you youngsters get a show, that's all I want. If I just live it out with you, I want you to promise Paul."

Paul was affected. War seemed a long way off anyway, here in this countryside. Nobody except Mortimer had been hurt. Only last summer after a baseball game, sitting around in the field with some of the boys. All Roberts had asked him how it was the Germans didn't go right across to England. Paul had had to explain the Channel. Int no one ever thought of the war as near as touching themselves. It was something remote a nlue days wonder to liven up the newspapers, a source of solemn ornament. But as for the farmers themselves they were apart from it. They did not feel as keenly as his father did about the war. They simply never dreamed of it as affecting themselves—except in as far as it sent prices up.

It was only since going to the university—since being in the war-fevered atmosphere of Toronto alnce seeing in this year of 1915 his college mates beginning to enlist—that Paul had begun to worry about it, to wonder if he shouldn't join the gang. He had been wondering too since he had been to Glanaville whether Eileen would expect it of him. Her brother was talking of it and was going to join up in a month or so. He had fancied, too, that Eileen's elder sister, Madge had looked at him with that speculative look he had noticed in women's eyes in the city. 'You look young and healthy,' that look seemed to say, 'why aren't you in the army?"

Suppose he did enlist. Think of the way girls would look at him. think of the way Eileen would look at him.

Perhaps, too—he wouldn't admit this thought beyond the fringe of his consciousness—but perhaps he might win the V.C. come home in glory. War had, indeed, always appeared romantic to him. Take that *History of the Boer* II or some agent had sold his father. He still remembered how as a little youngster lying on his stomach on the floor warmed by the stove, he had looked at it and had been fascinated by the picture of a stalwart Britisher shoving a bright bayonet through a protesting Boer. That was why ancient history had gripped him. Again and again he had waged Alexander's campaigns or been a Spartan king fighting against Rome and saving Greece from the conquering and cruel legions. Funny how that desire pulled at him still! How he would like to make his dreams come true! But if his father wanted it so badly Paul felt alone to him.

"Sure, dad," he said.

ELDAD church was crowded to the doors. There were chairs up the aisle. Folks stood at the back and sat in the windows and overflowed on to the platform. There was even a row of little youngsters ornared the edge of the platform, sitting in the shadow of the flowers ranged behind them desperately sleepy. Paul could recollect how he had felt when he had been one of them at previous anniversaries—waking up with little starts when a singer shrilled a triumphant note or sat down with a flop. His climax.

Paul, himself, crushed in a seat at the side, felt far from comfortable. He was to recite, and the burden of being a college boy and appearing before this crowd was almost too much for him. Desperately he kept going over his piece, filled with dread lest suddenly on the platform he should be smitten and would not be able to go on. A quartette encore—Big Hugh's big falsette voice, some dingy shrilly shows All Roberts bass—was just ending. All Had the floor. He went ont still in a daze and spoke mechanically to one or two who greeted him. He felt the need of expression.

Some talk Mortimer gave, eh?" he said to All Roberts.

Yes, pretty good. Kind of fiery, all right. Looks like rain tomorrer, don't you think?"

MOST of the people were gone, driving off with laughter and badinage to chek sleak home through the darkness. The great day was over for another year. But out in a corner of the church shed Abraham Henry spoke to lowered tones to Richard Nance.

"Did ye hear," he said "that the council hev made Jim Honey an offer for a pot on Little Hughie place?"

There was an appreciable pause.

What for?"

Gravel ler the county road." There was another pause. Eighteen hundred dollars." The speaker's voice dwelt

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lovingly and respectfully on the figures.

"What!" exclaimed Nance. "Not that much? Jim Honey'd never git that much!"

"That's what they've offered," affirmed the other. "An' on Little Hugh's place. Fer five acres. Hr only paid six thousand fer the whole hundred!"

"The wirked preaper," the old man said in a choked voice, "like a green bay tree. Ent in the day of judgment——"

"Ent what kin you do?" asked Abe.

"He be Ahab," Nance went on. "Like Ahab he cast eyes on my vineyard and coveted it."

"Ent what kin you do?" persisted the other.

A-whoring after strange gods," continued old Nance. "An' them sons of his. Breakin' the Lord's day! Boxin' on Sneday! Readin' strange books! By their works ye shall know them!"

"But what about the farm?" Abe insisted impatiently. "Didn't you say Little Hugh had promised he wouldn't sell it to nobody else? Not until you had first chance at it? And didn't Jim Honey speak he ahead of you?" He spat reflectively. "Bet he knew about this pit," he said.

"The Jehnate! The Amalekite!" the old man cursed.

"Well," said Abe, taking his foot off the wheel of Nance's buggy, "I wish, Richard, you'd come down sub surth and do suthin' about it. Seeskin all that money offen you! Have him churched, or suthin'." He moved off, stopped. "We'll buck you up," he said, "William Arthur an' Henry Warren an' me."

THE summer had slipped away unnoticed like a small boy edging out of the house to go fishing. The hay was in the mow, most of the grain was cut and all about Eldad the farmers were busy drawing in. Wagon load after wagon load piled groaning its dusty way across the field to the barn. It was hot work, Paul had found, and hotter still after the slings had dumped the tangled mass of grain into the mow to climb up and stow it away sheaf by sheaf under the scorching rafters.

Today had been especially trying. Barley beards have a devilish habit of finding their way through the toughest shirt. Paul tossed his sweaty clothes into a corner of his room with a sigh of relief and looked for an instant at the mingled dust and dirt which darkened his skin. There wasn't time to go down and get a pail of water to have a bath. Not if he was going to Epworth League with Jean. He started to fling on his best clothes. Fifteen minutes later he stepped out of the little gate on to the road and drew in a deep breath of the cool evening air.

"There's Nance's girls," Jean said, looking back. "We'd better wait for them."

She's thinking of that trouble with old Nance, Paul told himself as they waited. Trying to fix it up to show folks we're friends again. The whole affair, he reflected, seemed far off now. Even that flare-up of the old man after he heard about the gravel-pit had died away. To be sure the old codger was still muttering—like a thunderstorm which has slipped around but still threatens angrily. That didn't signify, however. It was over and Paul was glad.

He looked with a closer interest at the two Nance girls as they trudged through the dust up the rise toward his sister and himself. In spite of numberless good resolutions, Mr. Irit nervous, and he realized with disgust that he had not yet got over his shyness. He was, in fact, worse than ever this summer. His tanned face and red hands made him feel so roarsely masculine. If he could only take girls casually—even Eileen.

The girls were just up to them now, and he braced himself for the ordeal, straightening his tie and wishing that his hands and face were white as they had been when he came home from college. These girls, he remembered suddenly, must think a college man a wonderful being. He must live up to what they would expect. Formally he touched his cap as they came up and Jean spoke to them.

Along the road they went, Jean with Pearl and Nettie with him. He forced himself to speak casually to her, fearful lest he should stab his toe or stumble, trying to set each foot down carefully like a cat picking its way across a stream. But her answers were but monosyllables, and consciousness came to Paul that she was as frightened as he, more frightened, perhaps. The knowledge gave him confidence and he began to talk and to talk well, looking at the averted line of her face softened by the half-light remembering that she was pretty. Gradually her face turned toward him. He lowered that she smiled and felt a great kindness for her, recollecting how little chance she had had. Poor starved thing with so little to life! His hand brushed against hers.

Embarrassment did not seize him again until they neared the church and he saw the glaring acetylene lamps at the entrance. There would be people there fellows and girls. All Roberts, for instance, with his rude wit that people laughed at because he had a reputation for being funny. Paul flushed through all his veins thinking of some smart remark he might make. Hilda Johnstone too. He could picture her cold condemning eyes, her look of ridiculous virginity measuring him as he came in. He steeled himself to the ordeal and then at the gate Jean said:

"I suppose you'll want to go in the back way," and he was saved.

DOWN in the basement on rows of chairs the folks were sitting, the girls in front, the men and boys in the back. Paul looked at the girls seeking for Nettie, and picked her out. She was pretty, he thought again, even if her clothes were old. That wavy hair of hers. He would like—he blushed a little—would like to run his fingers through it. It would ripple, he decided. Behind him he heard the preacher talking in throaty tones to John Quibell, and twisting about could just see them from the corner of his eye. Placid-looking John was like all the Quibells, with his great slow moving knees and ankles eyes.

"Ettie will read the lesson tonight, won't she, John?" the preacher was urging. John shook his head.

"No—not tonight Mr. Stewart," he replied.

"But why?" urged the preacher. "Ettie reads very well——"

"I know," John answered patiently. "But she ain't had time to practise."

Paul felt Fred Dirkens nudge him and grinned inside. That was just like the Quibells. He heard the preacher speaking to him. "You'll read the lesson won't you, Paul?"

Oh I don't know," he said reluctantly.

"Sure you will," said the preacher moving away. "I'll call on you."

The meeting began—a slow moving thing in the ghastly light of the acetylene lamps, dingy tunes sung in spiritless fashion by the tired folk of the farm. What did they come for? Paul wondered scarcely comprehending that this was the one possible mid-week break in the monotony of life. Two short prayers, one by Fred already marked as a pillar-to-be of the church and another by William Arthur, the latter a lengthy petition for saving grace—for the spirit of the Lord to come down upon these young folks. What did these things mean? Paul wondered, or what would they do with them if they did come? Paul felt somewhat vaguely that he had these other prayers offered by way of contrast, that he liked to show off his own florid eloquence with its emotions carefully graduated to correspond with the tones of voice prodnertine taught him in college. Then Paul was called up to the front and rather unconscious of himself, read out a piece of Scripture.

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

But his mind was on his pronunciation and on the impression that he was making, not on the words. Finally, somewhat timidly, Margaret Crossley got up to read the topic. Words composed miles away to a Yankee city by some writer who made a business of Christianity, of supplying Canadian churches with suitable interpretations of the weekly league topic. This was on "Citizenship," and Margaret stumbled over the long words drawing on to the inevitable conclusion that we must all become Citizens of God. Another short prayer, a final hymn—a more stirring one this time—and the meeting broke up. This was the moment of release. Some of the girls nodded to Paul as they left their seats. There was a general breaking forth of little scraps of conversation. Paul, back with Percy Warren and Alf Roberts, talking first of the harvest then with more interest of baseball practice—"We'll play Gibbs's school at the lawn social two weeks from now"—noticed that Nance girls moving out. He began to wonder whether Jean and Fred and he could walk home with them. He looked at his sister talking with Hilda Johnstone. Surely they could break away.

"Guess we'll be getting along," he said to Alf, and moved unobtrusively up to Jean. Hilda spoke to him with that smile of hers which seemed to hover on the brink of petulant tears—she had her old dad quite a bit, he'd heard—and Jean and he started to move off up the steps to the front porch. He looked for Nettie. There she was starting off with Pearl, and who was that gaining them? Johnny Grant! He couldn't mistake him.

He heard Fred Dirkens say to Jean: "Old Nance better watch out—Johnny's tired of batching it." He moved along beside his sister and her friend, his thoughts tumbling in a confused turmoil as he remembered what Bob McAdoo had said so casually.

That was Johnny Grant, was it?" he heard Jean ask.

Yes," Fred assented. "Net wants to watch out for her old man. Ill he catches Johnny around."

Guess Net figures he'd be better than Squint-Eyed Pete anyway," Jean said defensively. "What Mr. Nance sees in him?"

Paul felt ashamed of himself, but was compelled by an overpowering curiosity. Funny how one's interest in a girl could grow so quickly.

"Why?" he asked. "Does Pete go round with her too?"

All last winter," Jean replied. "And he took her home from the anniversary. Old Mr. Nance has got an eye on Pete's farm—the one he'll have when his folks die." She paused and added, "Nettie hates him, she says."

"Squint-Eyed Pete!" Paul remembered him remembered the year before when he had come out of the social after the tea to hear him talking obscenely about to a passing girl. A little undersized fellow with an evil sneer and that appalling cast in his eye. But going to be rich and pretending to be awfully religious. No wonder Nettie preferred Johnny. The anger he had felt leap up in him—the instinctive anger of the possessive male—died down when he thought of it. "Poor kid" he reflected, and began to think sentimentally of catching Pete trying to kiss her, of forcing her of smashing his fist home in that squinting eye. He clenched his hand and ground his teeth.

"What's the matter?" Fred asked. "Got the pip or something?"

"Nothing," Paul answered.

THE baseball game had reached its crucial point. Young Paul, hot and perspiring in the pitcher's box, was conscious of nothing except the batter facing him. His mind refused the triangle of spectators, refused the three men of Gibbs's school to base, refused the knowledge that one run would tie the score that nobody was out, refused even the evident panic in the catcher's voice as he called to him, entreating him. With desperate intensity his fingers gripped the ball. All the determination in him welled up as he swung back and came forward again. A long moment it seemed to him as he watched the ball streaking to the plate saw it reach almost to the batter and then break in a dazzling curve. A sense of strength came on him. First one player, then a second struck out, flinging their bats aside disgustedly. But the next one was Jim Bradley facing him. Paul noted, with a quizzical grin, reminiscent of those two runs he had made already. Panic sense of power weakened. He faltered for an instant as a bee does in its flight, and then wading up began to pitch. But not so successfully. His first two attempts were wide. Then came two strikes. Bradley was waiting him out. Another ball. Three and two while the base runners began to grow desperate. He took a long breath, conscious of the stillness about him. Nothing mattered to him, he felt, except this last ball he was to throw. The pasture field grass dry and crackling in the parching sun, the trees along the brow of Warren's hill showing cool and green above him to his right, the group of farmers in their accustomed black suits and white collars and farther off at the rail fence the flutter of white that showed where the women were—this was the stage of the intensest of drama to him.

"A straight ball?" he questioned himself. "Jim would murder that." He'd try a curve again. The ball left his hand. He watched it come up to the batter and swing in to the plate. But not enough: he almost shrieked it. He knew it wasn't enough. It was outside on curb or more. The agonies of defeat seized at him and he heard the umpire's voice from a distance.

"Strike three! Batter out!"

It couldn't be. Paul knew that the ball was outside. Eddie Whetter must have stretched a point, must have given him the strike. What should he do? He had wanted it so badly. The thoughts raced through his mind. He couldn't. Silently he took off his glove and started to walk off the field.

"Good pitching," old Harry Warren said grudgingly as he came in and Paul began to come out of his daze.

"Well, Paul," the preacher was speaking. "Pretty good luck! Not but what it was pretty skillful, too, I guess," he hastened to add.

A glow began to come over Paul. After all his eye might have been wrong and it had been good pitching. He had achieved, even if that suspicion lurked there to embitter the cup. He tried to push the taste of it away, to listen only to the other players making one or two remarks, in the slow way of country folks, that put a warmth on him. Gradually he began to feel victorious, to feel his last fight. His mind began to wonder now who had seen him. He looked at the men, and then in concealed fashion at the girls getting off the fence, and making ready to walk the half mile round the corner. There on the lawn in front of Harry Warren's house, itself built on a little knoll rising from the swamp, the tables for the lawn social were spread. Was Nettie among the girls? he wondered, and then he saw her. An impulse to go up to her and to speak to her came over him, but custom was too strong on him custom and shyness. That would be too conspicuous. Unwillingly he trailed along behind with the other young fellows, laughing and talking all of them more lonely than they needed to, unconscious that the girls were conscious of them.

But after the meal—raspberries and cream and towering cakes and multitudinous pies—waiting for the concert on the improvised platform in the open air, wandering about, watching the men light the Chinese lanterns that festooned the place, Paul found himself near the Nance

Continued on page 64

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GOODYEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS

Continued from page 62

girls. He meditated about going up to them. After all he had won the game, he argued with himself, fighting down his shyness. What if folks did notice him? A little defiantly he stepped up to the girls and walked along with them, finding few words to say, stumbling over commonplaces, until a chance remark brought the game in. They had seen him...he found. A glow came over him. Embarrassment was forgotten.

Somehow Nettie seemed very desirable to him tonight. She was so impressed by him, he sensed, so tremblingly eager for him to find her attractive, and yet so unhoping for it. Pearl left them with some muttered excuse and they moved out a little farther away from the lights to the edge of the knoll and gazed out over the swamp. Black and mysterious it looked in the light of the rising moon, with darker patches to mark the little tufts of bushes in it, and little streaks of silver shewing where water was. Here and there a firefly flickered against the intermittent black, and beyond lay the long slope of Warren's hill bathed in a flood of softening, other worldly light. Dark were the lines of the fence rows, and dark the cluster of trees and buildings that marked Warren's house, and glimmering to the right, a thing of beauty now, if never before, was the corrugated steel roof of his barn.

Doesn't it get you," he said, overcome by it, looking over at "doesn't it get you?"

She made no answer and he turned to look at her, spiritual she seemed in the moon; her face, framed by that glorious hair of hers, softened to a shimmering pallor, her eyes large, lips parted a little. Something ineffably sad about her look seemed to tear at his heart. He read into her face all the misery and all the tragedy of the world.

Suddenly, unpremeditatingly, he bent to kiss her. He saw an appalled look in her eyes, felt her lips in a hard frightened line, and then she drew away; he still holding her, their eyes fastened on each other. What Paul read in hers caught at him again. He put his head to her hair, rumpling it, and then she was against him once more, her lips soft, her wide and startled eyes closing. Their lips met and they stood there, lost, conscious of none but themselves.

"What be this?" A voice shattered into Paul's ears. Electric his response was, and his next knowledge that he stood back several feet from Nettie, and that between there, looking at them, was old man Nolce, bristling with rage, all the fierce Puritan in him up in flames.

"What be this?" he roared again, grasping Nettie by the shoulder and shaking her. "Chambering and wantonness! An' with thle—thu son of Beboll!"

He released his grip and Nettie scurried away toward the lights. Paul swallowed at a lump in his throat which like the phœnix, seemed to keep mysteriously rising. He must fix it up. What did one do?

"It's all right, Mr Noire," he said. "Nettie and I—we're engaged." He had taken the plunge. But strangely it didn't fix it up. The old man swept out his arm as if to seize Paul, changed his mind, shook his fist at him. "Engaged ter yew!" he roared. "Ter yew! Jim Honey's son! An' he rheutin' nel" He towered over Paul, shaking a minatory finger at him. "Cheatin' me I say! An' yew kin tell your paw. Tell him he ain't fit ter be ampertendent. Him a liar and a debauitol I'll hev him rhurched I will!"

Paul stared at him. There was nothing to say. You couldn't strike an old man. He turned to go and realized quite unexpectedly that there were people around the two of them. There they stood, the folk whom curiosity had so quickly collected, drinking it all in in the way of country people. Not a word from them, not a titter, not even a nudging of elbows. But wait, Paul knew, until they were talking it over and he went by. Old Noice seems ter need his gals tuh hum, someone would drawl. Head down he made his way through them, imagining with burning cheeks that there was a snicker from someone as he walked away.

The glimmer of the lights brought him up. He shied at them like a startled horse and made a circle around them, avoiding even the distant approach of anyone. Before he knew it he found himself down the lane and out of the gate and on to the road. Above him on the little knoll the lights flickered merrily, and there was a cheerful hum of folks settling themselves for the concert. Talk and laughter floated out to him as from another world. How many of them, he wondered miserably were laughing at him? A horse tied to the road fence near him—there was a whole row of them along the ditch—champed at his bit. Paul felt a vague comfort at their presence. Animals, at least, wouldn't laugh. He made his way along the row of buggies, found that of his own people, clambered in and sat there humped up, a mere blurred outline watching the lights listening to the endless silence as the concert began, hearing the minister's voice as he started to announce the programme. Paul was on that programme. But he wouldn't be there. He couldn't be there. He couldn't face those people. Had anyone else besides Noice a panic-stricken question came to him, seen him kissing Nettie? He writhed at the scat. If All Roberts had or young Bradley his whole being seemed to shrink, to cod reaued itself at the thought of it, at the thought of what they might say.

Someone was singing now, and the notes came out spaced to him as from a great distance over water. What he asked himself, was Nettie doing? As miserable as he? He didn't dream of trying to find her. He didn't want to find her. But he would have liked to.

The scent of the low lying land was about him of cedar and hemlock of water-laden fern and moss. So wretched now. Yet only a few hours ago. He sat there, tears in his eyes.

Would old Noice—would old Noice try to have his father rhurched? Suppose he told himself, suppose he had brought trouble on his father. He tried to reassure himself, to remind himself that if old Noice had had any evidence he would have moved long ago. But he found no comfort. Country folk he remembered were like that—wait and wait patient as a toad on a stone. Old Noice wouldn't have any evidence. But perhaps he had a little, perhaps he had just enough truth to distort things, to make his father out a trickster, to get folks worked up till they couldn't see reason. He could visualize one of those senseless riots of emotion of theirs, could imagine his father the butt of it. If Old Noice had been waiting—and if he had set him off—tonight anything seemed possible.

But that night going home he heard his mother say to his father. "Jim, aren't you going to do anything?"

"Yes," his father answered, "I'm ready."

Something in his quiet voice began to assure Paul and to ease his fear. Surely, he told himself, his father would win, surely he would be ready for old Noice.

The horse trotted on through the darkness, a spark flashing every now and then as the iron of her shoe struck fire from a stone. As the movement and the quietness lulled him still more, Paul started to think again about Nettie and himself. It had been terrible, old Noice earthing him like that and proclaiming it, letting everyone know. It made him blush all over. But perhaps he had been a little hasty. World Nettie—he remembered an argument at college last year—be, after all a suitable wife for a man in the professions? There was Eileen, too, down there in Glenarvile. How could he have forgotten her? Conscience whispered to him. His first girl—and so sweet and pure. He tried to recall her face, wondered that he had not thought of her before.

Into his attempt at reflection burst suddenly the memory of those kisses, his first kisses. What wonderful things women were! The way her lips had felt, the soft yield of her body. He breathed quickly thinking of it, strangely excited. Another kiss like that—he would give the world for it!

To be Continued

Your Young Men Shall See Visions

Continued from page 12

but of the beautiful. Constructive ability—there you have the key to the man. He rather be a promoter responsible for some worthwhile development in my native province than anything else I know of," he once said to a friend.

And why people so often use that term in a sneering and derogatory sense I can't for the life of me understand. To me a promoter is the dynamic link you've got to have if natural possibilities are to be converted into jobs, homes, and all that means a vigorous prosperous population."

Yes, that's the key. And I venture the prophecy that it will find other doors yet, down in that province by the sea.

Just a Country Lad

NOW it might well be argued here that these men Stairs and Bell were the sons of prominent fathers and were, therefore, because of that fact favored in their careers. Let me refer you to Alfred T. O'Leary.

Alfred was born in the little village of Port Dufferin, and his father was a seacaptain. Just a country boy. On his initial visit to Halifax he wandered up into the town to see for the first time the bright lights of a big city, went into a store to buy some bananas, stepped out to the sidewalk again and saw charging down the hill toward him a great clanging behemoth. It was only a tramcar, but unused to such terrors an stalk the city streets by night, Alfred turned on his heel and did not stop running until he was safely in his cabin on board the old *Wilfred C.*, the little coasting steamer in which he had journeyed up from Port Dufferin.

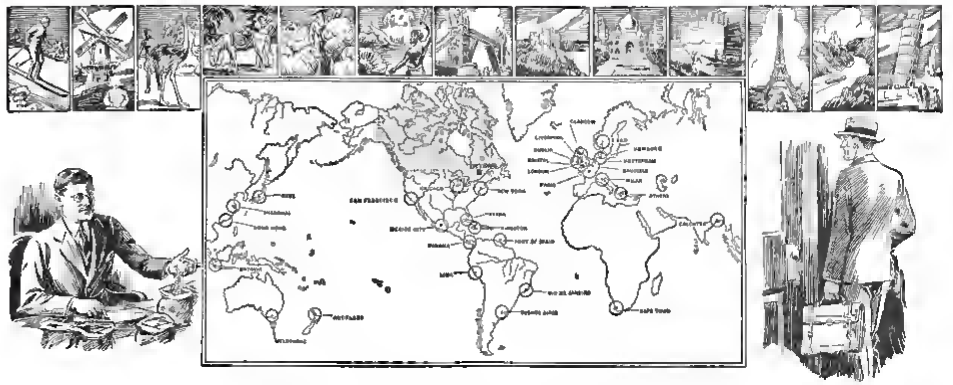
Not a very promising first encounter with a city, but a few years later Alfred came back to stay. At the age of eighteen, and with the bee in his bonnet to study law, he took an a summer job with M. R. Morrow, then general agent in Halifax for the Dominion Coal Company, Limited. In the autumn he was to enter the Dalhousie Law School. But in the autumn his father died, and Alfred, being one of the eldest of a family of ten had to give up dreams of law in the face of pressing circumstances.

Mr Morrow had been interested in Alfred since the days when as a barefoot boy the latter had ridden during summer holidays the mail teams plying between Port Dufferin and the old Dufferin Gold Mines. The interest remained, now that Alfred came to work for him in Halifax. Mr Morrow saw that his protege had ability and gave him opportunity for the exercise of that ability. When Alfred left his employ he was in charge of the discharging and bunkering operations of the firm. He then went to S Cunard & Company, to take over the coal department of that company, and was virtually Norwood Duffus' right-hand man. When, on Mr. Duffus' retirement from the firm, it was reorganized he became managing-director.

Now all this time Alfred had not been content merely to do his job from day to day. When a steamer came into Halifax requiring bunker coal he went aboard her in the interests of his company to interview the captain. Because of his own inherited seagoing traditions he made firm friends with skipper after skipper. For he was not only interested in selling coal to ships, but in ships and the men who were down at the docks. In them he thus developed an enormous seagoing acquaintanceship—call it a clientele if you will. But more than that he had been studying coal and coal markets and had come to the conclusion that owing to changed conditions in the coal industry, the overseas market for Nova Scotia coal was going to increase enormously in the next few years. Unable however to put into action the plans he had made to meet these new conditions, because his associates did not see eye to eye with him, he decided to cut himself loose from them.

He had been twelve years in the coal business, mounting steadily from the humblest job to the very highest. He found himself now without a job, and with practically no capital. But he had two assets—that large sea-going acquaintanceship, and a belief in, and a shrewd knowledge of, coal. How could he utilize those assets without financial backing? He took a look around. There were in the Maritime provinces at that time a number of small coal-mining companies anxious to extend their markets. It was a simple matter to get options on a considerable proportion of their outputs. But markets were another problem. Owing to a previous agreement with his late business associates, he was debarred for two years from selling coals in the retail market. He, therefore, proceeded to hark his hunch that Nova Scotia coal could be sold abroad, went

Continued on page 66



Our Business Scouts Abroad

Total Export Trade Increased 84.2% since 1922

Following are the official figures of Canada's total domestic exports to the world by fiscal years since 1922:

	Dollars
1922	740,240,680
1923	931,451,443
1924	1,045,351,056
1925	1,167,253,353
1926	1,315,355,791
1927	1,252,157,580
1928	1,238,349,343
1929	1,363,709,672

Exports to the British Empire Increased 55% since 1922

Following are our total exports by fiscal years since 1922 to the British Empire:

	Dollars
1922	345,835,810
1923	439,625,792
1924	436,566,369
1925	475,124,713
1926	500,567,995
1927	540,437,761
1928	499,365,865
1929	536,129,017

Exports to Foreign Countries Increased 108.8% since 1922

Canada's export trade to twenty-six foreign countries in 1922 was $368,793,940. In 1929 this total was $812,119,312.

The countries to which this export was made were: United States, Germany, Netherlands, Japan, Belgium, China, Italy, France, Argentina, Greece, Norway, Denmark, Brazil, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Irish Free State, Egypt, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Mexico, Russia, Chile, Finland, Colombia and Czecho-Slovakia.

CANADA now has 32 Trade Commissioners' offices located in the world's greatest business centres.

The sole duty of these offices is to assist in the development of Canadian export trade.

The Trade Commissioners, each one a specially trained Canadian, living among the buyers of other countries search out new markets for Canada's products or seek to widen existing markets.

They are the country's business scouts abroad.

A Service for Exporters

These Trade Commissioners will make direct inquiries, or conduct preliminary surveys for any Canadian producer or manufacturer regarding the export lines for selling his product. They will report the kind of goods wanted, the best methods of packing, shipping and billing, and provide valuable and reliable information on business conditions generally. They will place any Canadian, seriously interested in export in touch with progress ve local representatives, or introduce his salesmen to established trade houses. They will assist in maintaining business contacts.

A World View of Business

The latest trade developments the world over are constantly reported by these Commissioners to the Commercial Intelligence Service at Ottawa. The information is at the command of any Canadian. Letters of inquiry on any phase of export trade are welcomed.

While the story of Canada's increasing export trade constitutes a business record in which every Canadian can take pride, still more can be accomplished. Greater markets for Canadian products exist. The producers and manufacturers of this country have the resources and the skill to compete successfully across the seven seas. At the same time more active participation in export trade will stabilize employment at home and lower production costs. The continuation of Canada's prosperity is linked with a trade beyond our boundaries. Let us help you to gain your share of the profitable business.

Canada's Trade Commissioners Abroad

ARGENTINA	E. L. McColl, Buenos Aires
AUSTRALIA	D. H. Ross, Melbourne
BELGIUM	Jean de Gruyn, Brussels
BRAZIL	A. S. Blankney, Rio de Janeiro
BR. W. INDIES	R. T. Young, Port of Spain, Trinidad
BR. W. INDIES	F. W. Fraser, Kingston
CHINA	F. M. Cosgrave, Shanghai
CUBA	James Cormack, Havana
FRANCE	Hercule Barré, Paris
GERMANY	L. D. Wilgress, Hamburg
GREECE, TURKEY, HOLLAND	L. J. H. Turcot, Athens
HONG KONG	J. C. McGillivray, Rotterdam
INDIA & CEYLON	Paul Sykes, Hong Kong
IRISH FR. STATE	Richard Grew, Calcutta
ITALY	J. H. English, Dublin
JAPAN	A. B. Mundleman, Milan
MEXICO	A. E. Langley, Kobe
NETHERLANDS	C. Noel White, Mexico City
EAST INDIES	C. R. Hossman, Batavia
NEW ZEALAND	C. M. Croft, Auckland
NORWAY	F. H. Palmer, Oslo
PERU	G. R. Stevens, Lima
PANAMA	J. A. Strong, Panama
SOUTH AFRICA	C. S. Bissett, Cape Town
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UNITED STATES	Frederic Hudd, New York R. S. O'Meara, Chicago San Francisco (to be opened later)
Director of Commercial Intelligence Service	C. H. PAYNE, Ottawa

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DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE

HON. JAMES MALCOLM *Minister* — OTTAWA — F. C. T. O'HARA *Deputy Minister*



Continued from page 64

searching for such markets—found them—began shipping coal to England, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. His lunch became a reality. Prices started to soar in Europe. Coal sold for as high as sixty dollars a ton to Italy in those days—he was selling coal there then. His business grew by leaps and bounds. And all the time his easy-going friends were coming into Halifax for bunker coal and remembered Alfred O'Leary, who was not only a coal merchant, but a sea and lover of the sea.

Coal and Ships

PRESENTLY his ship's bunkering business rose to such a volume that he found himself handicapped for proper loading facilities. Rather than curtail this part of his activities, he went searching into the possibilities. A large, modern, bunkering outfit was lying idle on the Halifax waterfront. He leased it—and thereforth was able to coal a ship to the size of the *Olympic*.

The business grew and grew. In 1923, Canada began to import Welsh anthracite coal. Alfred began to import it—and sell it. You remember that Cyril Stairs, when he took over the sales of Rhenish bricks, first of all made himself thoroughly acquainted with the brick industry. Alfred did the same with anthracite coal. He knew all about Nova Scotia coal, but to learn of anthracite he had to go where it was mined—for there are as many varieties of anthracite as there are of apples. He spent several weeks in Wales going over the ground, and as a result learned where to buy the best coal at the best price.

But the sea was in Alfred's blood. His father was a sea-captain, as were four of his uncles. The sea had always called him, and to it he returned again. But his first venture was not a success. A sailing vessel chartered out of Newfoundland with a load of fish was lost at sea. A small steamer proved a failure. But the sea called insistently. It's in the air down here anyway. Nova Scotia was once a great shipping province, and if the wooden ships are gone the iron men have left something of their spirit behind.

In 1927, Alfred in association with F. K. Warren, purchased a small British steamer. The sugar refineries of the Maritime provinces had been shipping sugar to the Canadian west via the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, but mainly in chartered steamers unsuitable for the trade. The first steamer was bought primarily to carry Maritime refined sugar to the West, to bring grain back to Montreal and general cargo from Montreal to the Maritimes. She was a financial success, and her owners next year purchased a larger boat of the same type. One of this has grown the recently organized Interprovincial Steamship Lines, Limited, operating a fleet of freighters running regularly between the Maritime provinces and the great lake ports, of which company Alfred is vice-president.

"The sea!

"Coal is coal," Alfred will tell you, "but shipping is the most fascinating game in the world!"

Today the country boy who ran away from a tramcar twenty odd years ago owns and controls his important coal business and like the foregoing members of this trio, has taken on new worlds to conquer. He has proved beyond all cavil that the country boy of the Maritimes are quite good in the Maritimes as well as the city boy are. And he will tell you himself that he'd sooner be here than in any other part of Canada—or the United States.

To Europe via Cochrane

Continued from page 10

Europe, because here the idea is newer. When the German *Lufthansa* last year established commercial flying in Iceland it was well known that this was probably the first step toward transatlantic service for it was no open secret that the *Lufthansa* had for years been making a study of the Greenland-Iceland route.

If we study a globe of the world, and trace a line from Chicago to London, by way of the points mentioned, we find that the route not only escaped entirely the terrible fog-belts off Newfoundland, but need not involve a single hop greater than 400 miles. Technical developments assure the safety of such flights. Aircraft design, engine design given good equipment and careful supervision in operation, leave little to chance in the performance of planes on flights of that length. Radio beacons have been developed to guide the pilots in northern areas where the magnetic compass is unreliable. And the science of meteorology is far enough advanced to take care of the needs of such hops.

The Weather Question

NO MAN, embarking on a two thousand mile flight, can tell beforehand what weather he will have on the way. For a flight of four hundred miles, his weather forecast can be made fairly reliable given only a few observatories at the needed points.

On the northern route then, the flyer has the advantage of being able to land every once in so often to refuel, and if necessary, to wait for good weather. Just how small that necessity may be, can be seen from the achievements of the United States airmail, which practically disregards weather, and has for years had a record of efficiency of well over ninety per cent. or completed flights as compared to scheduled. And on the whole the weather all along the northern route to Europe is far better than that on the Newfoundland route, although not as good as that on the southern route via the Azores.

An appreciable part of the distance over the Greenland route is also cut down by the presence of that much desired thing a pilot so rarely finds a tail-wind. Professor Hobbs has pointed out in his book on *The Glacial Anticyclone* that in Greenland at the level of the ice-cap the wind always, except in times of storm blows from the centre of the cap toward the edges, and in the upper air streams from the edges toward the centre. The aviator flying over Greenland from west to east, need only fly at a fairly high altitude until he is over the centre, and then drop to a lower level to have a steady tail-wind, and can reverse the procedure when flying westward.

On the Greenland ice-cap he has the greatest natural landing-field in the world. The edges of the cap are rough and badly serrated, the centre—as reported by all who have crossed it, Peary, Rasmussen, Nansen, De Quervay—is as level and generally as hard as a billiard table. Stefanson puts it "over ten thousand square miles where you can't stub your toe."

The loveliness of course has its corresponding disadvantage in the lack of land marks to guide the flyers—in a northerly region where the compass is apt to be of very little use.

But it should not be very many years before a permanent meteorological station will be established on the ice-cap anyway. Professor Hobbs has already given some graphic demonstrations of the enormous benefit such a station can be, as a long range weather predictor, to the Atlantic shipping routes. It is logical to believe that the station will also serve as a refueling base for airplanes, and that its radio equipment will include a beacon to guide the flyers, much as beacons are being planned today on Hudson Strait to guide steamer traffic.

That the weather in Greenland is not always calm is not to be denied. The records of the old Norse settlers who lived and travelled there for something like five hundred years, hold good today. The island's storms are often of extreme violence but are generally of short duration and followed by long periods of clear, calm weather. Moreover, they occur mainly in wintertime, which is not yet considered a good flying season for that route. And last, the greatest menace to flying, is entirely lacking except to a certain extent over the surrounding waters.

Beyond Greenland, navigation is extremely simple. Because of the short hop involved. It is mainly visual in clear weather, and easily controlled by radio-beacons in cloudy or foggy weather.

It has been pointed out that in 1927 Commander Byrd failed to find Paris on the leg in spite of his excellent radio equipment. The example is unfair. Any train can be wrecked if the men in the cab knows nothing of the safety signals he sees along the way. Of the four men in Byrd's plane, not one knew anything about radio beyond being able to send and receive messages. Radio experts have assured me that Byrd's failure to find Paris was due purely to a blunder in organization. With the importance of radio in aviation becoming more apparent every day there is a growing tendency to train men who are radio experts as well as pilots.

Immediately after leaving Greenland in clear weather the transatlantic pilot will see the mountain tops of Iceland. The same navigational advantage holds good for the rest of the route. The Faroe Islands will loom into view almost before Iceland drops out the Orkneys very soon after the Faroes have disappeared below the horizon. And all of these points even now have radio and weather stations, all but the one in Greenland placed exactly right for the needs of the American-Europe route.

A Route with Commercial Possibilities

BUT no matter what the technical advantages, plans for the commercial operation of a line are futile unless economic conditions are such that it can be made to pay. A few of us are willing to invest our money purely for the sake of the glory it may bring. Most of us demand financial returns.

Even in this respect, a glance at the map can indicate enormous possibilities. That Chicago and the territory for which it is a centre, Milwaukee, Gary, Detroit, have a great deal of fast mail, express, and a number of passengers for a European airline, goes without saying. The mania for speed in modern business is a truism that need not be repeated here.

What Cochrane has to offer in the line of payload is perhaps not so evident. But it is enormously evident that Canada is pushing northward with an energy and speed that are unparalleled in the history of the world. Hudson Bay bids fair to become the Baltic Sea of America. The building of the Hudson Bay Railroad will undoubtedly hasten the completion of the T. & N. O. line to James Bay, and nobody can foretell what the future of Cochrane will be when that line is completed. The strategic location of the town cannot be questioned. It lies on the shortest, great-circle route between Chicago and Iceland, and it enjoys a central location as a gathering point for mail and express from Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg.

Indeed, Cochrane is the logical American terminus of an airline from Europe. From there, the continental distribution need not necessarily be made by plane. The town is situated at the junction of two railroads and offers an ideal trying-on point between rail and air service, with the prospect of the future addition of steamer service. Northwest of Cochrane there is as yet no commercial competition for aircraft, and it is here that planes will be in their real element.

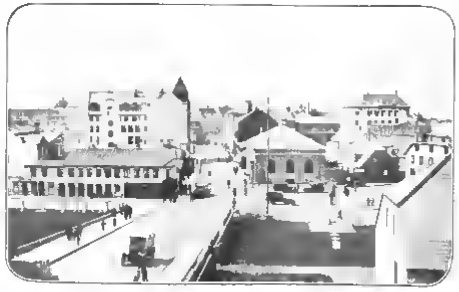
Tracing the route farther, we come to Point Burwell on Cape Chidley, which was used as a base on last year's Hudson Strait Expedition. Here again on interesting possibility looms.

Last year the government began a contract airmail service in the "settled" regions of Canada. During the season of navigation on the St. Lawrence River, planes now fly on regular schedule between Rimouski and Montreal connecting at the former point with incoming and outgoing boats. The saving of time for mail from Europe is between twenty-four and ninety-six hours.

There is still some scepticism about the suitability of Hudson Strait for commercial navigation, in spite of the fact that technical developments, radio-beacons, airmail patrols, ice-breaking methods, are progressing faster than the engineers and technicians themselves can follow, and that Russia has for years put Arctic ports to commercial use that had ice conditions far worse than the Strait.

If Hudson Strait proves at all suitable

Continued on page 69



Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, the logical European junction point on the northern air route from Europe to America.



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HOW MANY CORRECT WORDS CAN YOU LIST from the Letters in the Name F. PHILIP GROVE

Read the Rules carefully and particularly observe Clauses 1, 3, 6, and 8.

List the letters in the KeyName as to the frequency of their occurrence:—I/2, L/1, P/2, V/1.

A dictionary will be helpful and act as a guide in listing your Entry in strictly alphabetical order to the last letter.

Hand- or type-written Entries are equally acceptable—their arrangement in columnar form is requested.

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J Herbert Hodgins special feature writer and financial expert, Toronto.



With the publication in 1927 of Mr. F. Philip Grove's first American novel, Frederick Philip Grove achieved the dream of a lifetime and won a place in the front rank of our popularly North American writers. Today his literary reputation is international. He was born in 1872 at Molesme, Sweden. He has lived in more than thirty years in Western Canada where he earned his daily bread as a wheat grower. He has made it his task to assist newcomers to Canada and his article "Assimilation" in this issue is MACLEAN'S latest characteristic contribution to this mission toward the problem of the immigrant. He is the author of "Over Prairie Trails," "The Turn of the Year," "Settlers of the Marsh," "A Search for America," and "The Daily Bread," and makes his home at Rapid City, Manitoba.

Every letter in the KeyName may be used as often as possible, in different words, though a correct word may contain a letter only as often as it appears in "F. Philip Grove."

Your Entry will not be disqualified if it does contain incorrect or doubtful words, but they will be taken into consideration in determining the Prize-Winners.

It is very simple to sort out the correct and incorrect words—glance at these examples—else, fire, greave, hovel, hoop, ripple.

Your Entry must be the sole and independent work of yourself, or yourself and your immediate family.

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3. Entrants must mark with their Entry a new or renewal subscription for themselves as one of their family resident at the same address, or a subscription secured from some other person not only for the first year but for at least $2.50 for one year to MacLean's Magazine. Entrants paying for other than their own or their family's subscription will be disqualified. A renewal subscription will not be accepted after the sixth issue from receipt of the subscription.

4. The number of words listed must be totalled, given on the Coupon, and the Data prepared in strictly alphabetical order in the last column.

5. All Entries in to a MacLean's must be mailed in separate envelopes to be received at their post-offices not later than September 15, 1929.

6. In determining the Winners, only printable and recognized words of the English language will be counted. Do not use slangy or slang words, abbreviations, or inventions, apostrophes, plurals, compound forms, prefixes or suffixes by themselves or hyphenated words. Do not use proper names. Words spelled either, but carrying different meanings, will only be counted as one word. Doubtful or questionable words will be disqualified as well as words clearly incorrect or doubtful words will not affect your Entry, but will be taken into account in determining the Winners.

MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any Entry for any reason deemed sufficient by it.

8. No discussion can be entered into by correspondence, by phone, or otherwise, regarding MacLeanagrams. All Entries are submitted to by fact that they have been duly signed by the Entrant, or Executive and that a return is made and that the Editor's decision is final and that the Editor's and not such in the preparation of any other Entry or was any other Entry used in the preparation of the list.

Continued from page 67

for a steamer route to Europe, there is no doubt that Point Burwell will play a rôle parallel to that of Rimouski today in tying together steamship and plane service. The advantage at Point Burwell is even greater. It allows a connection with plane transportation both ways with savings in time that are estimated in days rather than hours.

And even if the Strait were frozen over the year around, Point Burwell would still be an important station. There is no doubt whatever that Hudson Bay which never freezes over entirely, is destined to become an inland sea as important commercially as the Great Lakes and the Baltic. There is no doubt that Hammarskjoeld in staking out the iron deposits on Belcher Islands is justified by the mere fact that the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad makes it possible to bring this iron to a point within reach of Alberta coal and Nelson River water power. That means industry. Innumerable other visions of industry are looming today. No one can tell what the future holds as the result of the work being done by the N.A.M.E., The Western Canada Airways, The Dominion Explorers and others. All we know is that by far the biggest obstacle to the rapid settlement and utilization of Canada's North has already disappeared to a very large extent—the psychological obstacle with its shudders about the "bleak" and "frozen" North, that heretofore kept all but the heroes comfortably at home.

Iceland the Logical Focal Point

IF HUDSON STRAIT, then, were frozen over the year round and the Bay were nothing but an ice-locked inland sea, there would be all the more need for rapid airplane communication with Europe. The only difference is that at Cape Chidley the planes would connect with other planes carrying mail passengers, and express, instead of with steamers.

Commercially so far as payload is concerned, Greenland is the weakest point of that entire route. This is due to the attitude of the Danish government rather than to any lack of natural resources. Greenland has coal and cryolite, an area of 150,000 square miles suitable for raising reindeer and crops and some of the best fishing waters in the world in her immediate vicinity. Denmark however, does not allow commercial exploitation there except to a very limited extent and under the supervision of the crown. Greenland is an Eskimo reservation kept closed for the benefit of its inhabitants.

But the Boers discovered some years ago, and the Icelanders are discovering today that the demands of commerce are ruthless and allow no closed territories to stand in the way of economic expansion. And the Danes have already had to modify their Greenland policy. Norway has won the right to establish a fishing station on the east coast of the island. Iceland is clamoring for the same right.

And Denmark is establishing local industries, agriculture and canning factories. The Danish attitude is that Greenland is only temporarily closed, until such a time when the Eskimos can play their part in commercial developments or until the demands of commerce make its opening imperative.

Greenland is no more permanently unproductive and permanently unable to furnish any appreciable amount of payload, than is Arctic Canada.

And beyond Greenland, in Iceland we have one of the busiest commercial nations in the world. The foreign trade of Iceland today, per inhabitant, is probably larger than that of any other country amounting to over $300 per year. Ships are busy the year around, ferrying passengers, mail and freight between Reykjavik and such points as Edinburgh, Hull, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Bergen. And this is only the beginning. Iceland's history, its position with regard to natural resources, its present road building programme and economic trend, all indicate that the foreign trade of the nation must grow. In the past twenty years this trade has been multiplied twenty times in the next ten years it should be trebled. There is no other way for a healthily growing country that has no timber, no coal, no mineral resources, and low agricultural products of its own, and is forced to trade the wealth of its fisheries and the potential wealth of its water power for nearly everything needed in modern civilized life.

Where trade is booming, the airplane finds payload. And in Iceland, where the fine climate, the weirdly beautiful scenery, and the friendly rural life are only now beginning to be appreciated by foreigners, the airplane can find an ever increasing amount of payload in the form of tourists.

Even today, there is little doubt that Iceland can make the eastern end of the airline pay the part between that country and the rest of Europe.

When we study the position of Iceland on the map, we become aware that that country must be regarded as the logical European junction point of the transatlantic flying route just as Cochrane is the logical American terminus. From Reykjavik the routes to Europe's northern capitals spread out like fingers from an open hand. Reykjavik is the local point at which the American flying system can best be tied in with the European, and with local European steamer service.

No wonder that the Germans have taken steps to establish flying in Iceland. In the Icelandic parliament of this year, they applied for a concession for exclusive commercial flying there. Had they received it, they would today have an exclusive concession to the only feasible airplane route between America and Europe.

In Answer to the Sceptics

THE plans of the Chicago company are still vague and unannounced. When it begins operations, they will undoubtedly be regarded with an almost universal scepticism. I for one am convinced that the company's only possible mistake is that, perhaps, it is ahead of its time. But that is a flimsy criticism, overworked by the conservatives. It has so often proved unjustified in Canadian history alone that we must be careful in its application.

The tempo of our times is increasing enormously. The need for the Greenland-Iceland flying service is becoming more apparent with each step in the development of the Hudson Bay Region and of Iceland. And as for Greenland, Canada has plenty of historical parallels, of lines of transportation crossing "useless" and non-productive territories. It was once predicted that the Canadian Pacific could never pay for its own axle-grease because it crossed the barren prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta. It was predicted that the Hudson Bay Railroad would prove a failure for similar reasons. The trend of modern developments is rapidly northward. Predictions regarding the productivity of Greenland are as futile today as predictions regarding the productivity of the Hudson Bay Region were futile five years ago.

The main trouble with the business of prophecy is that no prophet can possibly take into full account all the trends and developments technical, economic psychological, that may have a bearing on any given case.

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ANONYMOUS—

but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand: "Wake up"

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.

* Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

LISTERINE



The soufflé made with diced meat, a creamed sauce and whites of egg can be served in individual ramekins.

Savory Luncheon Dishes

Scores of appetizing dishes can be made up at short notice with a creamed sauce as a base

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL

THE made-up dish that is light or semi-light in character is one of great usefulness. We like it for luncheon—quite as much for the luncheon of some pretensions as for the little family meal which may be no more than a matter of well assembled left-overs. That is, of course, one of the features which commends the made-up dish—it is impossible to tell whether it was carefully premeditated and especially chopped for, or just tossed together from the odds and ends in your refrigerator. The Sunday night supper, too, turns such dishes to good account, and so does the run of informal entertainments, when a savory snack, more or less substantial, is in order.

There is no end to attractive dishes that can be used for all these purposes—yet many homemakers are at an almost complete loss when something of the kind is wanted.

If you are one of those housekeepers who find that occasional unexpected guests or maybe the mishaps of suburban delivery establish sudden needs for an easily-prepared main dish, you will find that several of the group I am going to suggest will rise quite nobly to emergency. Just a few cans of this and that, tucked away undisturbed for rush moments—and you will be able to construct quite a variety of tempting dishes, even without forewarning. Let your emergency selections include your choice of such things as canned tuna fish or salmon; cans, tomatoes; tomato soup either for service as soup or to use in certain dishes; a package of grated cheese; a can of chicken or tongue; some mushrooms, asparagus and, perhaps, a tin of the crisp little fried Chinese noodles, which will make a distinctive accompaniment for soup or salad.

Cream Sauce

A GOOD cream sauce is a factor in so many tempting made-up dishes that I have chosen a number of good things in which it is a feature.

2 or 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter (or substitute)
2 or 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Cupful of milk
½ Teaspoonful of salt
⅛ Teaspoonful of pepper

Melt the butter and blend in the flour smoothly; use two tablespoonfuls of each for a medium sauce, three spoonfuls if you want a thicker sauce. Add the milk, and cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Add seasonings.

Cheese—one-quarter to one-third cupful, grated—may be stirred into the sauce for one in many dishes.

Curry powder added to taste, will often give a useful turn to the sauce.

Finely minced pimento, green pepper or onion; a few French capers; a dash of cayenne or Worcestershire sauce or other high seasoning—all these have their uses in different dishes.

Creamed Dishes

WITH a good cream sauce as a base, there are any number of creamed dishes that deserve popularity. Practically any cold, cooked white meat, cooked or canned chicken, tongue, dried beef, hard cooked eggs, all take kindly to creaming. Each needs its individual touches to give distinction of flavor and appearance.

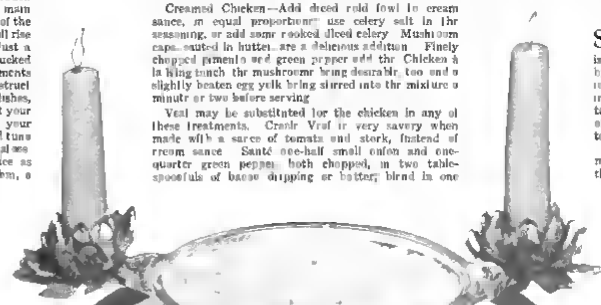
Creamed Chicken—Add diced cold fowl to cream sauce, in equal proportions; use celery salt in the seasoning, or add some cooked diced celery. Mushroom caps, sauted in butter, are a delicious addition. Finely chopped pimento and green pepper add the chicken à la king touch; the mushrooms bring desirable, too, and a slightly beaten egg yolk bring stirred into the mixture a minute or two before serving.

Veal may be substituted for the chicken in any of these treatments. Creole Veal is very savory when made with a sauce of tomato and stock, instead of cream sauce. Sauté one-half small onion and one-quarter green pepper, both chopped, in two tablespoonfuls of bacon dripping or butter; blend in one tablespoonful of flour, season with half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne, and stir in slowly half a cupful of stock or water. Stir until smooth and slightly thickened; then add one cupful of canned tomatoes and a tablespoonful each of finely chopped parsley and French capers. Add two cupfuls of diced veal, and when thoroughly heated serve on toast or with a border of boiled rice or spaghetti.

Lamb may be substituted for veal in the Creole dish.

Creamed Eggs—Hard cook four eggs, cut in fragthwise sections and put into cream sauce to which half a teaspoonful of curry powder has been added.

Fish à la Crème is always liked. To one cupful of the smooth rich cream sauce add one and a half cupfuls of flaked fish, canned salmon or tuna fish or any cold cooked fish which may be a left over; add a little minced green pepper and a few French capers.



White meat, vegetables, and hard boiled eggs will have their place in the creamed mixture cooked in casserole and topped with a golden brown finger containing of buttered crumbs or grated cheese.

Serving en Casserole

SOMETIMES a more attractive result, or at least a dish that is a little less easily achieved by turning the creamed mixture into a buttered baking dish or into individual ramekins or treated cups and putting a topping of buttered crumbs on the surface, to be browned nicely in the oven.

The chicken or other white meat, the fish or the eggs, all lend themselves nicely to this treatment; and so do many vegetables, notably, celery, cauliflower, onions, sliced boiled potatoes, carrots, green beans and any of the others which you like in scalloped form.

Make the sauce, allowing cupful for cupful with the solids. Arrange in alternate layers, seasoning suitably; cover the top with a layer of dry crumbs that have been tossed in melted butter, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.

The same special additions may be made to chicken, fish and so on, to heighten the character of the dish as were suggested for the simple creamed mixtures.

Again using the baking dish or individual ramekins, we combine cheese with some of the egg mixtures to most excellent effect. Let me suggest that when the savory topping of golden buttered crumbs or grated cheese is one of the main attractions of the dish it is a good plan to use broad, shallow dishes rather than



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those which are deeper and would afford but little of the savory topping for each serving

Make the cream sauce adding grated cheese to it if you want considerable cheese flavor in your dish. Arrange alternate layers of your seasoned solids, with layers of the plain cream sauce or cheese sauce. Cover the top of the dish with a generous layer of grated cheese, selecting Parmesan or a nippy Canadian cheese for the purpose, and sprinkle lightly with paprika and brown in a moderate oven.

The hard-cooked eggs are particularly good in this cheese combination. So are such fish as cod, crab meat, lobster and any of the white-fleshed fish which we serve so frequently baked or boiled. The hard-cooked egg used in combination with the fish is really an improvement.

Very superior macaroni and cheese is made with the cream sauce foundation. The macaroni is cooked in the usual way, in a big potful of boiling salted water. When tender, it is arranged in a buttered baking dish with plenty of the cream sauce to which grated cheese has been added. When a good layer of grated cheese is put over the top and the dish baked to a delicate golden brown in the oven, the result cannot be bettered.

Perhaps you have regarded the soufflé as rather a mysterious dish and one requiring the hand of an expert. As a matter of fact, a savory soufflé is not at all awe inspiring if you reduce it to these simple terms:

Make a cream sauce, thicker than usual—with four tablespoonfuls of butter and four tablespoonfuls of flour to the cup of milk. Season it, pour the hot sauce slowly into three well-beaten egg yolks, add to it whatever solids are to give the soufflé its character—diced fowl or meat, flaked fish, grated cheese or what you will. Fold in carefully the whites of the three eggs which have been beaten very stiff.

Turn the mixture into a well-buttered baking dish or into individual ramekins or custard cups.

The baking of the soufflé is really the trickiest part of its preparation. The oven must be kept very moderate 275—325 deg. Fahr. Set the dish in a pan containing a little boiling water and allow fairly to fifty minutes for the average large soufflé, or about half that time if you are using individual dishes.

Another way to cook a soufflé is to cover the dish with a piece of waxed paper and set it in a steamer over gently boiling water.

To test the soufflé, thrust a steel knitting needle or the blade of a small silver knife into its centre when you think it is about done. If it comes out clean the soufflé is cooked and should be served immediately.

Betty Ann's Villain

Continued from page 15

rush to throw all his weight into discharging the stone and discharged not only the stone but himself. The stone didn't even hit the creek, while he in an air-clutching panorama skidded over the succulent slope and disappeared with a frightful splash.

Betty Ann screamed and scrambled frantically down to the creek, where without a thought of slipperiness she dashed on to the ledge. Her dad could swim like a porpoise but the snapshot on her retina was that of a man killing himself.

"Dad! Dad!" she screamed as she scurried along the ledge, her stricken glare on the boiling eddies her muscles tensing for the dive to his rescue. The next instant she shrieked at her escaping feet, grabbed at the sky, and in a confusion of arms and legs shot to the shutes.

As Mr. Leeds popped to the surface some ten feet below the agitated basket, Betty Ann and her long-drawn death yell were tragically swallowed olive ten feet below him. Instinct told him it was she and he lunged for her, but before he could reach her she had plopped into view as expertly as a seal.

"Oh dad, you got all right?" she blew as she shook the water from her head. She was swimming owing to her lack of height.

"Yes—are you?" he growled. "Dat't try to get out on that ledge."

"What do you think I am?" she retorted, beginning an Australian crawl for the shallows down stream.

Mr. Leeds now discovered bottom and walked. After a few strokes Betty Ann arose and squeezing the water from her hair and face staggered over the slimy rubble of the bottom until she stood knee deep.

"Oh! Oh!" she stormed with a sobbing howl that was partly laughter. "If I could only get my hands on that Hendy Hicks! I'll tear him to pieces. That goofy nate! Oh!" This last was a squawk and stamp.

"Don't blame him, young lady," rebuked her father gruffly while scraping the water from his own face. "You're the nigger in this woodpile and you're only getting what was coming to you. You drove him to it. Cleopatra's nothing to you."

"I didn't drive him to it," she cried indignantly. "And I didn't drag myself nor you down in this old hole, and I didn't drive you out on that ledge where a fly couldn't stand either. The only thing I'm to blame for is trying to save you when I saw—" Here she broke off and began to laugh uncontrollably. "I can't help it. If you could have seen the comic stag you cut taking that dive!"

He glowered like a cannibal.

"And that wonderful stone you threw—it went up on that precipice!"

His sense of humor was reviving. He turned around and contemplated the basket. It was now motionless and as innocent as could be. Henderson's head was still in it and still whirring with the spin of unholy joy given it when poetic justice had flung Betty Ann into the creek and repaired her fate with Chesswicks. He was hilarious over having written that note and its miscarriage. He was in love with the hunker for aiding with bias.

Yet in spite of all Henderson was enjoying nothing. He loathed a flour-flusher and discovery would pillory him as the cheapest one ever captured. He would rather drown. About the only stimulus that kept him alive was his epileptic soreness against That flapper down there.

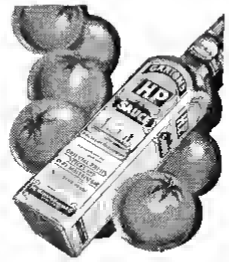
"Well," granted Mr. Leeds with a small laugh after a long look. "I wouldn't have got any fish if I had hit the basket. Probably only minnows nibbling picnic leavin's."

THEY turned and resumed wading. They were just leaving the water when a furious barking burst upon the scene. The dog which had been recalled from far afield by Betty Ann's screams, was standing on the ledge immediately above the basket and too plainly aiming the vociferations at it.

"By Gad! I knew there was something in that basket," cried Mr. Leeds excitantly, rushing back into the creek and up into the pool for a full view. Betty Ann, all eriously, followed him.

"Shut up, y'darned ghoul!" Henderson was hissing in a whisper through his helmet. At every hiss the dog became the more frenzied.

"Get it, Orlo!" yelled Mr. Leeds. "Jump in! Sick 'em!"



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How delightfully piquant and refreshing! H.P. is rich—fruity, incomparable for appetising flavor.

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Recipe for delicious uncooked *Salad Dressing*

2 eggs beaten until light.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1 teaspoonful mustard.
1 can Eagle Brand Milk.
1 cupful vinegar.

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The dog sprang into the water and seized the suspicious object. Henderson had filled his lungs and was sputtering on the bottom. The dog deserted the basket and swam excitedly about barking.

Suddenly Betty Ann lost her breath and grabbed her dad by eyes round with horror. The corpse was coming to the surface! Then he saw that the head was alive. Tempestuous scorn replaced the horror.

"Henderson Hicks, where did you come from?" she raved. "You've been hiding there all the time, so you have. You've done all of this in cold blood, got me into all this outrageous mess. You knew all along we'd run out on that rock and break our necks!"

Henderson, sullenly repulsing the demonstrative dog, was walking toward them and slowly arising into view. Mr. Leeds, with a very broad and tightly pulled in smile, was beginning to shake with merriment. He relished the defiant embarrassment in the youth's face, and from the retelling frankness showing its teeth in the glass eyes fixed on Betty Ann he augured much. He had decided to stand aside and let the disease take its course.

"Well, young man," grinned Mr. Leeds, "I wasn't so far off when I told her your body might be in the crick—"

"Hendy Hicks!" stormed Betty Ann before he could find an answer. "I never heard of anyone writing such a perfectly obscene note. I never gave you occasion to write such a note and you have got to square me with my father. He thinks I deliberately vamped you and then flung you aside when you knew I never did anything—anything of the kind. I never gave you the slightest excuse for killing yourself."

"Huh!" Henderson stiffened his neck and began to lose his embarrassment.

"Yes huh! You haven't been within miles of me for four days."

Henderson lost all his embarrassment.

"What?" he cried in top heavy astonishment. "Have you the cruel to stand there and say to my face you didn't tie me and again swear you loved me better than life and couldn't live without me? Hay?"

"What's that got to do with writing such a low, childish note?"

"Hold-ee smoke? To do? Didn't you mean anything you said all those days when you were snuggling and kissing—"

"Dad, are you going to allow this beast to abuse me like this?"

"And you can't understand why I ever thought y'meant it, can you? But you know darn well I meant every word I said. That's right, turn your nose up, mide! Y'did say all those things and led me on and played horse with me till that long legged grudge from Cleveland broke down out front, and you kept him sticking round half a day and ditched me offhand—cold—worse'n any vamp in the pictures."

"Don't you dare talk to me like that!" she almost screamed, stamping in the water.

"Dare? Oh, the poor dear ol' man! I mustn't even talk about him. And he's coming tonight again, is he? Of course!"

"I'll not have another word from you, you ungentlemanly cad!" She was a stamping blazing picture of brutalized virtue defending itself. "You're like most men—perfectly responsible. The day he smashed his ear and you sulked around and insulted him and me and everybody and made a beast of yourself just because the accident did keep him here several hours and I—being a lady—had to treat him politely—didn't I tell you then, after I had stood your perfectly insane jealousy until I was nearly wi-nid that you had gone at last, too far? And that I was glad—glad—I had found you out before it was too late? Didn't I? Do you call that vamping?"

"Is that so?" he returned in double-shotted kind. "Who wouldn't have been sore? The minute that spindle-legged old fossil showed up, you couldn't see me for dust and the way you lolly-gagged around him and slammed me every time y'laid eyes on me was a holy fright. And—"

"Hi-ll-leg Betty Ann! Belly Ann!"

Every wheel stopped short. The hollow thin tenor had come from the pine-tufted declivities above the pool.

"Oh!" gasped Betty Ann. "I wouldn't have him catch me like this for worlds! What shall I do! Oh just see what you've done!" She stamped out this concentrated lye at Henderson. She whirled to flee, slipped and went clear under in a convulsion of rage. Mr. Leeds puffed with laughter. Henderson jumped to her aid.

"Keep your hands off me!" she shrilled, struggling to her feet.

When she had scooped the water from her eyes she saw what the other two were watching. A tall figure, ghost-grey in the lavender twilight, hurrying eagerly down the shingly borders of the creek. Henderson preened his nose and upperlip into an exquisite sneer. "That Chesswicks! The long legs, the tailored exclusiveness, his fatty air under the impact of these Henderson's spine assumed a hostile hump. Mr. Leeds, with a twinkle in his eye, adjusted his poker face and placed his arms akimbo.

"They told me at the house," called the tenor gaily, "that you and your father had gone for a stroll down here, and I thought I'd hunt you up."

He halted, obviously astounded. Evidently he had not until now noticed that they were knee deep in the stream.

"What's happened!" he cried in alarm.

"Come on down and we'll tell you," bawled Henderson in sudden friendliness.

Betty Ann gasped. "Don't try walking on that ledge, Bob!" she called urgently. "You'll have to go up to the top and come down this side the cliff. You can't walk on it. It flung us in!"

"Yes, y'can," bawled Henderson in lanes of confidence that scouted Betty Ann's fears. "If you watch your step there's no risk at all. If you can't swim and are afraid of course you'll have to go up and around, or wade the crick. It's only six inches deep where you are but it's slippery as ice. They fell in because they tried to run."

"Don't you dare try it, Bob," shouted Betty Ann peremptorily. "He wants you to fall in!"

"I do not!" Henderson fiercely shouted at her.

"Don't you dare yell into my face like that!" she cried back furiously at him.

"You can make it too!" bawled Henderson. "Of course if you've got no nerve you'd better wade the crick or climb the hill."

This primitive but infallible psychology rallied it. Mr. Chesswicks headed not uphill but toward the ledge.

"Don't dare try it!" screamed Betty Ann. "I never dreamed Hendy Hicks," she raged at that person, "you were such a deliberate villain. Oh! Oh! I'm glad I found you out in time!"

Hendy was too absorbed in his ally the ledge to be crushed by her comment. The grandpa of thirty or so was advancing boldly upon the shelving stratum, but there was nothing jaunty in his gait. The increasing pitch of the promenade, the moss varnished by water into green silk floss, the glistening stones, the dark hand, elbow high, from which spray water was raining all reiterated Betty Ann's warning. He slowed down and began watching his step for dear life. The audience was breathless and motionless. Even the dog near a bed of mint below them was a statue.

"Come on, you can make it," rooted Henderson.

Henderson Hicks, you're the most inhuman monster on earth!" cried Betty Ann in a trance of horror.

"Come on! You're over the worst of it," bawled Henderson.

Facts About Tea series —No. 1

Tea - its origin

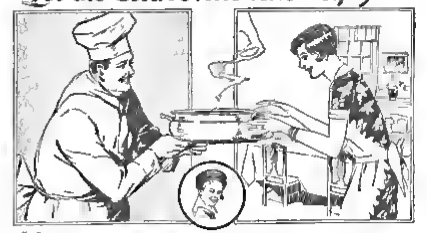
Five thousand years ago a venturesome Chinaman, so we are told, penetrated the forests of Assam in India and discovered the tea plant. He took it home and planted it... and so the story goes. This is legend but ancient writers of China tell us definitely that tea was growing in China in 2700 B.C.

"SALADA" TEA

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M M

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You get the VITAMINS in rich abundance in this delicious CLARK Soup which preserves the full value of its fresh vegetables and wholesome beef stock. Serve it often.

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GREEN PEA
PEA



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Canadian Boiled Dinner
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CLARK'S Pork and Beans

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SEAL BRAND ORANGE PEKOE

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In sealed air-tight packages

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Lure of Advertising in Housewife's View

Speaking at Newcastle Eng. July 22 on "A Housewife's View of the Lure of Advertising" Viscountess Daresir said

"When I consider the great power of the modern advertisements upon the life of women and how they persuade us what to eat to drink and to wear what health resorts to select, and what hotels to stay at, I realize how amazing is the influence of advertisements on our daily life and I cannot be amazed at the enormous sums spent and nightly spent on advertising and the great value which the heads of great enterprises place on the art as a wonderful agent in commercial success. Today publicity in all its varied forms is a necessity in the rush and competition of modern life modest work would remain very modest indeed if it did not succeed in making itself known."

Referring to posters in beautiful places, Lady Daresir said: Unsightly posters in such places defeat their own ends. Original ity a means of beauty and imaginations are needed to advertising"



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Delicate tints . . . dainty designs . . . a happy blending of color and grace. Adding charm to your dressing-table . . . wearing the charm in the modern manner, Keystone toiletry appointments emphasize your good taste and offer you a wide variety of designs to choose from.

Keystone mirrors carry the finest grade of Imported French plate glass . . . flawless, sparkling. Keystone brushes lacks of white Russian bristles in their beautiful backs, lively handles that stay lively for a lifetime. At Jewellery, Drug, Department and Leather Goods Stores in single pieces or sets.

Stevens-Hepner Co. Limited
Port Elgin, Ontario

Manufacturers of the famous Keystone Ruler Toothbrush

KEYSTONE

TOILETWARE

—in black and natural finish ebony and natural and pastel shades of pearl, ox amber.

Dad! How can you stand there so perfectly nonsensed?"

Mr Leeds gave a start as if some one had knocked a three-bagger. She whirled her gaze to the ledge. Mr Cheswicks had staggered with an outward fling of arms and come to a precarious stiff-legged stand.

"That's nuthan' Yar're all right!" bawled Henderson.

"Henderson Hicks, if he lails in—uh!"

Mr Cheswicks had essayed another step which all clearly saw was the beginning of the end. Betty Ann screamed in helpless sympathy. Mr Cheswicks was pawing the air while his feet were pawing the ledge. A moment of intensest suspense. Il a drummer had been there the long roll would instinctively have accompanied the act. Then suddenly the red came. He sat down on his shoulder blades and rode in.

Henderson, drunk with the victorious sweets of vengeance, doubled down and pumped out a whooping successor al barsel aughs. Mr Leeds, renouncing decorum, shook like an aspen.

"Henderson Hirks," cried Betty Ann in a transport al fury "it's all I can do to keep from pour ding you good. You think you re so smart don't you! Oh—oh! Get out of here this instant. I mean it, sir We rent this ravine. Get off this property Iratantly. I never want to see you again."

"Don't worry," jeered Henderson. "I ear t get away from yar tea quick. If I thought I'd ever have to see you again I'd go to bed for life."

"Oh is that—so!"

He was wading past her, forging down stream. "Oh, I just hate you!" she fretted stamping in the water.

"Ditto"! he drawled with his lower jaw shoved sidewise that his face and mouth might be drawn into the requisite design. He glanced over his shoulder at the wrt hend bobbing down the pool. He snarted with laughter and reeled ecstatically. In a spasm al rage she scooped up and threw water over him.

He vearhaled her not the slightest notice of this parting courtesy. He trudged steadily down creek. Every rod or two he reeled for her benefit like a drunken man and whooped with merriment. Two hundred yards below the pool the ravine makes a sharp bend to the left. As he passed around this turn in his life's course, he tossed his arms and whooped a last peal of derision. He looked back to see if it hed destroyed her. Cheswicks had reached the two and was in conversation with them. Her thin back shivering and hunching and full al scapular angles, was the finishing picture.

"Good night, Marier—to think I ever had a crush on that!"

And breaking into a genuine whistle he struck a brisk gait for camp

Assimilation

Continued from page 7

companies. Consequently young people crowd into cities and towns. I am of course, well aware of the fact that these are the growing-pains of every young country.

Does such a policy breed happiness? Does it breed men? So far it has produced wheat. But land has been conformed rather than farmed: crops have been converted into dollars, dollars into first payments on machines and motor cars. May we set question the ultimate wisdom of exporting the fertility of the soil in order to keep the machinery of a so-called up-to-date life lubricated?

Planners Still Needed

I HAVE so far accepted as true the assertion that we produce more wheat per man employed in agriculture than does Europe but even this assertion may be questioned. We must count in all those who are employed in the implement trade, in the manufacture al implements, in the making of cars, in the transportation of the crops to distant markets in the handling of these crops all these are though indirectly employed in the production of our grains. Nobody will for a moment deny that their number vastly exceeds not only that of the farmers on this continent, but also the number similarly employed in Europe where, after all our so-called up-to-date methods are deliberately repudiated by a peasantry that knows what it is about. If we divided the total yield of the country not by the number of our farmers alone, but by the number al all directly or indirectly employed in producing it, I wonder whether the yield per man would still exceed the yield per man in any but the poorest districts al Europe.

We speak of peasants as if the very word meir es shudder. Let us not forget that it is the peasantry which so far, has enabled every civilization evolved in the past to survive as long as it has survived. The peasantry of Europe has always led the rities not only with bread and wine, but with new blood and new manhood. In Canada evolving as it is a great material civilization imitative of the great material civilization of our neighbors to the south—as Canada reproducing that manhood which did the pioneering work of a hundred years ago? Is it not a fact that the Canadian born in Western Canada today in the country and in the small towns are becoming salt, mentally and physically, that in certain kinds of hard manual labor there is an imperative demand for the immigrant that education, though it is bring spread far and wide is also being planed down to the thinness of a mere veneer? And further is it not a fact that while we improve the plant al life as the mechanical equipment is commonly called, we sorely neglect the fundamentally human qualities which we sum up in the one word "character?"

But though through the improvidence of the last generation we have alienated the greater part of our land, and have allowed it to pass into private hands, it remains none the less true that the sort of people we need on the land is still that class which we call the pioneers.

European civilization has in the last 2,000 years become essentially urban, that is it has neglected all the ruder virtues except the martial ones. If we want to find settlers fit to do our sort of work we must go to the poor districts of Europe, to the districts where the hardships of poverty have trained the population for the hardships of pioneerdom, to the districts where thrift has been enforced by hard necessity rather than by a long schooling in ironic wisdom, for ironic wisdom does not prear ppose to emigrate; we must go to those parts of Europe where there is still an indigenous and rude sort of peasantry.

With wide-open ports and unrestricted immigration something resembling a natural quota law has just established itself. Last year we had 75,000 British immigrants, 25,000 from northern Europe, 50,000 from what we call the non-preferred nationalities of central Europe. I will not deny that these figures are perhaps too high—not because they represent a national menace, but because we have been unable to place that many on the land. The remedy consists in a relaxing of the high pressure rapid fire salesmanship used by our transportation companies rather than in any governmental restriction al immigration. Yet, even at that, the last remains that a higher percentage of the third class of immigrants has found its way to settling permanently on the land than of the other two classes.

How are they fitting themselves into the national life al Canada?

The Peasant and Politics

IN THIS connection other objections are being raised. It is being said that as soon as they are naturalised they lend themselves to partisan exploitation by cdrrot politicians. I have lived among almost all classes of immigrants in the open country, and I have lived among them in such a way as to be mistaken for one of their number. It is true that among those who are urable or but scantily able to speak the English language, at election time politicians would come in their cars loaded with cigars and tobacco their pockets bulging with bright shiny half-dollar pieces to be distributed among the children. It is true that when they left the Ukrainian lanager, often unable to judge between parties would cast his vote for the man who had been most friendly to him and his. If you will think for a moment I don't believe you can blame him. He is concerned with establishing himself economically and spiritually. His daily bread is more to him than political institutional business adjustment to a new country, a new world, means more to him than a law that may be passed or voted down. Political opinions, unless inherited—and that is the least intelligent mode of acquisition—are extra for him born in the country. In fact that he evolves in the process al fitting himself for life. Few of our adolescents have political opinions of their own before the age of twenty eight. Political opinions of his own cannot be intelligently evolved by the immigrant before he has established himself economically and spiritually in his new environment. Politically, the immigrant is necessarily indifferent for at least a decade.

If that is true—and you may take my word for it that it could not be otherwise—on whom does this political exploitation of what is called the foreign vote reflect on the so-called foreigner or on the native politician? I myself refused to vote for the first twenty years of my stay in the country and I could not convince myself that I was doing anything but the intelligent thing in thus refraining. For I refused to be exploited, as, had I voted I should have been, in spite of the fact that the English language was almost native to me. For such exploitation remedies are at hand. I am not concerned with them here. But any group al reasonably sympathetic men can work them out in no hour. What I am concerned with here is the fact that this exploitation does not argue against the immigrant. If he were left alone, he would do as a not inconsiderable fraction of Anglo-Saxons do voluntarily, he would refrain from voting. Even though we forget only too often that, having invited these people into the country we are their hosts, they are not to sit to forget that they are our guests left alone, they would almost think it rude or undutiful on their part to interfere in matters which they consider our business. As a matter al fact many an immigrant neglects naturalization proceedings when he is entitled to, as a citizenship in this country, and because he does not wish to become a Canadian but because he feels himself to be at least in desire, so much a Canadian that he resents contrary to accept any political measures which his hosts may care to impose upon him. That," he virtually says to those born in the country, "year had better settle among yourselves."

These "Solid Undigested Lumps"

CLOSELY connected with this objection to the immigrant is another: he settles in what is called "solid undigested lumps."

Now I was tolerably familiar with Europe as it was before the war. In nearly every large city of Europe—in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Athens, Rome, Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon—I used to know Anglo-Saxon colonies. Certain streets were solidly English. There were English shops, English restaurants, English libraries, English churches, English papers. Why should that have been? Why, indeed, except because these people for one reason or other, chose to live in foreign climes and clung to each other in "solid undigested lumps"?

Well if they did it, far we blame the European settler in the country for doing the same? Consider for a moment. He finds himself suddenly transferred into a world which is alien to him. The loss of an education in his own language he bears with him the more as this world is to him, alien in speech, manners, morals, economic conditions, spiritual attitude or lack of it. Is it anything but natural that these people should congregate in "foreign districts" or "foreign quarters?" Why! it could not be otherwise. The point is, what in the world is the objection to it?

It is being said they will not mingle. Let me assure you from actual experience, repeated again and again, that it is the other way around. The British will not mingle with them. Why not? From one single reason from racial conceit. It is a very strange and to us New Canadians, very incomprehensible, but none the less indisputable fact that the average Anglo-Saxon considers himself superior to all the other races of the world individually the more so the less reason he has. The last is the more incomprehensible to us when we reflect that the Anglo-Saxon himself is a blend of Briton Celt Roman German Dane and Swede, not to mention the admixture of French Spanish Jewish and West-Indian Creole blood. I have lived in mixed districts where small Anglo-Saxon marriages sat like an army of occupation in conquered territory within solidly Ukrainian, Russo-German or Scandinavian settlements. It was they—that is, the first generation of British immigrants—who held aloof not the foreigners, unless they were provoked. It was they who expressed indignation when their sons married Ukrainian German, or Scandinavian girls. This second generation of Britishers were often anything but slow in recognizing that these girls were often pretty, intelligent thrifty and good cooks to boot.

Assimilation or Absorption?

I AM coming to a point of the utmost importance.

If assimilation means the absorption of one race by another the absorbing race need not renounce any change by the process. There is no such thing as assimilation. You can extinguish a fire by preventing it from propagating itself but, if you want the immigrant to survive and yet to become what you are, you are aiming at an impossibility. Two races living side by side can do one al two things: they can mingle and blend thereby giving rise to a third race, thus Angles and Normans blended to England; Scots and Norsemen in Scotland; Franks and Gauls in France. Or they can define themselves against each other as in the whole far eastern Europe has ever done. This latter definition may be peaceful or martial it has in the whole been martial in Europe. Yet it does not need to be martial; in fact I cannot convince myself that such a martial definition of races against each other is the natural thing for who would deny that the whole trend of civilization, in spite of disastrous reversions of the warlike spirit, has been one toward peaceful methods.

But in order to make peaceful definition

Continued on page 78



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Aberleys are superior in every way—real Pure Wool, individually tailored to insure snug fit and lasting service. Yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

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Drollery in Decoration

Comic relief has its place in the art of furnishing, hence the ever-growing popularity of the grotesque

By MARY AGNES PEASE



—Courtesy of Ellis Brothers, Toronto

The Hod Carrier offers a hold up for cigarettes and a catch-all for the ash



—Courtesy of Ellis Brothers, Toronto

The Street Cleaner is not a man of beauty, but he's always ready when it comes to duty

WHILE on a trip to the Pacific Coast this summer I came across a Frenchwoman who was visiting Canada for the first time. She was most enthusiastic in her remarks about the beauty of the country as glimpsed from the train window.

"It is so vast," she said. "It is almost frightening."

I called her attention to a cheeky little gopher who was sitting up at the roadside watching the train go by, and was apparently quite unimpressed by anything in sight.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "he is a most necessary creature. He is the same relief!"

"It must be," she continued, "the great spaces in your country that make you Canadians so serious in your lives, in your art and in your literature. You do not show much of what you call fun. Your houses in the cities are so solid and austere and your rooms have everything placed so . . . no drollery at all."

With her words in mind I set out later to try to find something diverting in furnishings. I thought it might be possible to run the whimsical to earth in an antique shop, but the proprietor to whom I confided the object of my quest said rather bitterly: "Why don't you go and have a look at some of the extreme modern furniture? It's funny enough, goodness knows!"

Oddly enough, the first droll pieces I found were in a garden pictured at the bottom of this page. These figures are the work of a Canadian woman sculptress. As you can see these are most amusing and compassionable gnomes with quaintly set heads tip-tilted noses, pointed chins and infectious smiles, who give the impression of having just told or heard something exceedingly funny. These little chaps have become so popular that their designer has made miniature copies of them, which, fastened to the sides of ash trays or flower holders, give these useful articles a very rakish effect, and invest them with a new attraction as gifts.

Canada does not however, make much contribution to amusing accessories. England, France, Holland, Italy and other countries produce most of them, and the majority of whimsical trifles in metal, glass, pottery and other materials come from these places. The caricatures of the hod carrier and the street cleaner illustrated, are of metal, finished in jade green. These two figures of fun are useful as well as ornamental and amusing. The hod carrier is able to accommodate a generous supply of cigarettes on his shoulder, and at his feet rests an ash tray, the combination giving a sort of before-and-after effect. The chimless street cleaner is not intellectual in appearance but he stands by his little ash pail timidly and loyally. Accessories such as these undoubtedly add to the family fun and save the casual visitor from boredom.

For those who want to give a modern touch to their rooms at little cost, there are many figures which suggest the new furniture with its ovoids and squares and angles. A golfer becomes an attenuated figure in plus fours produced in amusing curves. Or a caddy with an average head and hindened with his bag of clubs is grotesque in outline. Fish pomes and their riders are further absurdities.

Hail to the Purple Cow

BUT it is with birds or animals that the designers of the luxury or grotesque are happiest—dancing bears, performing seals or legended duelers. One may have a choice of almost every animal that went into the Ark and a few that Noah never met. Giraffes, penguins and ducks lend themselves particularly well to caricature, as do also donkeys and mice. The colors in which some of these animals are represented add tremendously to their attractiveness—purple cows, grass dogs and lavender elephants. These bright-colored creatures are usually done in blown glass, and though fragile in appearance will nevertheless stand much rough usage.

The fad for these figures of fun has become quite extensive. Some people are using them as insects. An Australian girl who is traveling in Canada carries with her as a sort of lucky piece a brass kangaroo. A dog lover is collecting varied types of dogs, the distinctive points of which are very much exaggerated—hunting dogs' ears and the long limp of wolfhounds are grotesquely lengthened—and so it goes.

Designers of amusing accessories have turned their attention to door stops, and no longer need we use for this purpose a brick indifferently upholstered with carpet, or an ancient dictionary. There is a wide choice now in these humble but necessary adjuncts, all of which are interesting and amusing. One may have a solemn owl, a kicking donkey, a giraffe with its long neck rendered more for reaching, a Dutch peasant woman with wide cap, voluminous skirt and apron, a solemn ecclesiastic with his long chin in hand who suggests the Monk of Siberia whose life became dreams and dreams." These last two could with equal effect be used as paper weights. I rather like the idea of the Dutchwoman as a door stop, however, as she is bent over in an awkward attempt at a bow which suggests a welcome.

Amusing lamp bases are also attractive accessories. The majority of these are particularly well suited to nurseries. A pair of dancing bears, or rabbits holding the light bulb as if it were a super-nut, are attractive types for this purpose. Those clever animals, the seals caught by a designer in one of their awkward but amusing performances, make interesting ornaments as do also baby lambs with their shy gaucheries.

One of the new trifles that will be popular with husbands but not with wives is a reading rack for the morning paper to be used on the breakfast table. This has two curved arms on the back and amusingly designed roosters in front. To quote a husband who has recently purchased one: "It makes possible a most effective screen and one which you can hardly be expected to lower for conversational purposes."



The gossip at the bird bath. Gnomes by the Canadian sculptress, Merla Foster

Humor Combined With Beauty

THERE is beauty as well as whimsicality in the small objects described. Some of them are the work of outstanding designers and sculptors, and as a consequence express a high degree of art as well as lend a note of gaiety. Little attention is paid to detail but much to the decorative effect of long shallow curves and to color and finish. The figures are so cleverly designed that they make an interesting silhouette from whatever angle they are seen, and in addition to their droll effect are examples of real artistry in concept and modelling.

A limited number of these diverting pieces would be a welcome addition to practically any room. The sense of selection rather than of collection should be the aim of the purchaser. Modernism follows the Oriental idea by



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IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

New silver for old—silver plate for copper, brass and bronze—fireb ixture rsfor shrubby—new radiorer for your automobilr radiretor—all these things and more are yours with SILVERFILL, the new entity compound which plates, re plourr, cleans and polishes all bright-surfaced household metals

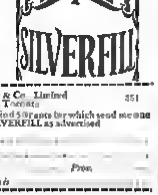
A little SILVERFILL powder on a wet cloth, a few rapid rubs and tarnished dull or scratched metal surfaces disappear, forever beneath a permanent gleaming coat of pure silver

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Enclosed please find 50 cents for which send me one ounce can of SILVERFILL as advertised
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concentrating ornament to a few objects and making such objects distinctive. To fellow this idea is a great hardship for those who have the lust of possession, and who luxuriate in "trifling and trifles." Hugh Walpole says that the lust of possession sometimes develops into what he calls "a friendly sense of property" and he gives as an example the case of an old lady he knows who angrily ceased to visit a besetted thing when she sees it. She once extracted a piece of amber from him, of which he was particularly fond. He said nothing about it, but having tea with her later he stole it back again.

It went backward and forward thus three times, but after the third occasion he explained to her that he valued the piece and wished it to remain permanently in his possession. Her only remark was that it looked better in her place than in his!

The ideal condition in free living would be obviously—to have few but fine things. By this means one is able to have joy in them without the tyranny that many possessions bring. People of taste, with a genuine appreciation of beauty and artistic values can usually be depended upon to exercise discernment both in the quality and quantity of their purchases, but all of us are not so endowed. In the case of amusing trifles however, the majority of people are as sheer grouped because there are few who have not a sense of humor, and if one selects from the products of good designers it is practically impossible to go wrong from an artistic point of view.

There are of course, some extremely conservative people who would tere pair of the idea of a flaming rabbit or hobgoblin carrier as an accessory to any of their rooms. I had occasion recently to call upon a family of this type, and was ushered into a large and unaired drawing-room furnished with cumbersome and costly pieces which were upholstered in green plush. The mantelpiece held an ornate gilt clock which was flanked on either side with tall and over-decorated vases. There were no flowers, no cushions no books, no small lamps—no trifles of any kind in the room. I sat up stiffly and felt that life was real, life was earnest. It is rather remarkable how a room will sometimes reveal the character of its owners. This stodgy room immediately suggested people who still preserved a profound admiration for Victorian days and ways and were a bit lacking in humor. It was probably this type that my French travelling companion had in mind when she referred to their serious outlook of Canadians. There is no doubt that many rooms need as she suggests—some relief, and this can fortunately now be supplied.



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The NEW LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better *Because* It *Cleans*

Assimilation

Continued from page 75

tion possible on the large scale we must first of all learn one important lesson: namely that no racial strain is intrinsically superior to any other. To learn that lesson should be easy for us who are members of a great empire in which only eleven per cent of the total population is British. Some hand must hold that empire together. What is it? What should it be if not mutual toleration—a toleration perhaps not yet shared by the ignorant, by what we may call the riff raff of the nations, but studiously upheld by those who have learned lessons from history.

Politically, toleration expresses itself not in subordination, but in federation. This is a lesson which it has taken even the mother country centuries to learn. Subordination results in rebellion; force breeds resistance. For an example look at the American Revolution! Federation on the other hand is merely another name for what I have just now called peaceful diffusion of the races against each other—races which have learned to respect each other as being of equal value and which, therefore are willing to consider each other as having equal rights.

In order to prepare the way for my ultimate confusion I must for a moment speak of these 'foreigners' in our midst as perhaps nobody has ever spoken of them before. Don't forget that I am one of their number.

You want to Canadianize them. What does the word mean? I have already said that you cannot "absorb" them in the usual sense which thoughtless people attach to the word assimilation. If anyone had told me before I came to this country that a majority of its citizens might want me to cease to be I f I should not have come. In fact, to term black into white is impossible. But black can be overlaid with a veneer of white. Overlay a Ukrainian with an American veneer, and underneath he must necessarily remain a Ukrainian. Black can also be destroyed and white substituted for it: that process the United States has tried during the last twenty years—in fact since the United States executed its great change of front, with what I believe to be disastrous results. The theory of the Melting Pot is exploded today.

How do you want to Canadianize them? Politically economically spiritually? Politically you can win their loyalty by giving them, economically, a square deal and by leaving them spiritual freedom. Economically you may force them to adopt all the externals of American civilization: a high standard of living, the latest manners of an apparent democracy, the lack of respect and reverence for authority and experience: the devotion to the mechanics of life with an obliteration of all that lies beyond these mechanics. Spiritually well spiritually you can kill them—you cannot conquer them.

The Psychological Side

HERE is an essential point politically, when they arrive they may be in the nature of minors economically they may be backward—I do not say they are: they made a living under conditions vastly harder than conditions are in this country but they may appear as to you. But spiritually they are to say the least, not inferior class for class. They come from countries where the spiritual realm was the only one in which they could assert their individuality. This spiritual realm can be divided into three provinces the mental the emotional the religious. In the mental province we must distinguish between information and intelligence. Why is it that so called schools the children of our immigrants almost invariably lead their classes? Where do they get their mental endowment? In the spiritual province it is they not the native Canadians who bring a tradition. According as they come from various parts of Europe their endowment varies. The whole Slevic race is astir with music and poetry. Finns and Scandinavians with critical thought. In the religious province Oh, well, why talk about it? Religion means something to them which governs their lives.

Assimilation? You can shear them of the finest flowers of older civilizations. You can destroy: you cannot assimilate. The principle of the melting pot has proved to be a failure in the United States. Are we going to prove it a failure once more?

What other principle is there? I have already named it. There is federation. What does federation mean?

The British Empire is a federation so is Canada. One-fourth of our population consists of French-Canadians. Are they loyal? If so—why? Why—indeed except because we have left them their own language their own religion, their own ideals, their own aims, their own art? Because we have forced means to leave them that spiritual freedom of which to deprive them was fortunately beyond our power when the question arose.

Suppose we tried something similar with our later arrivals? Instead of luring them into their uniformity, spurred and encouraging which has been the ruin of unsuccessful endeavors in the United States—a conformity which can be brought about only by destroying their true strength and by making them into hollow standardized masks: suppose we encouraged them rather to retain their religions, their standards of family life, their reverence for the land and to develop their often remarkable artistic mental or mystic gifts: thereby to grow among us as what they are—not as what we think they should be. And suppose we cease laughing at them because they are different—shall we secure their loyalty?

Let me answer that question by another question. Have we or have we not won the loyalty of the French in our midst? Let us cease to standardize let us individualize them rather! Let us go and learn from them: they have much to teach. It is true that they scoff at our standard of living, that standard of life which means that we live to eat our transient appetites with costly food: and live like Lucullus in the midst of a multitude crying for bread. We scoff at deeper things. Let us cease to do so. Let the Irelander explain to us the marvellous depth and significance of his sagas. Let the Slov give us of that music whence the symphonies and the chamber music were distilled to which we listen in our most cultured concert halls. Will they be loyal to a country which allows them to grow as if they were still rooted in their native soil? What is more blessed to give or to receive? Only by giving can anyone grow.

Canada's Mission

AND now just a word of a great historical mission which may or may not be assigned to this country, according as we interpret events. Our thing is an accomplished fact whether we approve of it or not. Already all the nationalities of Europe have met on this continent. In Europe they had lived side by side for centuries. They had not blended. They had defined themselves against each other; and they had done so in a mortal way. For centuries the United States of Europe has been the cherished dream of advanced minds. That dream has failed in the past. These nationalities, defined against each other to a mortal way meet here in America as caravans ground in peaceful intercourse. Ultimately they may blend, perhaps in the course of millennia: perhaps not till the white race as such is forced to close its fronts by the menace held over it by a colored race: meanwhile its notion of quarrels in a common vocation it has been that way in the past more than once also. Meanwhile there is a shorter way of arriving at a modus vivendi: the way of peaceful definition.

That, as I see it, if there was providential guidance in the course of history must have been the intention of that providence which withheld the western continents from the nations of Europe till modern times. That if we formulate a reasonable aim of geo-politics, would be the mission assigned to America.

Suppose a supermind had in 1492, foreseen the rush that would throng this continent within four centuries. Suppose that supermind had also had the power to determine events thinking along purely human lines and fired by the desire for an ultimate good. What would that mind have done? How would that mind have reasoned? Then, I believe:

These many nationalities have tried in Europe to find a way of peaceably living side by side: they have tried to do so by forming themselves, they have failed. I will make them repeat their great experiment here in America without allowing them to arm themselves. But suppose they still choose the wrong way: suppose the first comers attempt to force the latecomers to conform to assimilate themselves to those who arrived ahead of them? Then they will fail again: and instead of evolving a great new civilization to which each one contributes its own particular virtues, they will meet as merely economic and material common ground and merely evolve a high standard of living to which each one forfeits its own particular vices.

I will provide against that, too such a supermind might have said. I will divide the continent into two great political divisions: the settlement of one of which I will retard. Then if the first attempt in the northern division fails again: the northern division will be able to learn from its mistakes.

Racial Difficulties

YES I will go still further. I will make that northern division part of a great empire in which slowly slowly the principle of federation is to work itself out among distant nations that have no immediate contact, among nations which are too different to admit of even the dream of assimilation: Hindus, Kaffirs, Afrikanders, and Malays. Then perhaps they will learn, not only from the mistakes made in the southern division: but also from the success of that great federation of nations. Still more I will hope that northern division over successively to two racial straits, so that the one coming later shall find the elder one present, combine to assimilate it: and forced to define itself peacefully against it whether it wants to or not. If with these three lessons before its eyes, that northern division under the rule of the second racial strain with many other grades coming to still persists to the European principle of "reform or fight"—then it will deserve to be wiped from the face of the earth.

That it seems to me might have been the reasoning of such a supermind. That, to my view is the mission of Canada in geo-politics. You may see it that way or not. I am one: you are away.

Canada is the meeting place of many races. Only through such a meeting place where Slov rubs elbows with Anglo-Saxon, Teuton with Frenchman—and where they can learn, not only to respect each other's various gifts, but also to recognize that they have more that unites than separates them—only through such a meeting place of all its children can Europe be redeemed. The children must reconcile the parents. That I repeat, is in my opinion Canada's mission in geo-politics.

Let no assume that task until with Pericles—for I always revert to antiquity—and there is nothing new under the sun—we can say: We have no blank looks or angry words for our neighbor if he enjoys himself in his own way, and we abstain from the little arts of churlishness—a rose here a thing there—which though they leave no mark yet cause annoyance to whose notes them.

Then perhaps, we can make this great dream of federation come true.

I believe this is a new principle to be worked out and to be recognized in this our country. As I have said, it is a principle of far-reaching importance for ourselves as well as for the world at large: this principle of federation and good will, respect and mutual recognition. For what at bottom does federation mean? It means free intercourse between men and women of many different races each of them variously endowed, and each entitled to equality within a common loyalty. The very word, suriama Herodotus, in heaci-lel Isonomie!—a word which we may equally well translate by "equality before the law" by "federation," by "unity in diversity," or by fair play."

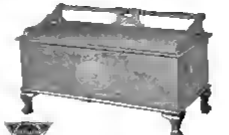


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"BEFORE YOU INVEST—INVESTIGATE"

Many Contributing Factors Affect Trend of Stock Values

By A. W. BLUE

IT'S smart to be thrifty," runs the advertising slogan of a leading New York departmental store. And equally so in investment matters as in the realm of commerce. It is not only "smart" but may and should prove distinctly profitable to be thrifty.

What are the qualities of thrift when applied to the more selected and limited field of speculation? Thrift implies an intelligent understanding of securities, their types and gradations, of security markets and the influence upon security values of the varying trends of business. It further indicates an ability to appraise values to read a financial statement with understanding and lastly certain inherent or cultivated attributes which enable the individual to take advantage of market conditions and buy or sell to advantage. Briefly summarized thrift implies the ability and understanding to employ successfully and probably rapidly to investment or speculation. This may seem a large order to those to whom investment problems are an enigma but these are qualities that can and must be developed by systematic study if one is to make permanent headway and build up a sizable estate.

The reason I am attempting to make here what recently summed up in a work I read recently entitled *The Cycles of Speculation*. The author replied to his own question as to what is the best general method of trading. It is necessary," he said, "to study and understand the subject thoroughly to know values, general conditions, the technical position of shares, and above all things to consult future probabilities rather than past performances. Study of the past has its educational value, but that is not true of the present, but the future is the all important thing. Retrospective speculation is one of the commonest and most flagrant of the numerous errors made by public participators. Get whatever information you can from history, but speculate on the future."

The foregoing embraces the subject of our text—"to know values." To know values is half the battle for so many considerations affect values that in order to arrive at an appreciation of them one must weigh all facts and circumstances relating to present and prospective tendencies, and there is little left that matters.

"Values" and Common Stocks

WE ARE all familiar with the phenomena of changing security prices. The market is never, never, never stationary. Prices of individual stocks change from day to day, one day up, another down, but over a prolonged period pursuing some general trend either up or down. This general or major trend, or it is called, may last for months or years. Usually, a major downward trend may be completed within a period at several months, but in general upward movement may last for years. The present bull market on the New York Stock Exchange has been in progress for the last four or five years, the most eventful far-reaching and prolonged advance in the history of finance. And what are the factors that not only create values in the first place but contribute to a steady increase in values over a term of years? It is our problem here to endeavor to find an answer to this question.

We are considering value as applied to the common stock, the popular speculative vehicle of the day. It is safe to say that very few investors buy common stocks for the sake of the immediate return. They buy them in the hope that after holding them a reasonable length of time they will be able to sell them at much higher prices, and so swell their bank account by the profits from the transaction. If there was little likelihood that a common stock would show an appreciation in value there would be very few people who would want to buy it. Anyone who was looking for mere interest or dividend return would probably buy bonds or preferred stocks where the return would be stable and the principal sum invested secure. But common stocks are bought either in the hope of appreciation in value, or of increased dividends, which would automatically bring higher prices for the stock.

Today many common stocks yield much less than government bonds and yet there are any number of people who buy them in preference to the gilt-edged issues, for the reasons indicated. And indeed there are common stocks which have never paid a dividend at all and yet they enjoy an active market and are in popular favor. But the buyers of these stocks have reasonable grounds for hope or at all events should have if they are not attracted in buying by tips and rumors, that some day there will be a good dividend paid, and their security will command a higher market value.

The purchaser of a common stock receives in exchange for his money a paper certificate which states that he is the owner of so many shares in a certain company. If he does not pay outright for his stock, he does not receive the certificate. It becomes a transaction merely with his broker, who becomes custodian of the stock, although it is entered on the brokers' books to the credit of his client. When the stock is sold, the investor gives up his certificate which is then returned to the transfer agent his name is removed from the books and the certificate is issued in the name of the new purchaser.

What does the piece of paper represent? Merely that the holder owns so many shares of stock and is entitled to receive all dividends or other gratuities issued by the company during his period of tenure. The investor probably examined the present condition of the company looked into its future possibilities and satisfied himself that it was an excellent stock to buy. He made no doubt a cursory survey of the past history of the company. Its earnings, the character of the management, the nature of the product manufactured, and the present and prospective state of the markets for this particular commodity.

Factors In Stock Values

THE most potent influence in creating stock values is earning power. The value of a stock that is earning ten dollars a share can be approximately estimated, as can the value of other stocks earning two, four, eight or twenty dollars a share. No hard and fast rule can be set down, but as a general guide it may safely be assumed that a stock is entitled to sell at least ten times its earnings. For example, the stock earning $10 should sell somewhere in the vicinity of $100 a share, the stock earning $4 should sell around $40. But there are other influences which tend to make a stock sell well above or substantially under these levels. International Nickel for example earned slightly better than $1 a share last year, but the stock sold early this year as high as $70 a share, or approximately sixty times earnings. There are certain utility and corporation stocks which sell fifteen to twenty times earnings.

On the other hand I recall an issue which came on the market early in the year, which in 1928 earned $8, but for several months in 1929 price held around $40 a share or barely seven times earnings. The stock has been adjusted to its proper levels since, but the fact that it held so long at the inordinate figure is simply explained by lack of public knowledge of the security and general apathy toward it on account of this ignorance. This particular company had been in successful operation for fifteen years but it had been privately controlled until the present year. Consequently there had hitherto been no occasion for public participation in the stock nor opportunity afforded for studying its record and possibilities or the capacity of its management. But the older companies with whose affairs the public is intimately acquainted and which command respect and confidence do not suffer from lack of followers and their stocks find a higher price level commensurate with their past and present record, and prospects for the future.

And to emphasize another point, the nature of the industry is a powerful influence in creating present value. The securities of companies which are engaged in the manufacture of some staple, essential line of product, for which there is always a broad and receptive market will rank higher than the issues of a concern turning out a product that is in the nature of a luxury, and which may lose its market or be seriously affected by the whimsical moods of fashion.

And so, added to earning power we have other contributory influences tending to raise or lower price standards according as these influences are constructive or less assuring.

Reading the Auguries

BUT what causes stock values to advance? Why should an individual expect that a certain security should appreciate substantially in price over six months a year or longer? Consolidated Smelters sold down to $15 a share away back in 1921. This year the same stock sold as high as $570 a share. International Nickel three years ago was selling around $30 and this year reached a price of well over $400. This stock has been subsequently split six for one. These are only two examples of stocks which have shown very substantial appreciation in value. The answer is—earnings or prospective earnings.

The investor who can correctly gauge the earning possibilities of a given industry or individual company and who backs his judgment with his money, is likely to profit substantially. But this process of diagnosis involves not only a thorough knowledge of the industry but a general study of business, market and financial conditions, at home in New York and abroad. The severe reaction in stocks last March was brought about not by any recession in general business—for business both in Canada and the United States was seldom more active or prosperous—but because this very prosperity coupled with excessive loans for stock market purposes, created a serious credit panic which was reflected in a drastic market decline. The signs of approaching storm were clearly in evidence in advance but as a general guide it may safely be assumed that a stock is entitled to sell at least ten times its earnings. For example, the stock earning $10 should sell somewhere in the vicinity of $100 a share, the stock earning $4 should sell around $40. But there are other influences which tend to make a stock sell well above or substantially under these levels. International Nickel for example earned slightly better than $1 a share last year but the stock sold early this year as high as $70 a share, or approximately sixty times earnings. There are certain utility and corporation stocks which sell fifteen to twenty times earnings.

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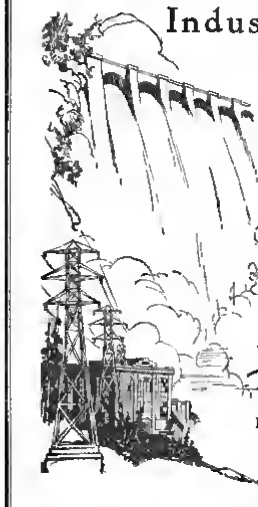
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of
The St. Lawrence Question

By HON. E. C. DRURY
(Former Prime Minister of the Province of Ontario)

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Financial Queries

Question—*I wrote you some time ago about placing some British war loans, which I thought the Imperial Government would be retiring, in Canadian securities. They did not do so, however, and I still have the bonds, but am considering selling them and investing the proceeds in Canada. If you will refer to my former letter you will see that you mentioned six companies which you stated had been doing well and were likely to continue in sound financial position for some time to come. I take it therefore that they are good companies for me to put my money in now. You mentioned the preferred stock of the following companies: Lake of the Woods Milling, International Power, Southern Canada Power, Winnipeg Electric, Canada Cement and Goodyear Tire of Canada. I would be glad to have your present opinion of these and further suitable investments.*—*F. W. D. Barbados.*

Answer—I note that you do not specify any particular type of stock or bonds, and therefore assume that as you are selling British War Loan, you would be only interested in securities corresponding or at least approximately of the same rank. The Canadian market has recently suffered a rather severe decline more especially in speculative stocks, although the sound investment issues have not been spared. Government bonds have gone down with the rest of the list and at present are returning a yield of around five per cent. for the longer term issues. I would recommend any of the maturity bonds (government) for your purpose. I have glanced over the list of preferred stocks which were submitted to you in my former letter and still recommend them as high yield investments. The prices of the respective stocks have changed very little within the period. The present would seem to be an opportune buying period owing to the fact that the market has not yet shown any appreciable improvement while, on the other hand, the credit situation, which was causing concern some months ago seems to have been materially corrected. I am going to suggest a range of issues in different types: corporation bonds and preferred stocks, limiting my selections, of course, only to issues which I believe have real intrinsic merit. The following are the preferred stocks: Canadian Canners first preferred to yield 6.66 per cent; Canada Cement preferred to yield 6.70 per cent. Canadian General Electric preferred to yield 5.93 per cent. Canadian General Investments capital stock to yield six per cent; Canada Packers, preferred to yield 6.60 per cent. Laura Secord, convertible preferred to yield 6.18 per cent. Montreal Cottons, preferred to yield 5.83 per cent. Ogilvie Milling preferred to yield 5.60 per cent; Price Bros., preferred to yield 6.25 per cent, and Western Canada Flour preferred to yield 6.37 per cent.

The following is a list of sound investment bond issues with their current price, interest date and yield:

Issue	Price	Interest	Yield
Abitibi Power & Paper 5% 1953	93	Dec 1	6.13
Bell Telephone of Can. 1st, 5% 57	101½	Dec. 1	4.90
Can. Cement Co. 1st mtge. S.F. 5½ 47	100	Nov 1	5.50
Can. S.S. Lines. 6/41 1st & Gen.	103½	Aug 15	5.36
C.P.R. Coll. Trust 5-34	99½	Oct 10	5.06
Gatineau Power 1st S.F. 5 5/8	91½	Dec. 1	5.28
Gatineau Power S.F. Deb. 6/41	99	Dec. 15	6.10
Manitoba Power 1st S.F. 6½/41	101	July 1	6.43
Massey Harris Co. 1st Mtge. 6/47	97½	Oct. 15	6.32
Montreal Power 6/51	101	Oct. 1	4.90

Fairly broad diversification in this list will give you ample security and a satisfactory return.

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Subscribers to *MacLean's Magazine* desiring advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments or life insurance problems, will be answered freely. Inquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of *MacLean's Magazine* and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed.

If you inquire concerning insurance please give full details of your own financial and family position so that definite and individual suggestions can be given.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Ancient History—Waiter: Has your order been taken?'

Waitee: 'Yes, and so was my photograph when I was a child.'—*Montreal Star.*

Filled Up—Father: 'I hope you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?'

Son: 'No, all the others are taken.'—*Vienna Arbeiterski.*

Unremitting—First Author: 'You say that you have editors watching for your material?'

Second Author (sadly): 'Yes, with unremitting vigilance.'—*London Opinion.*

Too Much Girth—Portly Knight of the Road: 'I'm reduced to this, madam, because I had to give up my job with the circus as a contortionist.'

Housewife: 'Why did you have to give it up?'

'Well, I couldn't make both ends meet, madam.'—*Answers.*

Big Business—Sambo: 'Yes, suh, business ben fine. Meh wife done gib me $10 an' Ah bought a pig. Ah kept feedin' it everything under the sun, till finally Ah gets a bicycle an' Ah sold it fo' $10.'

Rastus: 'But you-all doan' make any money.'

Sambo: 'Co'se not. But look at de business Ah's been doin'!'—*Montreal Star.*

And Lear—'Here is a testimonial it would hardly do to publish,' said the quack. 'A man writes: "I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine—" '

'Well?' said his partner.

'There it breaks off short and is signed in another handwriting. *Per* executor.' '—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

The Dearly Beloved—Said a lady to a clergyman: 'Why do the clergy always address a congregation as brethren when usually the majority present could better be described as sisters?' 'Oh,' said the clergyman, 'the one embraces the other.' To which the lady replied, 'Yes, but not in church, surely.'—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Natural History—A large family were being shown round a museum. The party stopped before a great stuffed ostrich and papa said: 'This are is the bostrich, now extinct?'

'But, dear,' said his wife, 'surely the bostrich ain't extinct.'

'Well?' declared papa stubbornly, 'this one is, anyway.'—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Morbid—A little boy was taken to London by his parents. On his return he was describing the places he had seen to some young friends.

And one of them, of a somewhat morbid disposition, asked: 'Did you see Pentonville, where they hang the murderers?'

'No,' replied the boy, 'I don't think so; but I saw the Royal Academy where they hang the artists!'—*Calgary Herald.*

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In the Editor's Confidence

IT IS sometimes asserted by those who ought to know better that school teachers do not make successful writers. In fact, it is traditional in some editorial offices that anything a teacher writes is sure to be "dry" and therefore unpalatable to the ordinary reader and rightly or wrongly I have frequently heard this or that article or story condemned to the limbo of unpublished manuscripts with the laconic comment "too academic." Even among teachers themselves you will occasionally encounter a sort of inferiority complex in their attitude toward the business of writing. Only the other day there wandered into this office, an ex-dominie who rejoiced long and loudly at the fact that he had recently become an 'ex' and thereby had cast off chains which he was convinced had prevented his advance toward the masterpiece that is the goal of all aspiring writers.

As it happens, it is much too warm a day to start a general argument on the subject, but I would like to point out that four of the contributors to this issue of *MacLean's* have been or still are members of the teaching profession.

FRED SLOMAN, author of "Inheritance" is the pedagogic conductor of one of the Government school cars which serve the children of settlers scattered along the northern railway lines in Ontario. P. D. L., who writes of the successes won by ambitious youth in the Maritimes is a member of the faculty of a Maritime university. W. G. Hardy, author of the new serial which commences in this issue, is associate professor of classics in the University of Alberta at Edmonton, and Frederick Philip Grove whose "Assimilation" treats of one phase of the immigration question in a provocatively unorthodox manner spent many years as a teacher and high school principal in Manitoba.

All of which may prove anything or nothing so far as the literary success of teachers in general is concerned but not being a schoolteacher I shall leave the reader to draw his own deductions.

IT IS worth noting however that Mr. Grove's views on the assimilation of the foreign born immigrant are based, in part at least, on his experience as a teacher among the people about whom he writes. Himself an immigrant, it has been his passion to help newcomers to Canada to find themselves and to discover the distinctive characteristics of their adopted land, and it was to further that ideal that he took unto himself the task of teaching. He writes, therefore, not as a doctrinaire but as a practical experimentalist who has tested his theories in the social laboratory. I have no doubt that his findings will arouse criticism—in fact criticism is invited—but it is only fair to warn those who would joust with Grove that he is a doughty jouster.

CARTOGRAPHICAL note. Don't put down your copy of this issue without first turning to page ten and glancing at the map which accompanies Earl Hanson's article on the northern air route to Europe. It is a striking illustration of how aerial development is upsetting orthodox notions about Canadian geography.

AND now for a word or two of judicious gossip concerning the author of "A Son of Eli"—W. G. Hardy. I have already recorded the fact that he is a professor of classics and, according to all reports, an unusually successful one. More than that he is a man of extraordinarily varied enthusiasms. I happen to know that when he is not soaking his students in the lore of ancient Greece he may be engaged in any one or several of the following pursuits: Managing a university hockey team; coaching an amateur theatrical group; presiding over the festivities of a Lions' Club; writing a novel; picking raspberries on an Ontario farm; writing editorials for a Western Canadian newspaper; poking around the eastern end of the Mediterranean looking for forgotten civilizations; writing book reviews; drafting a history of mythology; writing short stories; winning the tennis championship of the city of Edmonton or merely acting as an interested auditor to the nearest human being with a tale to tell.

Like the hero of "A Son of Eli" he was born and brought up on an Ontario farm and like his hero again, he is a product of the University of Toronto where he took his degree and got his start as a lecturer. He is more interested in people than in things and that fact I think, coupled with his keenness as an observer explains his knack of creating flesh and-blood characters, which knack he has developed to an unusual degree.

WHICH leaves me with just sufficient room to announce that the September 15 issue of *MacLean's* will present an article of outstanding importance on the question of a national flag for Canada.

Wm. Irwin

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